UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE LONDON
LIBRARY

PREFACE.

FROM the remote period when we penned our Prologue even until the present hour, fondly have we looked forward to the time when it should be our delightful duty to preface a completed volume. Often, as we sat building castles in the Christmas fire, was our inward pleasure heightened by a thought of the proud things we then should say; the autumn winds, too, whistled prefaces to the London chimney-pots; and last summer, ah! then we were but young and simple-hearted;—no matter now: sweet as is the remembrance of a melody long hushed to silence, when once more it fills our soul, are the ghosts of those wet blankets that last summer our first appearance won. The summer flowers would fade and wither—so much each blockhead could foretel; and equally in the course of nature did it seem, that we should perish with them. Let the prophets speak:—

"*King's College Magazine!*" cried a dense-headed descendant of King Log, as he took No. I. from the bookseller's hand, glanced a supercilious eye over the advertizing sheet, and cast the work from him with contempt—"Poh! I could write better things myself!"—"*Perry's Tooth Powder*," no doubt, seemed by far too personal, while "*Beddome's Pills*"

formed an article that could suit only vitiated and sickly tastes. "*King's College Magazine!*" said a long-headed publisher, innocent of speculation, "well! it may live three months before it drain your pocket." "Three months!" exclaimed a sanguinary, if not sanguine, friend; "the first number will murder the second; we shall never see No. II."

O, as the moist ghosts of these damp opinions pass, one by one, in review before us, how do we chuckle and gloat over their forlorn appearance! Sweet ghosts! be not cast down! Wise saws, who stole like nightmares o'er our rest, whither have ye departed? Ye prophets of the private circle; ye with the long heads and lengthy faces; ye oracles small and sententious, how opened ye your eyes at No. IV., and your fate-speaking mouths at No. V., and eke your hearts at No. VI., as ye "always thought we should succeed, always said there was something clever about some of the papers, —indeed, we were really very fortunate in our contributors." Unhappy men of a prophetic race! as we behold ye now, in common parlance, devouring your own words, and mark the vast pile of such provision yet to be consumed, knowing as we do what indigestible food it is, we utter forth a fraction of a sigh, at thought of the nightmares it will be now your turn to suffer. But enough of this.

Kind public,—and we are proud to feel authorized in using such a term,—kind public, we herewith place in your hands the first Volume of our Magazine; we thank you, most sincerely, for the favour which has enabled us to progress thus far, for the liberal applause that has made us bold as we advanced. Most gentle critics, to you also our gratitude is due; by your advice, we trust, we have profited; by your unfailing encouragement, by your cheering approbation, we have been placed on a firm footing in the world. Our future course is clear; we have our plans and our embryo improvements; but the first law in our code is—

"Make no promises;" on the subject of intentions, therefore, we preserve strict silence.

But now we spoke of prophets; let us not omit to pay due honour to a rival power—the legion of advisers. Miniature plans of what our Magazine should be, have been urged upon us by almost every individual with whom we have the honour to be on speaking terms; each has been the "only correct," and no two have agreed together. One thinks that, while the College arms, under which we write, give sanction of authority to our labours, those arms express also something more:—we should treat on all the multifarious branches of literature and science discussed within the College walls,—classical, medical, and engineering;—Latin odes should learn to keep company with treatises on mortar and cement—cotton mills and cardialgia, hydrophobia and hydrostatics, be linked sociably together; youthful gallantry should respectfully give precedence to the galvanic battery,—songs and poetry scamper off before the arrayed host of sines, cosines, and tangents, with all the fierce artillery of mathematics. Other kind friends, less extensively benevolent, would confine our labours to their own peculiar field: one says we ought to be more scientific; another complains that we give no Latin and Greek in our monthly shillingsworth; and one decidedly monomaniac gentleman very gravely censured us, before a large assembly, for the absence of mathematical papers.

To satisfy each class in rotation, would be a greater labour than we think worthy of its end; we really do trust that our readers will give us credit for such knowledge as may appertain to the several branches of our education;—a medical man may be thought competent to practise, without demonstrating on the button-hole of every friend the treatment of pulmonary apoplexy; a mathematician, competent to solve a problem, without rehearsing the "*Pons asinorum*" in the mixed society of evening parties. Such exhibitions are at

once pedantic and absurd. We are told to be scientific: do our advisers mean that we should retail (at a reduction) the opinions of others?—what credit, we would ask, can be attached to such a task? Or shall we promulgate dogmas of our own?—would not our advisers be the very first to decry such presuming impudence? These men are like merchants standing near the source of a mighty river, a rivulet as yet, who grumble that, at that point, it should bear no ships and barges on its surface; but others there are who love to watch its ripples, and listen to the song of the streamlet as it dances through flowers in its course;—it is such as these that we strive to satisfy, and think it the proudest honour we can win, if these shall say we have not failed in our endeavour.

King's College,
Feb. 21, 1842.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1841.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PROLOGUE 3

ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—

CHAP. I. Village Revels—A Hero and a Treasure-hunter—With a Declaration of Love on improved Principles 5

CHAP. II. Treats of the Heroine—And of various delicate matters connected with the mystery of Love 11

CHAP. III. Ellerton Castle—Family Records—A Midnight Meeting, and its Result 15

HAPPINESS 21

HORACE.—Lib. III. Ode XXIII. 24

THE TREMBLING POPLAR. A Botanical Legend. (Translated from the German of Weissflog.) 25

THE CONVENT BELL 26

ON SHAKING HANDS 27

THOUGHTS FROM LESSING. The Sparrow and the Ostrich.—Orpheus.—Merops 34

THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS 35

PANTHEA'S LAMENTATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HER HUSBAND, ABRADATES, KING OF SUSA 37

THE DESERTED 38

THE ROBBERS. A Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act I. Scene 1. . . . . *ib.*

MEMORY 48

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,

154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

PROLOGUE.

Bold as we are, we dare not push into the world a work like this without one word of preface or introduction;—and yet, what is there we can say? That this Magazine is conducted by the Students of King's College; that they have obtained, on the threshold of their task, the entire concurrence of that Principal, whose constant readiness to assist and improve them has gained for him so deserved a share of their affectionate esteem; that the respected Professors of the College, with uniform kindness, have lent consenting voices to the scheme;—all this is either expressed or implied on the cover of our Magazine.

But this is not all that men expect of a new publication;—there is a certain cant phrase,—an indispensable one,—that usually forms the pith and marrow of prefaces, and runs, in an apologetic strain, something thus:—"* * * * *" (the commencement is generally indistinct or unintelligible) "* *—it was in order to supply this very obvious deficiency that the present work was undertaken," &c. &c.—the rest being filled up with promises, the mere conception of which,—leaving execution out of the question,—requires an imagination of the most powerful class. The value, however, of these promises is too well proved to remain any longer an "unknown quantity." Well! and where, then, is our apology?—where are our promises? In good sooth, we shall make none! Openly, with brazen front, we declare, that we came into the world to supply no deficiency; that the world might even, by some remote possibility, have contrived to drag on its existence, supposing we had never appeared. We write, good world, because it pleases *us;* and, as lovers of fair play, there is nothing we desire better than that you should read—because it pleases *you.* We make no pro-

mises,—except to eschew all controversy, be it theological, political, or scandalous: for the rest, we will laugh when we please; we will sing when we please; we will be prosy when we can find no better mood; and, in the last case, hope we shall be patiently endured until the fit have passed away, promising,—we forget ourselves,—believing, at least, that such fits, if ever they do occur, will be neither frequent nor of long duration. We invite all men, that are willing, to write in our Magazine, and measure their wits with ours;—to all contributors within the College, to all who join us without its walls, we cry, with the shipmaster in the Tempest, "Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir! bestir!" Echo, for once sticking to her cue, repeats the word—"Bestir!"

Thus much in general of our Magazine. Of the present number in particular,—of the new-born babe,—if it do not promise much, let us remind the observer that, as yet, it has had the benefit of no nursing; let him only take it in, cherish it, and give it kind encouragement; this done, it cannot but grow to lusty-manhood, for its vital parts are healthy and sound,—there is nothing sickly in its composition. To be candid, however, and to speak in plain sober terms, some apology is due for the credit of the writers in this month's portion. So quickly was the design of publishing conceived and acted upon, that four days only were allowed for preparing all that could appear;—old papers, written without a dream of publication, were given in; others hastily concocted;—the chief demand on contributors was, that their subject should be devised and written upon, with or without digestion, certainly with—speed. A certain degree of crudity will, therefore, readily be pardoned. Thus, shortly, let us dismiss a temporary apology, and advance proudly onward on our course:—

> "Fond we survey Hope's mild maternal face,
> Our bashful eyes still kindling as we view;
> And, while her lenient arm supports our pace,
> With beating hearts the upland path pursue,—
> The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
> And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
> In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
> Our wingy nerves to climb."

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1841.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

VILLAGE REVELS—A HERO AND A TREASURE-HUNTER—WITH A DECLARATION OF LOVE ON IMPROVED PRINCIPLES.

MAN is, incontestibly, a holiday-loving animal; and, let but custom have sanctioned a periodical abstinence from labour on any particular occasion, so far from being slow to adopt the convenient "*mos pro lege*," he will resolutely oppose any encroachment upon the time-hallowed privilege. It was on this principle that the inhabitants of Ellerton village celebrated the eighth of August as a period of festivity; why or wherefore, none knew, none cared; such it had been from time immemorial, and such all were extremely willing that it should remain.

Accordingly, on this anniversary of an unknown occurrence, and in the year of grace one thousand four hundred and fifteen, Ellerton green was, as usual on such occasions, crowded with happy holiday faces, with some of which it is our purpose soon to cultivate an acquaintance. Pause we here, however, for perspicuity's sake, to remind the historical reader of what he may already have perceived from the date assigned, that the period in which our narrative commences was about a year after the accession of Henry V. to the British throne, and but a short time previous to his invasion of that land of dull, dusty roads called,

at first probably by some bitingly-sarcastic personage, "La belle France."

The village of Ellerton was pretty, and enjoyed, moreover, the advantage of a pleasant situation. Had not our hero and heroine fortunately existed at a period very remote from the present time, we should, in mentioning their rural home, have been compelled to add to the outskirts of the picture a chain of Chinese villas, and picturesque red and white brick fancy cottages, with ornamental avenues of brick wall, besides a sprinkling of those grotesque huts and grottos erected by the tasteful inmates of the said villas for the purpose of improving the very countryfied and common appearance which "nature unadorned" would otherwise have presented. But taste in those days was more barbarous than in this age of refinement, and Ellerton village was simply surrounded with its gently swelling hills, which glided so imperceptibly one into the other, that it would have been difficult to determine at what point the descent, on the one hand, ceased, and from whence the ascent, on the opposite side, could claim its commencement. At their summit, these hills were thickly wooded, and clothed with foliage of various kinds, which extended for some distance down their sides, becoming gradually less dense until every vestige of it was gone, excepting here and there a few scattered shrubs, leaving a gentle slope of close, green turf, which soon became almost level, and then again ascended the adjacent hills until it was once more buried beneath the trees.

On one of these slopes the little village was built; and its straw-thatched roofs, peeping above the fruit-trees with which the gardens were stocked, the pointed spire of the village church, with, now and then, the thin blue smoke of a wood fire, rising until it was lost in the still bluer expanse of heaven, were the first objects that would have encountered one who looked down into the valley from above. A clear stream broke its way through the turf below, and danced merrily by the village, where the trunk of an old oak, lopped of its branches, formed a rude bridge for the convenience of the little community. On the other side, the brook skirted the village green, which, small as it was,—for the valley admitted not of much level ground,—was yet amply sufficient to contain all the inhabitants of Ellerton for fifty years to come, though the population should increase never so rapidly. Half way up the hill which supported the village, and standing out from the shade of large, clustering elms, were the ruins of Ellerton Castle. These ruins

were recent; indeed, the mere children of the village could call to mind the night when the castle was wrapt in flames, together with the mysterious circumstances previous to that occurrence.

Turning from the scene of this melancholy catastrophe, let us join the happy crowd that thronged the green on the day with which our story commences.

Here a juggler, having engaged the attention of a little knot of villagers, all, like the rest, in gayest attire, is almost as much pleased with the undisguised amazement that his performances excite as with the more solid marks of favour they succeed in eliciting. Near him, a select band of the village youths are vieing to outstrip each other in speed; each eager to obtain from the hands of the fair mistress of the sports,—for they too have their Queen of Beauty,—the humble but glorious prize to be awarded.

The fair dispenser of these coveted favours is not yet on the green; her admirers cannot but excuse her absence, whilst they anxiously await her arrival.

Meanwhile the sports do not flag; wrestling and leaping have each their votaries, and a wandering minstrel, who has struck up a merry song, arrests the attention of all idlers.

But by far the greatest attraction on the green was centred in the archery ground, as a small part was called, set apart for the practice of that science throughout the year. On this occasion the most strenuous efforts were put forth, not by the youth only, for men whose hairs were already sprinkled with grey, and even boys, joined in the contest. The strength of the British army lay, at that time, principally in its archers; archery was the prop of the state, and, as such, it was fostered to the utmost by legislative enactments: between the ages of twelve and sixty the practice of archery was a duty imposed by law upon the common people. Football, quoits, and similar games, although often indulged in, were, nevertheless, unlawful; no amusement being permitted that could in any way interfere with what, in those times of war, was the grand object of a peasant's life—the perfecting him into an excellent archer. No wonder, then, that the archery prize was an object of such zealous emulation; no wonder that few who possessed the slightest claim to a hope could be found willing to resign it without a struggle.

Many were the speculations hazarded as to who would be the fortunate bowman; and in the multitude of opinions none stood more favourably than Edward Heringford. He had already been

victor in the race, and had proved himself, on many occasions, the best wrestler and leaper in the village; his skill in archery was well known; but here he stood not without a rival: the honour of being held the best marksman in Ellerton was too great to be easily yielded. As this youth will play an important part in our narrative,—in fact, as he is its hero,—it may, perhaps, be as well at once to give, according to established custom, some idea of his appearance.

Edward Heringford was in his twenty-third year, tall, and well made; his black hair hung in ringlets at his back; his complexion was dark, with features commanding above his station; an open forehead, black eyes, a grecian nose, and lips in whose curl was nobility, completed his natural exterior. On his head was a bonnet of cloth; his archer's coat of green was, according to the prevailing custom, closely buttoned, excepting at the neck, where it had been thrown open in the heat of exercise; a belt was round his waist, and buskins on his feet; his step was graceful, and his whole air placed him far above the other youths of the village, who, even had he not afforded actual tokens of excellence, must instinctively have looked up to him as their superior.

Such was he who now, with many a smile and nod among his companions, and with the good wishes of all the female part of the population, hastened, flushed with victory and the violence of exercise, towards the group that surrounded the archers, eagerly seeking to crown all the honours of the day with this last and most important prize. But he was not destined to end his labours so quickly as he expected, his progress being, to his great annoyance, arrested in mid career, at the very moment when the shouts of the villagers announced some successful shot that he was burning to outvie.

The person who stopped him was a native of the village, from which, however, he often wandered in search of ruined houses and castles, together with every other place that he thought favourable to his expectations—of finding a treasure. He was called, by those who knew him, Willie Bats the treasure-hunter, for treasure hunting was his sole and constant employment. He had been warned, by dreams, of treasures that lay concealed in almost every ruin within ten miles of Ellerton, and had searched them all, equally without success; he did not, however, put the less faith in his warnings, but attributed all failures to mistakes of his own; so that, according to this creed, the bounteous earth must have

hidden pots of gold and caskets of jewels, with every other valuable, in the greatest abundance and variety around his native place;—it is only surprising that he never could find them.

Willie Bats was short,—four feet would perhaps have more than measured his perpendicular height; but in diameter and circumference he made full amends for deficiency in other respects. He might have been about fifty,—certainly he was not less,—his hair was very short, thin, and grey; his forehead "villainous low;" his eyes green, if ever eyes do assume that feline hue; his nose can only be described, but very imperfectly, as a compound of every known geometrical figure combined into one irregular whole; his lips, if any he had, were invisible; his mouth very small, a deficiency amply compensated for by the duplicate allowance of chin; his head, taken as a whole, may be shortly defined to have been a perfect sphere; his neck was lost in complex folds of chin, and his chest was indistinguishable from the general mass of body, into which that material which should have been expended upon arms and legs seemed also to have been absorbed, for those members were reduced considerably in proportional length, and by no means possessed their due share of thickness; some of their substance, however, had descended also into the hands and feet, which were of enormous size. He wore shoes, loose hose, a closely buttoned jacket, and on his head was a piece of camlet, which might, in the days of its prosperity, have rejoiced in the name of cap, but could certainly no longer lay claim to that distinction.

"Ah, Willie," cried Heringford, endeavouring to extricate himself from the unwelcome hold, "Ah, Willie!—The Saints prosper thee!—but I am in haste"—

"It matters not, Master Edward," replied the treasure-hunter, "I will not detain thee long; but I have something of importance concerning which I would fain speak,"—

"Ay," replied Edward, "I understand,—thou hast dreamt of a treasure:—yes, but let me go,—I will hear thy dream when I have shot."

"Not so, not so, my young friend," cried Willie; "it is no dream, but flesh and blood; and after thou hast shot they will crowd around thee: who then will think of poor Willie Bats?"

"Well, then,—speak quickly,—now."

"But thou wilt not attend!"

"I hear," cried the impatient youth; "I hear."

"Mistress Kate Westrill"—

"Ha!" cried Edward, as his whole manner changed; "and what wouldst thou tell me of her?"

"Nay, now thou frighten'st me with over-eagerness!" cried the bewildered Willie.

"Speak, man! What of Kate Westrill?"

"Nothing — nothing! She hath great influence with her father,"—

"Well!"—

"Who hath a servant;—that is a—a help,—the charming Cicely;"—

"Psha!" interrupted Heringford, in vexation.

"Psha, indeed!—Psha!" cried the offended seeker of treasures; "and is she not charming?—Is she not divine?—Is she not—?"

"Yes, yes, she is—every thing!" cried Edward, mad with impatience.

"No;" replied Willie, who was not so easily stopped; "she is not exactly everything."

"No, no,—not exactly everything,—but, quick!—It is time I had struck the target—hear those shouts;—what of her?"

"Why," said Willie, who was now heard with impatient resignation, "this of her,—charming Cicely!—I love her."

At this admission the smitten swain looked for a reply; but his auditor answered nothing, as he clenched his crossbow in a tighter clasp, and tapped with one foot nervously on the turf. Willie held him fast as he continued:—"Farmer Westrill hath a great influence over the charming Cicely, and Mistress Kate can do any thing with her father,—and—and thou canst do what thou wilt with Mistress Kate:—and so, if thou wouldst speak to Mistress Kate, and she would ask her father to tell the charming Cicely how I love her"—

Edward, despite his vexation, laughed outright. "What!" cried he, "canst thou not make love to her thyself, Willie?"

"Oh,—ah,—yes,"—replied he; "but Cicely,—certainly she is a charming creature,—charming, indeed,—but—but"—

"But thou fear'st her."

"Well, an' if I do,—what then?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Edward; "Luck to thy courting!—Farewell!" and he succeeded in disengaging himself.

"But thou'lt not forget, Master Edward!" cried poor Willie, in distress.

"I shall remember thee;" answered the youth, as he dived into the throng that separated him from the scene of his expected glory.

"A rash young fellow, that!" soliloquized Willie Bats; "he'll run himself into scrapes some day,—Oh, charming Cicely!" And with his mind full of that adorable individual, he slowly quitted the green.

A shout greeted the appearance of Edward Heringford among the rival archers; and those shouts were redoubled, when his unerring aim directed a bolt into the centre of the target. The prize was not yet won; others had shot with equal success; and among these the contest was continued until gradually, but slowly, each of his competitors fell off, leaving Edward master of the field.

The applause of the multitude again found vent in an approving shout, the echo of which had scarcely died away among the hills, before it was renewed with increased vigour; and the demonstration of their rural joy was absolutely deafening as Kate Westrill, the Mistress of the Sports, bounded lightly over the rude bridge that connected the village with the scene of action. One voice, alone, was silent—silent from the excess of joy; and the eye that but now sparkled with victory, was softened by a passion more potent than even youthful ambition, while the lips, a moment before curled in the pride of triumph, were, at her coming, beguiled into a smile, that betokened the soul's purest delight.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

TREATS OF THE HEROINE—AND OF VARIOUS DELICATE MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.

The shouts of the villagers attained their climax, when Kate, having reached the green, took her seat on the throne of turf, held sacred to the Mistress of the Revels. Never was a village queen more worthy of the enthusiastic reception she encountered; never was a cottage girl better adapted to awaken such feelings as were then struggling in Heringford's noble bosom. In childhood he had been her favourite playfellow; and as the two grew in years, so had their mutual affection gained strength, until, in manhood, he became her favoured suitor.

It is said that contrast increases love; if such be the case, and their love admitted of increase, a supposition that Edward would most stoutly have denied, they must have been most desirably matched. If Edward was hasty and impetuous, she was soft and gentle; if the mystery that hung over himself made Heringford, at times, reserved and melancholy, Kate Westrill, with a happy smile, was ever ready to dissipate his gloom; for Edward Heringford, as we ought already to have informed the reader, was destitute of acknowledged parents; he had been brought up, from infancy, by an old cottager, whose name he had assumed, and whose dying breath, when, in the pangs of conscience, he would have divulged the well-kept secret, did not suffice farther than to plant, for the first time, in the breast of his young foster-child, a doubt as to his true connexions. With this old man perished the only apparent means of discovering the true source of his existence.

But to return to Kate Westrill, of whose general appearance, some idea, however slight it may and will be, must of necessity be given.

Her auburn hair was collected under the network of silver that formed a prevailing head-dress of the period, and over it was a coronet of maiden roses, emblem of her short-lived dignity. Her fair open brow, blue eyes, and chiselled lips, ever upon the smile, would have warmed the heart of any misanthrope towards his offending fellow-creatures. Her attire, whilst it corresponded mainly with the fashion of the times, was yet subjected to such variation as natural taste dictated: she wore the *cote-hardie*, or tight vest, of blue silk, buttoned as far as the waist, whence it descended loose to the middle;—innocent vanity, transgressing against the severity of sumptuary laws, had trimmed it with marten fur. The gown below it, shorter than was the custom, but just disclosed a tiny foot and ankle that a fairy might have been proud to possess. Her voice was clear and cheerful, her oft-recurring laugh so soft and pleasing, that none could refuse the sympathy it demanded.

And yet the merry girl was not unused to trouble: the affectionate cares of a mother were blessings she had never known; they were ended before she had learnt to love her from whom they proceeded. An aged father, weighed by his troubles, prematurely, into second childhood, required her constant attention; whilst her brother Andrew, from whom those troubles sprang, he whose

early vice had hastened a mother's death, and whose continued dissipation had doomed a father to an untimely grave,—omitted no opportunity to increase her sorrows: his sister he hated for that she was loved, and his father was a clog on his free-will. But, despite all this, Kate Westrill ever remained the same mirthful favourite; and although she now met her friends with a bright tear-drop glistening in her eye, which caused many an old man to shake his head with ominous compassion, and many a youth in honest anger to knit his brows, yet, when the token of sorrow fell upon her bosom, no other rose to replace it, and her voice was mirthful still, as she greeted the admiring villagers.

Seated now on her rustic throne, with the other maids of the village forming a mimic and merry court around her, Kate assumed the duties of her office. Having made a hurried apology for delay, choked by a rising sob that told of what her words hinted not at, she at once commenced her task of distributing the rural favours. With short, but highly-prized and treasured, compliments to the successful candidates, as, one after the other, with confused step and burning cheek, they came before her, she had distributed to each one the prizes he had earned, when the last and principal victor of the day stepped forward to receive his due. Bonnet in hand, and resting upon one knee before her, he waited, in humble attitude, to receive from her hands the valued tokens, to hear from her lips the soothing accents of woman's flattery. But Kate Westrill was silent. She placed in his hand the cross-bow—prize of the archery ground; she crowned him with a laurel wreath, as the victor of the day; but still no word escaped her of compliment or of praise: yet her silence thrilled through Heringford's breast, and raised a pleasure there far greater than words could have afforded.

It was the custom of the village to conclude these revels with song and dance, in which latter the hand of their queen was the victor's due. In obedience to this practice, Edward, having risen, advanced towards his mistress, and led her, blushing, to the awarded post; the dance commenced, and gracefully did the happy couple perform their part in it: not even the evolutions of Willie Bats, who had succeeded in obtaining a temporary partnership with his "charming Cicely," could rob them of the general applause.

Willie, however, was not unnoticed; for, next to the hero of the day and his happy partner, none engrossed more attention than

himself and the maid of his choice. Cicely, the maid in question, requires little description; she was, in fact, a feminine edition of Willie himself, a faithful servant to old Westrill, and rivalled her young mistress, in good humour at least, if not, perhaps, to an over-scrupulous eye, in personal attractions;—of these latter, however, we can say no more than that, to those who considered Willie Bats extremely handsome, she must have appeared a paragon of beauty. We have said Cicely was good-tempered, and we are almost inclined to wish that the truth had been otherwise, in order that we might have made it a plausible excuse for Willie's extreme bashfulness. The approach of a cannon ball could not alarm him more than the appearance of his charmer; and he would have preferred staring at the sun in its meridian splendour, for an unlimited time, to a hasty glance at Cicely's face, with the attendant risk he encountered of meeting her eyes half way. In fact, had their streams of love already mingled in the turbulent ocean of matrimony he could not possibly have feared her more. With such feelings as these, did Willie Bats take Cicely's hand in the dance, and, at the touch, melted—not with love, but perspiration. Behold him now, in turn, at the head of the troop, preparing to conduct his graceful partner, in measured step, to the end of the lines. With what steady, what becoming gravity, do they run their course! how timidly does he touch her ample zone! and see how stedfastly he averts his face, red hot with exercise, from the danger of incineration, to which a view of her charms would expose him! Now, amid the cheers and laughter of the assembled village, they have reached the goal, and, thoroughly exhausted with the exercise, retire from the dancers;—side by side sit the turtle-doves, each looking resolutely forwards, not daring to encounter the other's gaze.

No sooner had the retirement of this pair afforded the villagers opportunity for noticing other matters, than they discovered that Willie and his charmer were not the only deserters. Heringford and Kate Westrill were no longer on the green. Willie Bats nothing doubted of the true cause—Edward had promptly attended to his wishes, and his roundabout declaration of love was now going through its first stage. The thought tempted him to steal a glance at its object: slowly and cautiously he turned his head slightly towards the side on which Cicely was seated, and then, straining his eyes to their extremest obliquity, perceived—oh, dire confusion! shall we not devote a new chapter to the discovery?

No; be it said at once—that she also was stealing a glance at him: their eyes, despite their former precautions, now met, and who shall say what would have ensued between the blushing pair, if Edward and Kate had not that moment appeared, and, by diverting their attention, stopped all further proceedings? If Willie had before guessed at the cause of Edward's absence, his belief was now confirmed. What but a conference upon the important subject that absorbed all Willie's faculties, could occasion the meaning glances which passed between the returned absentees? What could account for the unusual manner in which Kate's little hand was squeezed, unless Edward wished to remind her of the promise he had obtained in favour of Cicely and her devoted swain? And Willie was right, for Edward had indeed obtained a promise; but he had forgotten Cicely, and it was only in favour of himself.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ELLERTON CASTLE—FAMILY RECORDS—A MIDNIGHT MEETING, AND ITS RESULT.

There is a strange and undefined feeling excited in the breasts of most men at the sight of a ruined edifice. When we behold the spot on which have dwelt generation after generation crumbling to the dust,—the scene of human hopes, and fears, and pride, and sorrow, following the fate of those who tenanted it,—a sad conviction of the perishable nature of earthly circumstance is, unconsciously, implanted within us, and leads us from the ruins of time to a vague contemplation of eternity. The more glorious the pile that lies mouldering before us, the more deeply are we oppressed by these sensations; and we turn away from the spot with a subdued step, and a sentiment of awe that the pride of the most imposing structure could never succeed in awakening.

When, in addition to this, the stillness of night reigns around, and the wavering light of the moon casts its flickering shadows; when no sound, no object arises to divert the attention; there can, surely, be few men so callous as not to feel some portion of the depression that these scenes convey.

But there were more causes than these that combined to weigh

upon the mind of the solitary stranger that paced the chapel of Ellerton Castle on the night following the village feast. He looked not with a stranger's eye upon the ruined columns and fire-burnt walls; he saw not with unconcern the prostrate monuments of the dead, against which his foot struck at every step. The moon, high in the starry firmament, poured its light into the roofless enclosure; it illumined a tomb, of all others most unwelcome to his sight,—a plain, unsculptured tomb, fissured along its whole extent by the flames that had consumed less solid objects. Oh, that the moon would hasten its course, and, by varying its shadows, cast that sad object into obscurity! But there it stood in the white light, and on it was distinctly legible the single name that formed the only inscription—

BEATRICE.

Beatrice! To an unconcerned eye, there would have been nothing in that name to awaken such emotions as those by which the midnight visitor was mastered. To him the well-known sound had once been rapture, but now,—no matter what it was. Suffice it that they had loved and wedded; he had hated, she had died. There, in the tomb that opposed itself so prominently to his gaze, there were her remains deposited, and there also was prepared his own last resting-place when his life of turmoil should have ceased. Let us leave the stranger, whom we may introduce as Sir Richard Ellerton, while we take a slight view of the ruins among which we find him, and learn as much as was then commonly known concerning the affairs of Ellerton Castle. Of the Castle itself there is little to be said; nothing was presented to the eye but the bare and blackened outline of what had been a solid monument of feudal splendour. Its situation, half way up the hill, and, as it were, in one of nature's parks, overlooking the village below, has already been mentioned. On the lower side was a massive archway, once protected by gates which now stood constantly open on the broken hinges. The court-yard, where formerly the sound of the clarion and the shouts of collected vassals had resounded, was now deserted, overgrown with weeds, and choked with blackened fragments that had fallen from the burning pile. The castle itself, with its lofty entrance and small portals, loopholes and gothic windows, moss-grown turrets and ivy-clad walls, was such as the reader, expert in ruins, may easily picture to himself. The family to which the

castle, with its estate and appended title, had belonged, was ancient and honourable. The barons of Ellerton were famed in story for every heraldic virtue; had died and received the burial rites in due succession, until a short time previous to the period of our story, when the lady of Ellerton was united to another noble house; the result of this marriage was a daughter, Beatrice, who in early life inherited the baronial honours. Beatrice, baroness of Ellerton, having married for love one Richard Benstone, the latter received, by courtesy, the title of Sir Richard Ellerton. After this marriage, the villagers knew little of affairs at the castle; a child was born, that lived but a short time, and Sir Richard left Ellerton soon afterwards. His wife, thus deserted, sent to her half-brother, who attended her summons, and remained in the castle until his sister's death, which occurred not many days after her husband's departure. She was buried in the chapel, in the tomb which we have already seen, raised by her husband in their days of love for himself and Beatrice. Her name only was inscribed on the marble; her virtues were already indelibly graven in the hearts of her sorrowing vassals. Her half-brother, Sir Hubert de St. Fay, then (although the estate and title fell to the crown) assumed, by royal warrant, the direction of affairs, which he retained for a period of more than ten years, until, about twelve years prior to the date of our story, the castle was burned to the ground, and he, as was supposed, perished in the flames. From that time forth nothing more was heard of the Ellerton family.

Returning to Sir Richard, whom we now find, after being lost for more than twenty years, within the walls of his former dwelling, it will be necessary to delay our narrative while we slightly describe him.

His age, at the period to which we now refer, was about fifty; his features were defaced by time and care,—still more, however, by a malignant scowl, that no art could conceal; his hair was grey; and, contrary to the usual custom, his upper lip was clothed by moustaches. A cap, adorned with a single plume, was on his head; and his whole body was wrapped in a cloak of grey fur, that concealed the armour in which he was cased.

Such was Sir Richard Ellerton, in whose character few good traits prevailed, and whose whole soul was tinged by a superstition, common to the age, that now, as he paced the lonely chapel, worked violently upon him.

"Would that these men were here," cried he, "or that they

possessed one half of the impatience that burns within my soul! They would not then have delayed their coming to await the tardy step of an appointed hour." Then, after a pause, during which he had rapidly paced the chapel, he leaned with his back against the tomb of Beatrice.

"I will not see it, since it can thus disturb me! Why should I be moved at the sight of a marble vault? What do I care who rests within? She must be dust ere this."

A faint groan, at this juncture, echoing among the recesses of the tomb, fell upon the ear of Sir Richard. Starting, he turned towards the spot—"Ha! Beatrice, dost thou hear me; and is thy spirit troubled at my approach? Thou shalt not scare me hence! If thou canst hear and understand that for which I this night am here, greater pangs shall be thy portion. If thou knowest him I seek, tremble when I tell thee that, though heaven and hell were armed in his favour, he shall not escape me!"

All the knight's superstition was roused, and his mental struggle against the fear that overpowered him was indeed most violent; but his resolution prevailed, and he stood calmly, but deathly pale, when those whom he had appointed to meet him entered the chapel. These were two men, muffled in dark cloaks of black cloth; the head of one was covered with a hood, the other wore a bonnet of fur. He with the hood was a tall, spare man; his face had been handsome in days of innocence, but now it was disfigured by the traces of vice and evil passion that were stamped upon it. The other slunk behind his companion, and remained concealed by the shadows in the porch.

"Art thou the man whose presence I have sought?" inquired Sir Richard.

"I am Andrew Westrill," replied the other; "an old friend of thine: whom better couldst thou have wished to see?"

"Friend!" muttered the knight, between his set teeth,—"friend! And is it among such men as these that—no matter!" Then continuing aloud,—"Ay," said he, "thou art my good, my tried friend; but I would try thee yet farther; I have service on which to engage thee."

"I know it," answered Westrill.

"Know it!" exclaimed Sir Richard; "know it! from whom couldst thou have heard a design that my lips, till yet, have not dared to utter; my brain even scarce dared to conceive."

"I know nought of thy plan," replied Andrew, "nor care

I much to learn it:—of this only I am certain, that, unless thou hadst need of my services, thou wouldst have been too proud to remember, much less to seek, my companionship."

"Why should I tell thee otherwise?" cried the knight; "why should I lower myself in thy sight by vainly attempting to deceive thee? What if I own I care not for thee? Thou art useful to my plans; I have need of thee,—will pay thee well; and that last secures thy faith."

"Thou art right, Sir Richard," replied Westrill; "therein doth my faith most truly rest; I am not hurt by thy candour."

"Then hear me," continued the knight; "my design is terrible; the dead, Westrill, the very dead have risen from their graves to implore mercy; I have refused it. Last night I was in this chapel; I measured its length with my paces, as I pondered on my plans: when, lo! from that marble vault, that contains—thou knowest whom—she came, clad in grave-clothes, and warned me to desist; I scorned the thought,—she vanished. Again, this night, have I heard the voice of the dead."

"This is delusion," cried Westrill; "the vision that thou sawest was but a waking dream, the offspring of thy disturbed mind, unworthy of thine attention."

"It may be so," replied Sir Richard Ellerton; "but I had rather join her in the grave, than once more behold her thus!"

"Enough of this!" interposed Westrill. "It was not to be told thy dreams that I was summoned hither. What is the nature of the service in which thou wouldst employ me?"

"Let us, then, proceed to this matter," said the knight: "is thy companion true?"

"I am," replied the person alluded to, from the obscurity of the chapel.

"And thou wilt assist in carrying out my design?"

"Do thou but pay," replied he, "and fear not that I shall shrink in aught."

"Then approach nearer. If the souls of the dead dwell in the tombs that contain their mortal part,—if she whom I this night heard yet dwelleth here in spirit,—she shall hear our plans."

"To the point!" interrupted Westrill, impatiently.

"Hear me, then," continued the knight; "know ye, among the young men of the village, one, proud and reserved above his station, one—Heringford, I believe they call him?"

"Do I know him!" cried Westrill; "is it to plunge a dagger

in his heart that thou wouldst now engage me? No task could have suited more with mine inclination."

"In brief," replied Sir Richard, "such is my desire."

"It shall be done!" cried Andrew.

"Stay!" interposed the third party; "if Westrill be eager for this young man's blood, not so am I. If Westrill be willing to commit a murder without pay, not so I. Thy price, thy price, Sir Richard!"

"Be it what ye will!" replied the knight; "I will pay any price for the dagger that hath sped his life away; prove to me that he is dead, that ye have slain him, there is nothing I will refuse ye."

"Five hundred marks is my price," stipulated the man; "and for Westrill five hundred more;—is it agreed?"

"It is thine," cried Sir Richard; "a thousand marks between ye for his death, though it cost me a fortune to solve the debt."

"Be it so," said Westrill; "the reward is acceptable, though I had rather lose it than my vengeance. To-morrow night, Kate's lover shall be a corpse. I had done this, Sir Richard, without the aid of thy spur; but may I ask, wherefore thou dost thus track his course, and seek to end it?"

"He hath given me mortal offence—"

At this moment, a series of the most preternatural howls, yells, and hissings proceeded from the tomb; then a sound, as of a heavy body falling—and all was again still.

"The spirits of evil are among us!" exclaimed the knight in alarm.

"Say rather, some trifler hath thus made his presence known," cried Westrill.

New fears arose in Sir Richard's mind.

"It is even so," he cried; "our conference hath been overheard; the listener must not live to tell the tale!" and, throwing aside his cloak, he leapt, sword in hand, into the tomb, that but now, under other feelings, he had shuddered to behold.

No trace of life could he discover; no motion, but the flickering of the moon's light, as it fell, through the riven marble, upon the coffins of his wife and child.

(*To be continued.*)

HAPPINESS.

What is happiness? If every man were asked this question, what various definitions we should have! And yet there would be many who would unite in giving one description of that goal which all are striving for, but which few confess that they have attained,—I mean those who think, with me, that a great part of happiness consists in sympathy; in the society of, and "sweet communion" with those who have ideas and feelings like your own.

I would hope, (for the character of my species,) that not many would make this summum bonum to consist in merely sensual enjoyments, in the gratification of those appetites which belong to men and beasts in common. But I think many would call ease and freedom from all *constrained* work, the ne plus ultra of felicity. Yet old men, who have retired from business, and are just in the situation these people think so happy, are generally cross and irritable animals as any you meet with, and think themselves the most miserable men upon the face of the earth.

That which raises man above the level of the beasts, and makes him lord of the creation, is his mind; and it is to the mind he must look for real happiness. All those pleasures which consist in the gratification of the senses, are things which perish in the using; but the mind is a spring from which you may ever draw; it is a mine of rich ore, whose veins are inexhaustible, but for which you must dig.

The cultivation of the mind does not merely consist in acquiring a great quantity of knowledge, which may lie in your head, like the hidden talent, to no profit; nor only in acquiring the power of arranging in order those distinct facts which you may discover into a system. You may in this manner, indeed, build up a large and massive temple of science; but the walls will be bare, and the roof unadorned; and, while you stand in the edifice which your reason has raised, and contemplate the stores which your understanding has joined together, you will be cold and comfortless. The chaplets to the columns, and the fretwork to the roof, must be given by the imagination.

By imagination, I mean, that faculty of the mind by which it works upon the knowledge which it has acquired. When the

light of reason has shown, in the paths of science, the footsteps of the Creator, it is the imagination which harmonizes the music of the spheres, and modulates the voices of countless worlds to one full chorus of praise to the Almighty; and it is the imagination that, rising to the first great Cause of all the wonders of the universe, pictures to itself the abode of God, surrounded by myriads of bright beings, and listens to the songs of the angels. The knowledge that we acquire by our external senses, forms the foundation on which the imagination builds its superstructure of beautiful creations, the elements which it combines into new forms, thereby producing those lovely conceptions and ideas which constitute the charm of poetry.

Now, I think that happiness consists principally in the indulgence of these dreams of the imagination; and so forming for oneself an imaginary world, in which the spirit may wander, and search out all that is fair and holy and pure. I hate realities. All those pleasures which depend upon real, tangible things, are vanity and vexation of spirit; they perish in their using.

But when the spirit has thus formed for itself a world, in which all the beauties of the heavens and the earth are blended into one fair and lovely creation,—is there nothing more wanting to content it? Can it wander through regions boundless as thought, and in which all that is fair and pure and holy, all things that the most fertile imagination can conceive, are collected, and be satisfied? Is man to live in this ideal world without any connexion with his fellow-men, uncaring and uncared for? And is his ear never to be charmed by that sweetest of earth's music, the voice of sympathy? Oh, no! Feelings which are unshared are almost unfelt. It is not good for man to be alone. As he wanders through this world of fancy, there should be another spirit that can share his joys, can feel what he feels, and love what he loves. Sympathy with others constitutes a great part of happiness. The charm of poetry consists in sympathy with the poet. Poetry creates nothing in our minds; it only combines elements which existed there before. But, to have perfect sympathy with *one* spirit, clothed in a beauteous form; to tread with her the paths of fancy, and to revel in the beautiful creations of the poet;—that is felicity indeed.

I know there are many who call all this a delusion; who say that when a man indulges in these pleasures of the imagination, he is building a temple to an unreal deity, and raising an altar on

which he himself will be sacrificed. But is it true that, after we have formed the temple, and fitted it for the shrine of the heavenly passion, the celestial power,—at the moment in which our fondest hopes are realised, when the bright one appears who answers to our ideal love, and by her presence makes all that was fair before more fair, all that was pure more pure, all that was holy more holy,—then, when the fire of love begins to burn on our altar, *must* its flame consume the edifice? *Must* every creation and beauty of mortality be seared and crumbled to ashes by the intensity of that heavenly beam? Oh! I can never believe, that the power which, in the immensity of its perfection, accomplished the greatest wonder eternity ever saw, and saved millions of human beings from everlasting destruction, can, with its less perfect and less brilliant shining, only destroy the share of happiness which still remains to man on earth,—that the same power which leads man to heaven can poison his existence here below.

Perfect happiness is a stranger to this world; it is a phantom which men through all their lives pursue, but ever, as they seem to have reached it, it eludes their grasp: it lures them on through a rough and weary course, till it vanishes in the mists of disappointment and woe. But there is a world of happiness,—and that world is a spiritual world, and its pleasures are spiritual pleasures, and its God is a spiritual God; and when we enter that world, with our spirits purified and made holy, restored to their original likeness to the Almighty Spirit of their Creator, may not our happiness consist in a unison and harmony in the feelings of our minds with the Spirit of Him whose presence is the light and glory of heaven? And when we are all filled with the fulness of that eternal Spirit, we shall see in others but the reflection of that Spirit; so that, not only will those ties that connected us on earth be purified and strengthened, but our capacities will be so enlarged that we shall take into the same bond all the inhabitants of that bright world, and, forming one united family, our voices will rise in a full chorus of praise to the Father we love. There the philosopher will seek for the hand of the Creator in the wonders of the universe, with an intellect capable of understanding it all: there the poet will find all the creations of his earthly imagination embodied in the bright glories of heaven,—all that was fair and beautiful upon earth in its perfection, freed from the dross, the corruption, the pollution of sin.

The world of the imagination is a dangerous world; it is a sea, under the smooth surface of which lie hidden many dangerous rocks. But if we keep our vessel pointed to the pole-star of heaven, and take for our pilot the word of its God, we shall avoid those rocks and quicksands that would wreck our ship, and sink us into the abyss of despair, steering a clear course through a world of happiness to a haven of eternal joy.

PUCK.

HORACE.—LIB. III. ODE XXIII.

IF, Phyllis, on thy votive hearth,
At silvery Luna's monthly birth,
Shall bleed the ravening swine;
While gifts from bounteous Ceres' store,
And incense from Arabia's shore,
O'erspread thy household shrine;

No arid blast shall smite thy vine,
Whose verdant tendrils closely twine
Around the lofty trees;
No blasting mildew sear thy crop;
Nor shall thy tender firstlings drop,
'Neath Autumn's sickening breeze.

Let the rich victims idly rove
In snow-capp'd Algidon's deep grove,
Far from all sounds of strife;
Or graze in rich Albania's plains,
Till their red blood the altar stains,
Beneath the pontiff's knife.

For thee no hecatomb must bleed;
Thy Gods no splendid victims need,
To sooth their wrath divine;
The wreath of fragile myrtle, twin'd
With fragrant herbs of every kind,
Suffice to crown their shrine.

The pious cake and crackling salt
Atone the humbler votary's fault,
When richer gifts would fail;
And off'rings of a stainless hand,
Appease th' inexorable band,
And woo the fav'ring gale.

δ.

THE TREMBLING POPLAR.

A BOTANICAL LEGEND.

(*Translated from the German of Weissflog.*)

WOULD you know why the aspen trembles, when no breath is stirring in the sultry summer, and the other trees of the forest rest their thickly-leaved boughs, and spread cooling shadows? Hear its story.

In the awful hour when our Lord hung upon the cross, and the sun folded a veil of mourning around its brightness, there went forth a trembling through all living nature. Man, mute with horror, awaited, with a fearful spirit, the termination of the strange and unheard-of event; the beasts of the forest crept into their hiding-places, and dared not move out of their secure retreats; there was no sound heard of the humming of insects, or of the chirping of birds—all was dumb, oppressed, and mourning. Only the flowers, the shrubs, and the trees, murmured yet in their speech, and told the story of the holy time. The tall cedars of Lebanon faintly murmured their fearful chorus in the air, while a darkness, as that of the night, overshadowed the woods.

"Alas! now is it past," gently whispered the willow of Babylon, and bowed down her mourning branches into the Euphrates. The vine-dresser passed through his vineyard, and saw how the vine-branches wept. As the fruit was now ripe, and the juice was pressed, they called it the "tears of Christ."

But around Golgotha there arose a sweet perfume. The violet of the night sent it forth to cool the suffering Son of God; and the Iris Susiana said to her sister the Cypress, "In mourning will I clothe myself from henceforth." "And I," answered the Cypress, "will dwell by the grave for a memorial of this hour." Then there was a light breeze through the sultry twilight. It was Astaroth, the angel of death, as he passed by to the cross. And when the voice now sounded from thence, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" all the boughs, all the flowers, all the leaves trembled.

But the Aspen, a proud, high, cold tree, stood unmoved at the foot of Golgotha. "What hath thine agony to do with us?" it spake. "We are yet free,—we trees, and blossoms, and plants; we have not sinned!"

Then Astaroth, the angel of death, took a black cup with the

Redeemer's blood, and poured it out at the root of the proud Aspen. Then was the unhappy tree benumbed. Its leaves sank down. Never more came rest again into its branches; and, when all is still, happy, and peaceful, it quivers and trembles, and is called the Trembling Poplar to this day. PUCK.

THE CONVENT BELL.

OH! thou Convent Bell, thou Convent Bell,
Why art thou ringing, what dost thou tell?
Hath a spirit flown
To its last long home,
And art thou ringing its funeral knell?

Or hath some girl, with a troubled breast,
Sought in thy cells for a place of rest?
And are they flinging,
While thou art ringing,
Over her shoulders the nun's sombre vest?

Is it a maiden of noble birth,
Whose voice once did sound with innocent mirth?
Whose gladness hath past,
And hath looked her last
On all that was fair and bright upon earth?

Or is it a girl of low degree,
Who seeketh from this vain world to flee?
Who hath looked around
The wide world, and found
There's nought but God that's not vanity?

Oh, it must be a mighty power
Can bring thee here in thy young life's hour:
Whoever thou art,
'Twas sorrow of heart,
That sent thee for rest to the Convent tower.

The Convent Bell is a solemn thing;
It maketh one sad to hear it ring:—
But yet to the sad
Its sound seemeth glad;
It taketh from sorrow its sharpest sting.

It calls the weary, the worn, the cold,
And bids them come to God's peaceful fold;
And many a breast
Hath been soothed to rest,
By the blessed tale which that Bell hath told.

SELENIAKOS.

ON SHAKING HANDS.

It is in vain that we turn over the records of the past, the histories of years gone by, to find the origin of the custom above-named; Homer and Herodotus, Virgil and Livy, the curious Ovid, and the elegant Plutarch, find other matter to discuss; nor let their pens warm, and their imaginations fire, on this most ancient rite. But we will endeavour (unworthy though we be) to clear up the mystery that hangs around it, and trace it to its source through all the labyrinths of innumerable authors, till we discover whence it sprung,—a fertile source of gratification and delight!

It would appear from ancient story, that the renowned Semiramis, queen of Babylon and good temper, when first she reigned supreme, thought the best way to greet her friends was to embrace them tenderly. It happened, however, one unlucky day, that a courtier, as he passed his arm around her neck, struck her comb (for queens even at that time thought such adjuncts necessary) so forcibly, as to cause her royal majesty severe pain; whereupon she issued a proclamation, that the embrace should no longer be the mode of salutation; offering, at the same time, a high reward to him who should discover a new method, one that should not be accompanied with much personal inconvenience. Whereupon her prime minister, Candleend Phagus, set his imagination to work, and invented, in the stead thereof, shaking the right hand, at which her majesty was graciously pleased to express her approbation, seeing that this plan did not involve rumpling her finery, or rising from her seat.

Since her time, the practice has been greatly improved; and modern art has introduced many changes, not originally contemplated. With the march of intellect, shaking has progressed likewise. We have now music to express all the changes of the chase, the baying of the beagles, the neighing of the horse, and the shouts of the riders; or all the history of the terrific massacre of the Huguenots; nay, according to an eminent artiste, there is not a feeling of the human mind that music cannot express. Who can then wonder that we should have a shake of introduction and departure, of friendship and enmity, of cordiality and carelessness, of warm-heartedness and the coldest frigidity.

But lest our readers should be unacquainted with the nice shades

of difference between them, we will endeavour to draw them so distinctly, that he may at once recognise them; and conclude by a few remarks upon the etiquette of shaking.

To begin, then, with the shake of introduction, by way of bringing the subject more prominently under notice. We would define it, a mutual presentation of the hands, usually uncovered—a mutual seizure, followed by a short vibratory motion up and down, and from side to side; then a separation, rapid, easy, and complete. This is the true legitimate shake, the type of all the rest, the venerable patriarch from which all the rest have sprung; for as the philosophers would say, it expresses nothing, involves nothing. Far different is that which takes place on meeting a friend we esteem, or one who has long been absent. Who can tell the delight which takes the mind, as it were, by storm, when those who have long been separated, over whose heads have rolled long years of hardships, suffering, and toil, whose spirits have been bowed to the dust by the cold hand of misfortune, and whose heart had almost ceased to feel, meet together in some haven of rest, where their wearied bodies may find repose? Who cannot imagine the burning thoughts which dart with inconceivable velocity through the mind, in the hearty shake of recognition they then give? The past, with all its long vicissitudes, the joys that once they knew together, the evils which they since have known, are present to their view; but as their hands warm to each other's touch, and they feel once more the joys of friendship, these visions are dispelled, the thoughts of present happiness and freedom take their place; for, as the poet says,

> "One moment may with bliss repay
> Unnumbered hours of pain."

The next shake we shall notice, is that which takes place at parting. This we may subdivide into the careless, and the affectionate; the former merely ceremonious, the latter the result of warm-heartedness and esteem. When we have been some time in company with a friend, and nothing but common-place conversation has passed, there are none of those sensations excited which rouse the latent energies of the soul; all has been a placid calm; no wonder then that the parting is so too. Hands are joined and parted, and no more is thought.

But when the meeting has been one full of interchange of sentiment, where each lays before the other the inward workings of his

heart, with all the energy of a powerful mind, when roused to tell the passions that are raging within; or when one in deep anguish and despair confides to the other all the anxieties and troubles that bear him down, as does the mighty avalanche some hapless village in its course; when he details the losses he has suffered, and his own utter helplessness, to extricate himself from the maze in which he is involved, and when he finds by another's counsel that relief and comfort, which unaided he would long have sought in vain,—there is a load removed from his breast; a feeling of gratitude springs up within him, not as a small fountain, but a mighty river; and when they part, the warm grasp in which he holds the hand of his preserver is such as none can know, save those who have felt it; in it is expressed all the thoughts that agitate his soul, and the thrill is long remembered. Or when two fond lovers, who have been strolling through the flowery meadows, or the umbrageous woods,—enjoying now the warm air of heaven, and now the delights of the verdant shade;—now standing still to gaze with rapture on a rich prospect at their feet—

> "The cottage home, the bark of slender sail,
> The glassy lake, and broomwood blossomed vale;"—

now by the side of a sunny bank, where none can interrupt, enjoying the beauties of a favourite author, and from time to time conversing in low tones such words as none but lovers use, where gestures, looks, and sighs interpret more forcibly than orator could do the mutual thought;—oh! when they separate at eventide, who can tell the thrill of ecstasy they feel, as they clasp each other's hands, and linger on the last good night; or paint the mantling blushes that tell the deep delight the maiden feels, when the youth carries her too willing hand affectionately to his lips, and imprints thereon a burning kiss!

So much for shakes generally. Let us now notice some more particularly, for we shall find as many varieties as we find shades in the human mind; so much so, that some declare that merely from the peculiar mode of salutation may the prevailing feature of a person's character be predicated; an assertion far more probable than that it should be indicated by the hand-writing, or the shape of the nose; for the sanguine will give a hearty shake, the phlegmatic a cold and formal one, the nervous scarcely one at all. Who can imagine a man of science giving what some denominate the pump handle, or a Socrates presenting three fingers? There

are idiosyncrasies in shakes, each individual having one peculiar to himself: some grasp the whole hand, others only the fingers; some are passive, others take the whole duty on themselves; some give four fingers, some only two; some merely move the hand at the wrist, others the whole arm.

There are shakes peculiar to secret societies; and, from some observations we have made, we shrewdly guess that, though not freemasons ourselves, we could so grasp a brother's hand as to deceive. This we were led to, by a remark once made to us by a member, when we were shaking hands in a peculiar way.—"Do you mean to challenge me?" he observed. We replied in the negative. "I thought you did," was the rejoinder, "from your movements." This, however, is merely a vague speculation.

Proceed we next to notice the squeeze, a method of salutation men with strong and large hands are very apt to give, more especially when they meet with a small and delicate one, on which they can exert their prowess. What a savage delight is theirs, as they see the poor victim writhing in their grasp, kicking like one under the electro-magnetic torture, and gesticulating like a bear when learning a minuet! The effect is more particularly delightful to the shaker if the shakee happen to have one or two rings on his right hand, as then the effect is much greater, and the fun more choice. Yet, with all its terrors, with all the agonies of a hard gripe staring us in the face, we choose the squeeze, as being most agreeable to the feelings, albeit the senses may revolt. It proclaims there is meaning in it, that it is not the mere expression of civility, or an involuntary tribute to the shrine of etiquette. We recollect to have heard a lady complain, that a dear friend had given her a ring, and, whenever they met, shook her hand so cordially as nearly to break her fingers. The ring she would not give up; and there was so much character and feeling in the salutation, that she could not refuse her hand.

Contrast this with the cold shake. Two individuals meet together; the very images of frigidity and unconcern; men on whose ears unheeded fall the most studied speeches, whose eyes the most brilliant objects scarcely seem to brighten. One extends his hand, the other does so too; the thumbs are pressed lightly on the fingers; they part again, and all is over: the ceremony is over as soon as begun. Many a fond hope has this formality destroyed; many an air-built castle levelled low. Few there are who cannot recollect a time when they have, as children, been attached to

some one whose interest in their welfare,—shallow though it has been,—has won their hearts, and made them look upon him as a second father. Time may part them, and long years glide away, yet the impressions of infancy continue; the name of him they used to love is ever present to their mind—his kindness to their recollection. They are once more on the eve of meeting: the young man, with ardent hopes, expects again to see his patron, and experience new instances of his regard; his heart beats as he approaches nearer; at last he rushes forward, grasps with warm energy the hand that is presented;—but no answering pressure does he find—he is almost forgotten! the visions of the past are fled, never to return! the warm blood, coursing through his veins in animated flow, rolls back; his heart sinks within him!—the destruction is as great as when the fell hurricane, or the dread typhoon, by one roaring blast, lays prostrate with the ground the pride of the forest, and sweeps, with the besom of destruction, o'er the land!

Who, in the heyday of youth, has not felt all his hopes blighted, and his dreams of future happiness destroyed, by a formal shake from the hand of a lady, in whose company he had been, and in whose heart he fondly thought he had secured a place? We have hygrometers, hydrometers, saccharometers, and balosimeters, and a measure of the feelings too;—

The shake, *the shake's* the thing.

We may now proceed to consider the etiquette of shaking.

We must bear in mind that modern society has established this as a mark of friendship or esteem; and this will render it easy to know when the hand should be given and when withheld.

Is it to be practised on introduction? Suppose the person to whom we are presented has previously been unknown to us; one of whose principles and character we have received no information, and into whose presence it is not probable we shall frequently be thrown,—I apprehend we shall not offer him the right hand of fellowship, unless as a compliment to his introducer.

Under different circumstances the case will be altered. Here, the ceremony of presentation is the prelude to a closer intimacy; an intimacy that is expected to be the source of much gratification. The characters of both are perfectly known: a cordial shake is given; and few are the minds which will not feel from it, as plain as words could speak,—we understand each other.

It often happens, too, that individuals are frequently thrown together, and, without any formal introduction, converse freely upon various topics, as if they had long been known: yet they are simply acquaintances for the time, being at perfect liberty to continue the intimacy, or not, as circumstances dictate. If it should be that, on further knowledge, from the gradual development of character, (the necessary consequence of prolonged association,) a more close friendship is desirable, there is no occasion for the intervention of a mutual friend; the rules of etiquette are not so strict. A mutual presentation of the hand, and a cordial shake, supplies the place of introduction, and far more effectually. The Arabs will not injure or neglect a man with whom they have eaten salt; nor ought two friends, who have exchanged this mark of fellowship, to allow any but the most urgent circumstances to part them.

The question next arises, Who is first to present the hand? In cases of equality, I apprehend this will ever be done by the most warm-hearted; but where there is any real, or fancied difference in the situation of the parties, the superior will make the first advance, because it is for him to choose on what footing he will continue the acquaintance. The same remark holds good, more especially with regard to ladies; for as we must wait, on meeting them in the street, for some mark of recognition, before we presume to bow; so must we wait, on meeting them more nearly, for some movement on their part, before we give this mark of friendship. Some difference will, of course, arise, when from any circumstance we consider we have a right to demand it.

We must, of course, on inviting any one to our house, shake hands with them; a contrary behaviour would be unpardonable and rude in the highest degree, amounting, unless circumstances explained it, to downright insult.

It is a conventional mark of friendship and goodwill; therefore practised in many cases, where, unless it passed, one might reasonably conclude the very opposite feelings existed. Thus we see two powerful champions stripped to the waist, like the Olympians of old, exhibiting to a crowd of eager gazers an appearance of strength surpassing that of other men, their brawny muscles developed, and every limb as firmly knit as are the joints of the celebrated Hercules, before they set to work and try who can hit the hardest blows, and most disfigure and annoy his

antagonist, shake hands most cordially, to show that no enmity exists :—as says the old song—

"They first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks."

The poor culprit too, who, in an hour of strong temptation or ungoverned fury, made himself amenable to the penalty of death, when he stands upon the stage about to take his last farewell of sublunary objects, to launch into that eternity from which there is no return; when he sees the dark grave yawning to receive its victim, and the inhuman crowds that stand around, to see his dying agonies; even then shakes hands with him who is to be the fatal instrument of his destruction. He sees the cord, the running noose, the gallows-tree, and the black night-cap in the hand of the executioner, all waiting for their victim. He gives his hand, and grants pardon ere it is asked; the last act of friendship is the last act of life.

We will, before we close our paper, offer some hints as to the best method of shaking, for it is exceedingly awkward to do so simple a thing in an ungainly manner. We know a case where a pupil went to ask some question of a distinguished professor. The master extended his hand, the pupil did so too; but from some unaccountable impulse, both were withdrawn ere they had joined; they were again extended, and this time they met, but in a manner so clumsy, that the professor received a severe scratch, the pupil a nearly dislocated thumb.

The hand and arm must be extended rapidly but carefully; the thumb a little separated from the fingers, to act as a kind of stopper, lest the wrist should be grasped by mistake; the hands being then locked, as those appear—

"On Hand-in-Hand Insurance plates."

We leave to each individual, as their temperament may dictate, to give what shake they list. The hearty—the cold—the two-finger—the pump-handle—or the squeeze. Resting sure that whichever they adopt, they cannot do it so gravely, as they will shake their heads, at the presumption of their

Most obedient Servant,
T. I.

THOUGHTS FROM LESSING.

THE SPARROW AND THE OSTRICH.

"PRIDE thyself as thou wilt on thy size and thy strength," said the Sparrow to the Ostrich; "after all, I am more of a bird than thou. Thou canst not fly; now I can, though my flight be not high nor of long duration."

The light poet of a merry bacchanalian strain, or of a little love song, is more of a genius than the unsoaring, earth-bound writer of a long Hermanniad.

ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS, as the story goes, went in search of his wife to the infernal regions. Where but in the infernal regions should the wife of Orpheus have been sought?

They say he went down singing. Of that I have not the smallest doubt, for, so long as he was a widower, well might he be rejoiced and sing.

Mountains, rivers and stones followed the course of his harmony: had he sung badly they would have followed nevertheless.

And when, having arrived below, he told what he came for, all tortures ceased. What torture would one desire beyond the sight of a husband so ridiculously stupid!

At length his voice moved the deaf kingdom of the shades:—but was it as a reward or a punishment that he carried his wife back with him?

MEROPS.

"I HAVE a question to ask," said a young Eagle to a learned Owl. "They say there's a bird, called *Merops*, who, when he rises into the air, flies tail foremost, with his head towards the ground. Is that true?"

"No," replied the Owl; "that is a silly invention of man. He himself may be such a Merops; for he would be too happy to fly up to heaven, without leaving the earth for an instant out of his sight."

THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS.

In the stillness of a summer's evening I have oftentimes listened with peculiar pleasure to the music of our village bells; the only sounds to tell of man, to break a teeming nature's silence. There is a witching melody in their soft measured tones, which sweetly accords with her tranquillity, adding a new and placid charm to the sacred evening of her rest.

And who can listen to their varied tones unmoved? What mind, with their soft murmuring, can fail to associate that venerable pile to which their notes invite,—that fabric whose foundation is in heaven?

Varied and many are the recollections their peaceful tones awaken. Time was when darkness reigned supreme, and cruelty dwelt in our midst; when the wailings of an oppressed people, the unholy sports and foul revellings of a dissolute nation, reechoed from her lofty hills and resounded in her valleys; when nature knew no day of rest.

Again, they bid us think of brighter days, when the light of knowledge broke through an empire's gloom; when the words of truth and love found utterance in "the habitations of cruelty;" when the burden of the winds was changed, and the whisperings of adoration and praise were wafted heavenwards from the heath-clad mountains and the lowly retreats of the valley.

And shall not now the ear listen with delight, and the eye behold with admiration, and the tongue with grateful raptures tell the inestimable benefits which have gone forth from that sacred institution—the palladium of our beloved country?

The times are changed: the black clouds of darkness have rolled away, the voice of threat is no longer heard, the groanings of the oppressed are stayed; and what do these bells say now?

They bid us hasten to the house of prayer, from the rising even to the setting of the seventh-day sun. They tell the lapse of time, and remind us of battles fought and victories won, claiming a passing tear for those who have bled and died in their country's service. They remind us, too, of times when youth and hope were beautiful and bright, of ties formed on earth to be unloosed in the grave; in solemn and sadly-falling tones, they speak of the silent tomb.

Yes, many and varied are the recollections their peaceful notes awaken; it may be sad or joyous feeling, yet there is music in their tone.

Turn to the village green, and view, at yonder cottage-gate, the happy husband resting from his week-day toils, surrounded by the wife of his affection and the children of his home. He listens to the ringing of his village bells, and thinks of wedding greetings; and many a proud and smiling look he casts on his fair family; and warm, indeed, the embrace which accompanies the soft whisper,—"They rang for us one day."

The lonely widow, too, may hear their "soothing sound," and recollect her wedding-day: but now she turns her care-worn face to greet, not the bright partner of her early days, for he is at rest in the tomb, his toils likewise are over; not the fond group of merry prattlers, whose delight it once was to lisp the name of mother, to climb the father's knee, and sun their sturdy limbs on the greensward. Oh, no! it may be they too are gathered to their father's grave,—for the stem has been broken, and the bud nipped in the blossom, to wither in the same dark tomb. The falling knell for life departed could scarcely speak more plainly; her thoughts, her looks, are to their lowly grave.

But there is music even in the funeral knell. The merry peal may remind us of past and present joys; the funeral knell of joys to come; it bids us value present blessings, and prepare to rejoin those from whom we have been separated. It speaks of life departed, of an immortal life begun, and, if the heart be right, and the mind hath profited from passing scenes, the saddest thoughts will be dispelled by the bright anticipations of a hastening future.

It may, perhaps, for a time unseal the barriers of the tomb, and call forth from its innermost recesses visions of its inhabitants, to renew the agonies of an earthly parting with a soul-harrowing minuteness. The quivering grasp—the broken utterance—the long, last, dying look may flit before the memory, and cause the scarce healed wound to bleed anew. But even then does it not, at the same time, whisper of an immortal greeting, and tell us all, convincingly, that they for whom we mourn are resting in consecrated ground; that the ills which harass us disturb them not now; that their rest, unlike ours, is sweet and unbroken,—the calm slumber of the dreamless sleeper?

Does it not, too, remind us of that great source of all our civil comforts, and eloquently tell the happiness and blessing which the

Church of our father-land has secured for us? Can we not look around on our own dear homes, and feel that they are ours; can we not enjoy the sweet society of friends, and with them join in praise "beneath our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid?"

Such are the thoughts our village bells suggest; and long may they send forth their sacred harmony. Well and truly do I sympathise with all who find music in their tone; and when, above the seventh-day stillness, their melodious voice is heard, may we never be insensible to the language that they speak! Thus peace shall inhabit our dwellings, and prosperity our country; the little Island of the Sea, the great Empire of the World, shall then fearlessly smile on, exempt from a nation's doom: no earthly tongue shall tell of her decay.

J. G. G.

PANTHEA'S LAMENTATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HER HUSBAND, ABRADATES, KING OF SUSA.

Alas! alas! woe is for ever mine!
My husband, Abradates, is no more;
Why did this morning's sun so brightly shine—
To mark the glittering panoply no more!

My proud breast gloried as he sought the fight,
All clad in golden armour,—yet some fear
Stole through my mind, and whispered—'tis too bright!
I sighed and checked the involuntary tear.

Thousands might safely from the field return,
But ah! my Abradates, well I know
All thought of danger thou wouldst nobly spurn,
And prove to Cyrus faithful, bold, and true.

And yet, my husband, since the Gods decreed
That thou shouldst on the field of battle fall,
In Cyrus' cause thou didst rejoice to bleed;
We owed him much,—and thou hast paid him all!

Long shall the nobles of Assyria mourn,
And Susiana's daughters long shall weep;
Their king, their glory, never shall return,
But in one grave with him his Panthea, too, must sleep.

Amicus.

THE DESERTED.

Thou canst not bid the faded flower
  Its wonted hue resume,
Nor in December's snowy shower
  Command the rose to bloom;
The stalk thy hand hath torn apart
  Thou canst not join again,
Nor with fresh flatt'ries heal the heart
  Thy falsehood broke in twain.

I can forgive—I might forget—
  Thy falsehood and my wrong;
I feel my heart could love thee yet,
  Would Heaven my life prolong;
But go—forgiven;—thy vows are vain;
  They come too late to save:
They can but fire the torch again
  To light me to the grave.

C. Verral.

THE ROBBERS.

A Tragedy.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It will perhaps be expected that I should give some reason for writing another Translation of this celebrated play, when two, I know, and perhaps more, have already appeared. When I began this translation I was not aware that any other was in existence. I wrote it, without the remotest idea of publishing, merely because I derived the greatest possible delight from the study of a work of such thrilling interest. I have been induced to insert it in this Magazine, partly at the request of some gentlemen concerned in its management, and partly because I think the English versions of this play that have already appeared do not give a fair and just idea of the original. There was a translation published about the year 1800, by a gentleman of the name of Benjamin Thompson, known as the translator of some other German plays. Now, it seems to me that this translation was intended for the stage,

which is, alone, a sufficient objection to it; for the "Robbers" is, in its construction and in its subject matter, wholly unfit for stage representation. Nor did Schiller himself ever intend it for that purpose. He says, in his preface, that it is nothing but a dramatic story, in which he has taken advantage of the dramatic style, the more easily to represent the most secret operations of the mind; that in no other way is it a theatrical piece. It must, therefore, be impossible to give a fair idea of Schiller's "Robbers," when the speeches are altered to suit a common stage phraseology; when whole scenes are changed, or omitted altogether; and when the soliloquies, in which the principles and springs of action are revealed, are curtailed to the standard which may meet with the approbation of a gallery audience. Mr. Thompson's translation is open to all these objections in their full force.

A better translation was published about the same time, or a little earlier, by the Rev. W. Render, of Cambridge. Now, this translation is, on the whole, very eloquent and very faithful; yet I think the fact, that many parts of the original are omitted,—two characters being wholly left out,—is a sufficient reason for publishing another.

But, whether these translations be good or bad, the fact is, that very few people have read them; and that seems to me to be a very good reason for again bringing this play before the public. As to whether it is worth reading, I will leave it to every man to judge for himself, after he has finished its perusal. It must be read with interest by every lover of poetry, when he remembers that it was the first work of the sweetest poet Germany ever produced,—composed when he was only eighteen years of age, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Confined by the strict and pedantic regulations of the Stuttgard University, where he was studying medicine, it was in a retirement, which he could only procure by feigning illness, that he wrote the "Robbers."

But perhaps we may be called to account for attempting to give publicity to this tragedy at all; for it has not escaped the most severe censures, and I believe the general idea of it is, that it has a bad moral tendency. We are told of its faults and extravagancies; we are told,—as though it were a thing to be wondered at,—that, notwithstanding these "faults and pernicious extravagancies, it was the admiration of all the youth of enthusiastic sentiments in Germany." Even some who acknowledge its great merits; who confess that the rapidity of the dialogue—the powerful, terrible,

and touching scenes—deserve the highest praise; who confess that no other piece, perhaps, is able to excite, in so high a degree, our terror and our pity; who confess that there is a profound vein of truth and justice in the indignation of CHARLES against the vices of society;—yet even some of these accuse the author of exerting all his powerful talents to represent submission to the necessary evils of this world as impossible, virtue as a chimera, vengeance as a sacred and holy mission. Now, I think that these objections are more imaginary than real. It was the author's intention to represent vice in its bare and undisguised horror; and surely he has done so in the character of FRANCIS. And is there anything in CHARLES that can dress his crimes in pleasing colours? While we see the high and noble passions that are struggling in his breast, do we not feel a greater hatred of the vice that could so pervert them? Do we not feel a greater detestation of the wretch by whose villany so noble a vessel hath been wrecked—the powers of so great a mind turned to evil? At all events, there surely is nothing in this play that can invest a robber's life with such charms as to turn the heads of half the students at Leipsic, and induce them to leave their college, and join themselves into a troop of banditti in the forest of Bohemia. I think the calumniator of Schiller's first work rather overshot his mark when he produced the lunatic tricks of a *single madman* as a grave and serious charge against it.

We cannot expect to find in this work, written when he was so very young, all that purity of taste which his other productions manifest; but we find in it the germs of those powers and feelings by which he afterwards purified the German poetry, refreshed it, and raised it to honour. The wonderful power of this play, both in conception and language, is undeniable. An author well qualified to judge says, when speaking of this play, "Schiller introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the goblin rout even of Shakspeare."

This number of the Magazine necessarily contains only a short part of the first act. I intend that as much shall appear in the following numbers as space will allow; and I must beg of those who honour it with their perusal to suspend their judgment till they have finished it, and, at the same time, to remember that every composition must lose a great deal of its force and beauty when translated into another language.

SELENIAKOS.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

" Quæ medicamenta non sanant ferrum sanat, quæ ferrum non sanat ignis sanat."—HIPPOCRATES.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MAXIMILIAN, *Count Von Moor.*
CHARLES, } *his Sons.*
FRANCIS, }
AMELIA VON EDELREICH.
HERMAN, *the natural Son of a Nobleman.*
SPIEGELBERG, }
SCHWEITZER, }
GRIMM, }
RAZMAN, } *Libertines, afterwards Banditti.*
SCHUFTERLE, }
ROLLER, }
KOSINSKY, }
SCHWARZ, }
DANIEL, *Servant of Count Von Moor.*
MOSES.
ROBBERS.

The Scene is in Germany. The period of action during about two years.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle of Count Von Moor.*

FRANCIS *and* OLD MOOR.

FRAN. But are you quite well, father? You look so pale.

OLD M. Quite well, my son—what have you to tell me?

FRAN. The post is come in—a letter from our correspondent at Leipsic—

OLD M. *(anxiously.)* Any news of my son Charles?

FRAN. Hum—there is. But I fear—I know not—if I—your health.—Are you really quite well, my father?

OLD M. As a fish in the water! Does he write of my son? What means all this care? you have asked me twice.

FRAN. If you are ill—only have the least fear of being ill—leave me;—I will speak to you at a more convenient time. *(Half aside,)* These tidings are not fit for a frail body.

OLD M. God! God! what shall I hear?

FRAN. Let me first go aside and shed a tear of pity for my lost brother. I should be silent for ever—for he is your son. I should hide his shame for ever—for he is my brother. But to obey you is my first, sad duty; therefore, forgive me.

OLD M. Oh Charles! Charles! didst thou but know how thy rebellion doth rack thy father's heart! How a single word of glad tidings from thee would add ten years to my life!—as now each word, alas! hurries me a step nearer to the grave!

FRAN. If it be so, old man, farewell—we shall all to-day tear our hair over your coffin.

OLD M. Stay! There is yet but a short step to go—let him have his will!—*(while he sits down.)*—The sins of the father shall be visited upon the third and fourth generation—let him complete it.

FRAN. You know our correspondent! Look! The finger of my right hand would I give, could I say he is a liar, a black, poisonous liar——Collect yourself! You will pardon me if I do not let you read the letter yourself; you may not hear all yet.

OLD M. All, all, my son.

FRAN. *(reads.)* "Leipsic, May 1.—Were I not bound by an inviolable promise, not to hide from you the least thing that I could learn of the fate of your brother, never, my dearest friend, should my guiltless pen have become a tyrant to you. I can gather from a hundred of your letters, how tidings of this kind must pierce through your brotherly heart: it seems to me as though I saw thee, for the sake of this worthless, this horrible"—*(Old Moor hides his face.)* See, father? I only read you the most gentle—"this horrible man, shedding a thousand tears."—Ah! they flow, they run in streams down these compassionate cheeks.—"It seems to me as though I saw already your old pious father deadly pale"—Jesu Maria! are you so, ere you know the least?

OLD M. Go on! go on!

FRAN. "——deadly pale, falling back in his seat, and cursing the day when he was first called father? I have not been able to discover all, and of what I know, you shall only learn a part.

Your brother seems to have filled up the measure of his shame; I, at least, know nothing beyond that which he has actually done, unless his genius soars above mine in these things. Yesterday, about midnight, he resolved, with seven others whom he had drawn into his vicious habits, to fly from the arm of justice, with forty thousand ducats"—pretty pocket-money, father—" after he had dishonoured the daughter of a rich banker here, and mortally wounded her lover, a brave young man of rank, in a duel."—Father! for God's sake, father, how is it with you?

Old M. It is enough. Leave off, my son!

Fran. I spare you,—" They have sent bills after him; the injured cry loudly for satisfaction,—a price is set upon his head,—the name Moor"—no! my poor lips shall never murder a father! *(tears the letter)*—believe it not, father! believe not a syllable of it.

Old M. *(weeping bitterly.)* My name! my noble name!

Fran. *(falls on his neck.)* Shameful, most shameful Charles! Did not my mind misgive me, when he was yet a boy, as with street-boys and a miserable rabble he coursed about the meadows and hills, shunning the hour of church, as a culprit would the prison, and the pence that he had worried out of you, threw into the hat of the first and best beggar, while we at home edified ourselves with pious prayers, and holy sermon books? Did not my mind misgive me, when he would always rather read the adventures of Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, than the story of the penitent Tobias? A hundred times have I foretold it to you,—for my love to him was always within the bounds of childlike duty,—the youth will bring us all to misery and shame. Oh that he bore not the name of Moor! that my heart beat not so warmly for him! The guilty love, that I cannot overthrow, will one day accuse me before the judgment-seat of God!

Old M. Oh, my prospects! my golden dreams!

Fran. That I knew well. That is just what I said. The fiery spirit that glowed in the boy, you always said, that made him so capable of every charm of greatness and beauty; this openness, that mirrored his soul in his eye; this softness of feeling, that melted him into a weeping sympathy with every sorrow; this manly courage, that drove him to the top of the old oak-tree, and urged him over ditches, and palisades, and foaming streams; this childish ambition, this invincible self-will, and all these beautiful shining virtues, which germed in the father's little son, would

afterwards make him a warm friend, an excellent citizen, a hero, a great, *great* man. Look you now, father!—the fiery spirit hath developed itself, hath spread, and noble fruit hath it borne! See this openness, how prettily it hath changed to shamelessness! See this softness, how gently it coos to coquettes; how susceptible it makes him to the charms of a Phryne! See this fiery genius, how in six years it hath burnt away the oil of his life; that he goes about with a living skeleton, and men shamelessly point at him and say,—"C'est l'amour qui a fait ça!" See now this bold, enterprising head, how it devises and carries out plans before which the deeds of a Cartouche and a Howard vanish. And, if this first splendid germ grow to its full ripeness,—what may we not expect from the perfection of so fine an old age? Perhaps, father, you may yet live to the joy of seeing him at the front of an army, that shall live in the holy stillness of the forests, and lighten the weary traveller in his journey of half his load! Perhaps you may yet, ere you go to the grave, make a pilgrimage to the monument that he shall erect for himself, between heaven and earth! Perhaps,—oh, father, father, father!—look for another name, or the shopmen and the street boys will point the finger at you, who have seen the portrait of your son in the Leipsic market-place!

Old M. And thou also, my Francis, thou also? Oh, my children! how ye aim at my heart!

Fran. You see, I also can be witty, but my wit is as the scorpion's sting. And then the dry, common-place, cold, wooden-headed Francis, and all the other little titles by which you have marked the contrast between him and me, when he sat on your lap—he will one day die between his landmarks, and decay, and be forgotten, when the fame of this universal genius flies from one pole to the other. Ha! with folded hands, O heaven! the cold, dull, wooden-headed Francis thanks thee—that he is not as this man!

Old M. Forgive me, my child! rage not against a father who finds himself deceived in his plans. The God who sends me tears through Charles will by thee, my Francis, wipe them from my eyes.

Fran. Yes, father, he shall wipe them from your eyes. Your Francis will lay down his life to prolong yours. Your life is the oracle that I will consult before every thing, about what I shall do; the mirror through which I will view every thing. No duty

is so sacred to me that I am not willing to break it, if your precious life demands it. You believe me?

Old M. Thou hast great duties upon thee, my son—God bless thee for what thou hast been, and wilt be to me.

Fran. Now tell me once—if you might call this man not your son, would you not be a happy man?

Old M. Hush, oh, hush! When the nurse brought him to me, I raised my hands towards heaven and cried,—Am I not a happy man?

Fran. So you said. Now, have you found it so? You—envy the meanest of your peasants, that he is not father to this man; you have sorrow so long as you have this son. This sorrow will grow with Charles; this sorrow will undermine your life!

Old M. Oh! he has made me an old, old man.

Fran. Now, then—if you should disown this son?

Old M. *(starting.)* Francis! Francis! what sayest thou?

Fran. Is it not love to him, which causes you all this grief? Without this love he no more exists for you. Without this culpable, this damnable love, he is dead to you—he hath never been born to you. Not flesh and blood, but the heart makes us fathers and sons. If you love him no more, so is this degeneracy no longer your son, though he were cut out of your flesh. He hath been to thee the apple of thine eye hitherto; but now, if thine eye offend thee, saith the Scripture, pluck it out. It is better to enter heaven with one eye, than with two eyes to enter hell. It is better to go childless to heaven, than that both father and son should fall into hell. So saith the Deity!

Old M. Wouldest thou, I should curse my son?

Fran. Not yet! not yet!—Your son should you not curse. Whom call you your son?—him to whom you have given life, when he takes all possible trouble to shorten yours?

Old M. Oh, that is all too true! It is a judgment upon me; the Lord hath commanded it.

Fran. Look you, how childlike the child of your bosom behaves towards you! Through your fatherly compassion will he strangle you, murder you through your love; he hath himself struck thy fatherly heart, utterly to ruin you. When you are no more, he is lord of your possessions, and king of his own propensities. The dam is away, and the stream of his lusts can flow freely along. Fancy yourself in his place! How often must he wish his father under the earth, how often the brother, who so unmer-

cifully interrupt the course of his excesses! But is that love for love? Is that childlike thankfulness for fatherly mildness, if he sacrifices ten years of your life for the wanton humour of a moment; if he stakes on the play of a lustful minute, the fame of his father, that hath kept itself unspotted for seven centuries? Call you that a son? Answer! Call you that a son?

Old M. An ungentle child! Ah! but my child still! my child still!

Fran. A darling, a precious child, whose constant study is to have no father! Oh that you could learn to understand it! that the scales would fall from your eyes! But your forbearance must confirm him in his debaucheries, your aid give them legality. Truly, you will take the curse from his head; on you, father, on you will the curse of damnation fall.

Old M. Right! quite right! Mine, mine is all the guilt!

Fran. How many thousands who have drunk deeply of the cup of guilty pleasure have been saved by affliction! And is not the bodily pain that accompanies every excess a finger-mark of the Divine will? And shall man prevent it through his fearful tenderness? Shall the father for ever bury in the ground the pledge that hath been trusted to him? Think, father, if you deliver him up to his misery for some time, must he not either change and become better, or he will ever remain a villain in the great school of misery? and then—woe to the father who by his tenderness hath brought to nothing the counsels of a higher wisdom!—Now, father.

Old M. I will write to him, that I turn away my hand from him—

Fran. You will do right and wisely therein—

Old M. That he never come before my eyes—

Fran. That will have a good effect—

Old M. *(tenderly.)* Till he is changed.

Fran. Right! right! But if he now should come with the cunning of a hypocrite, and by his tears move your pity, and obtain your forgiveness by flattery, and in the morning go away and mock at your weakness in the arms of his paramour! No, father; he will freely return when his conscience hath spoken clearly to him.

Old M. I will write to him thus on the spot.

Fran. Hold! yet one word, father! Your anger, I fear, might draw too hard words from your pen, which might break

his heart; and then, do you not think that he would take it for a pardon already, if you should hold him worthy of writing to him with your own hand? Therefore, will it not be better that you should leave the writing to me.

OLD M. Do so, my son. Ah! it has broken my heart! Write to him—

FRAN. *(quickly.)* So it stands then?

OLD M. Write to him, that a thousand bloody tears, a thousand sleepless nights—but bring not my son to despair!

FRAN. Will you not lie down, father? It presses hard upon you.

OLD M. Write to him, that the fatherly breast—I tell thee, bring not my son to despair.—*(Exit, sadly.)*

FRAN. *(looking after him and laughing.)* Comfort thyself, old man! Thou shalt never press him to thy bosom; the way thereto is barred, as heaven from hell. He was torn from thy arms ere thou knewest that thou couldst will it. I must be a pitiful bungler if I could not have gone so far as to separate a son from his father's heart, though he had been bound thereto with iron bands. I have drawn round thee a magic circle of curses, that he cannot spring over. Fortune to thee, Francis! The bosom child is out of the way. I must destroy all these papers, for how easily might any one know my handwriting. *(He gathers up the pieces of the torn letter.)* And grief will soon remove the old man; and I must tear this Charles out of his heart, if half his life should hang thereby!

I have great right to be angry with nature, and, by mine honour, I will make her pay for it. Why am I not the first-born? Why am I not the only one? Why must she have laid this burden of hatefulness upon me—just on me? Why just to me this Laplander's nose? just to me this Moor's mouth? these Hottentot's eyes? Truly, I believe she has taken the most horrible of all kinds of men, and thrown them in a heap, and made me out of them. Murder and death! Who hath given her the power to grant this to one, and deny it to me! Could any one court her ere he existed? or offend her before he himself was? Why went she so partially to work?

No! no! I do her wrong. She gave us yet feeling minds, set us naked and poor upon the banks of this great ocean, WORLD—swim who swim can, and who is heavy goes down. She gave me nothing; what I will make for myself is my own concern. Every man has a like right to the great and the small; claim is destroyed

by claim, effort by effort, and power by power. Right dwells with the most powerful, and the limits of our power are our laws.

Indeed, there are certain common bounds, which men have concluded to measure the pulse of the world's circulation. Honourable name! truly a valuable coin, with which those can trade well who understand how to lay it out! Conscience,—oh, yes, truly! a capital scarecrow, to frighten sparrows from the cherry-trees!—also a well-written bill of exchange, with which the bankrupt gets on a little longer in his need. In fact, very praiseworthy forms, to keep fools in respect, and the mob under the slipper, that the clever may manage them more easily. Without doubt, right merry forms! They seem to me like the fences that my peasants draw very cunningly round their fields, that no hares may get in; yes, truly, no hares! But the gracious lord gives his steed the spur, and gallops over the yielding harvest.

Poor hares! It is a sad thing that there must be hares in this world. But the gracious master wants hares. Then boldly away! He who fears nothing, is not less powerful than he who fears every thing. It is now the fashion to have buckles to your trowsers, that you may make them wider or narrower at your pleasure. We will have a conscience made for us after the newest fashion, that we may tighten it, or lay it aside at our pleasure. So quick! boldly to the work. I will extirpate all around me that prevents my being lord. Lord I must be, that I may get that by force for which goodness fails me!—*(Exit.)*

(To be continued.)

MEMORY.

Our pleasure with this fleeting moment dies not
Wherein we call it present. The young bloom
Of summer's best beloved daughters flies not
When they decay, but lives in the perfume
Which their dead buds exhale, if duly treasured
By those whose inmost heart is consecrate
To Nature's worship.—So may joy be measured
By the sweet memories which re-create
Our purest, best delights, and bid them wear
A milder, sadder form than present raptures bear.

C. C.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1841.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—

CHAP. IV. A Village Priest — Increasing Troubles — The Ghost appears in fleshly person, unfolding a Tale that materially changes the current of our Hero's Life 51

CHAP. V. A long Farewell, with divers Illustrations of the Pains of Parting—Willie Bats makes once more an Important Discovery . 57

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR 64

AN APOLOGY FOR NURSERY TALES 65

SABATAYZAVI, THE CONSTRAINED MONK. (A Tale of Poland) 71

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG 74

THE MISER. (From the German of Blumauer.) . . . . . *ib.*

RANDOM SKETCHES, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. I. The Hudson River 75

A LUCUBRATION 79

DOUBT'S TRIAL 80

SONNET. By MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL 83

NUGIGERULUS.—No. I. 84

ROSABEL 88

THE ROBBERS; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act I. Scene 2, 3. 90

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,

154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1841.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A VILLAGE PRIEST—INCREASING TROUBLES—THE GHOST APPEARS IN FLESHLY PERSON, UNFOLDING A TALE THAT MATERIALLY CHANGES THE CURRENT OF OUR HERO'S LIFE.

THE sun had risen upon another day; its early beams cast long shadows from the hills, and tinged with its light the sparkling brook of the village. It caused the flowers to spread their tender petals and drink the morning dew; it awoke the lark to his early song and man to his early labour. Incense of prayer and pious gratitude ascended to Heaven from the midst of each humble cottage that formed part of the village of Ellerton; but from no man's lips proceeded an aspiration more holy or more pure than from those of the village priest: he implored a blessing on his own labours for the welfare of his flock; for each one of his people, in turn, he employed the voice of human mediation. Having completed this, daily his earliest, duty, he walked forth into the little garden that surrounded his dwelling, and there, seating himself in a bower of honeysuckle and jasmine, the work of his own hands, gave himself up to those pleasing meditations which the beauty and freshness of nature cannot fail to awaken in such minds as his. The bees were buzzing from flower to flower, wetting their wings in the dew, and shaking it off only to make

room for more; the birds sang merrily among the trees; the insects chirped among the blades of grass; and man, as he went forth to labour, was not less happy than all these.

Father Francis, the village priest, was not many years distant from his grave; yet he did not, as many teach to be right, long to enter it: he loved the world his God had made, he loved man that his Creator loved, he saw nothing so hateful in nature that he should desire to behold its face no more; but, although life was not to him a burden, he was ready at any time to part with it; no sordid, no base motive—nought but the purest benevolence and charity bound him to earth.

The old man's hair was white and flaxen, serenity was seated on his high forehead, and the expression of his noble features was mildness and universal love. His outer garment of black reached to the ground, with long falling sleeves, according to the custom of the period; but that which others made a vehicle for foppery, was on him grave, and becoming to his character.

Thus sat Father Francis, with his hands clasped unconsciously together, when the sound of footsteps broke in upon his meditations. He raised his head, and perceiving that his visitors were Heringford and Kate Westrill, rose to greet them with a father's affection.

"Wherefore, my children, do ye thus visit me?" inquired the priest, after the first salutations were over, and they were walking together upon the turf; "have ye met with affliction, and seek comfort; there is One who will listen to your voice; from him alone proceeds all consolation."

"Good father," replied Heringford, "we are indeed troubled; but it is advice, not comfort, we would ask of thee."

"And hath trouble overtaken this innocent?" asked the good old man, taking Kate affectionately by the hand, and drawing her towards him.

"Father," cried Kate, "we are in doubt and affliction; it is thou who watchest over us; to thee, therefore, have we come."

"It is not I, my child, that watch over thee," replied the priest; "I do but teach from whom ye should seek assistance;—but let me hear thy sorrows, if haply I can lighten them."

"Yester even," replied Heringford, "I opened to Kate Westrill a bosom, the feelings of which thou long hast known; she answered me as I could have wished: without delay, I sought her father. Andrew, her brother, was with him; he laughed me to scorn,

and, at his instigation, the old man, in fear and weakness, denied his daughter to one whose birth was unknown. — Until my parentage is discovered, Kate Westrill is never to be mine."

"My children," said the good priest, "I will not undervalue your sorrows, nor preach that ye should forget your love. I have known," cried he, with the deepest emotion, "I have known a lover's feelings, I have felt the pangs of disappointment;—that was long since—in the merry days of my youth; but, even now that my hair is white with age, I cannot look back upon the time unmoved." Tears coursed themselves down the old man's furrowed cheeks as he thus spoke of the past, but he soon regained his composure.

"Father," replied Heringford, "I know that thou hast had much affliction; I know that, even now, men hunger after thy life, saying that the infection of the Lollards is upon thee, that thou art no true priest; I know how thou endurest this, and yet more, without a murmur; but thine is a nature superior to ours."

"Nay, my son," replied the old man; "there is one power in us all that enables us to bear up against sorrow; he that desireth it increased must seek that increase from above, and it shall not be denied him."

The old man was about to speak further, when a person was seen running towards them. He was soon recognised to be Willie Bats.

"What," exclaimed the priest, "can occasion this unusual visit? Are we to be disturbed by another of his frivolous dreams?"

"If so," replied Heringford, "I hope it may be one that will carry him some miles from hence.—Well, Willie, what was thy dream?"

"One that bodes thee no good, Master Edward," replied Bats, who had now come up to them; "a fearful dream of murder and bloodshed."

"Doth it stamp me murderer?" asked Heringford.

"No," replied Willie, "but it numbereth thee with the murdered."

"Let us hear it."

"Ye will not betray me?" asked Willie, looking timidly round.

"Betray thee! for dreaming!" exclaimed Kate, in surprise.

"It is not a dream," replied Willie; "yet when I tell it, ye

will think it one. It is this that I have to say—but—Mistress Kate must not hear it; she will be alarmed."

"Not I," replied Kate, curious to know what was coming, while she little thought what it was she so boldly ventured to hear.

"Then listen—come close—closer, lest enemies be about; and they know how much I am able to tell. Last night, about an hour before midnight, I went to the chapel of Ellerton castle, warned that I should find a treasure. I had commenced digging, when I heard the tread of an armed man approaching. I knew not where to hide myself, and fled into the tomb of Dame Beatrice. There, I heard the man, as he spoke to himself, and discovered him to be Sir Richard, who has so long been absent. At one time he spoke of those who rested in the vault; and, though I, alas! rested not, I groaned, lest he should discover me. He took me for his wife, and trembled. Then two other men came; one was Andrew Westrill—"

Kate started, but preserving her attitude of attention, continued in fear that which had commenced through curiosity. Willie Bats resumed his narrative.

"The other man was a stranger: I looked at them all through the cleft in the tomb: the sight of their grim faces alarmed me, and I shrunk back. I could not hear all they said, but I know Westrill and his companion agreed, for a reward, to take thy life this day. I thought to alarm them all, as I had Sir Richard by my groan, and therefore exerted myself to the utmost. Raising the coffin of Dame Beatrice at one end, I let it fall with its full weight upon the stones; then listened again. Sir Richard was alarmed, but afterwards suspected something, and leapt into the tomb. I crouched in a dark corner, and was not observed. When he returned, they talked again, in whispers, but I gathered their plan—to murder thee this night as thou walkest, according to custom, in the wood on the hill. And now, Master Edward," continued Willie, "laugh no more at my dreams; call me no longer, in derision, 'treasure-hunter;' for had I not dreamt, and hunted treasures, what would thy life be at this moment worth?"

Here Willie ceased from his narrative, undoubtedly the longest and the most important on which he had ever ventured. The effect on the minds of his hearers was various. Kate Westrill, dumb with astonishment and terror, leaned passively on the good priest's arm, and the old man's hands were united, in outward token of deep and anxious prayer. Heringford was harassed by a

thousand ideas that burst upon his mind. One moment, he thought of Kate's brother as his murderer; then his mind turned to Sir Richard;—a sudden thought arose.

"Sir Richard Ellerton," cried he, "would not seek my life were it not of importance to him that I should lose it. He must be aware of the secret of my birth; it affects him. I will seek him out this instant, and demand an explanation! He shall satisfy me, or feel that I am not a sheep to be sold to the slaughter! I will not—"

"My son, my dear son," interrupted the old man, "thou speakest with the rashness of youth and inexperience. Supposing, and it is not likely, that thou findest this man alone,—thinkest thou he will tell thee a secret that affects himself so nearly as this must, if thy new fancy be correct? But what authority hast thou for supposing that, because a man seeketh thy life, he must know its author? And even, again, assuming the two improbabilities, that he knoweth the secret of thy birth, and that thou wilt be able to meet him alone,—he, in the pride of his strength, would himself slay thee rather than divulge that which thou requirest."

"But I, too, Father," replied Edward, "have the strength of youth and of a good cause—"

"Aye," replied the priest, "thou mayest destroy the man of blood, and lose at once the chance thou hast raised up in thy mind of discovering his secret."

"Thou speakest reason, as thou ever dost, good Father Francis," replied Heringford; "but I must act! Shall I remain still, and allow myself to be attacked!—"

A villager at this moment crossed the path that led by the cottage. It was Andrew Westrill. He started, as if surprised at seeing those who were in conference with the priest, but passed on, with a smile and a salutation, as though it concerned him not.

"He will remain to listen to our converse," whispered the Father, alarmed; "retire within the cottage, and I will give you my advice."

Thus speaking, he led the way into the interior of the house; Kate Westrill, who had scarcely yet recovered from the shock she had at first received, walking passively by his side.

"And now," resumed Father Francis, when they were secure from observation, "I will tell ye what alone is to be done. Edward, my dear son, must no longer remain in the village. Thus can bloodshed be avoided."

"Must I then leave thee, Kate?" cried Edward, in impassioned tones; "does adversity so soon come to blast our fair dreams of yester-even?"

Unable to reply, Kate cast upon Heringford a glance that he could not mistake:—reason prevailed.

"I go!" cried he; his compressed lips told of an inward struggle; "thy blessing, Father!" and he knelt before the priest.

"Not mine, my son," cried he, "not mine, but the blessing of the All Merciful be upon thee; let His hand guide thee through the dangerous paths of life! My days may not be prolonged to see thee return in happiness; they will soon be numbered, even though the strong arm of persecution grasp me not. Bless thee, my son, bless thee!" The old man was deeply affected, and a tear stood in the dark eye of Heringford. Kate Westrill sobbed convulsively as Edward took her hand.

"Farewell, Kate," said he, "fear not that I shall forget thee, I know thou wilt remember me. I shall one day claim this promised hand. Farewell!"

"But whither goest thou?" inquired Father Francis.

"To jostle with the world, and follow the index of Fortune's finger," replied Heringford.

Willie Bats, who had hitherto remained unnoticed, now spoke. "Stay, Master Heringford," cried he, "go not yet—I will accompany thee."

"Thou!" exclaimed Edward, "canst thou leave thy Cicely?"

"Wherefore not?" replied Willie. "If thou canst leave Mistress Kate, why cannot I also leave the charming Cicely?"

"But thou hast nothing to drive thee hence," objected Kate Westrill.

"Nothing, have I?" cried Willie; "I told half the village that I should seek a treasure in the castle at midnight. The murderers will discover who it was that acted Beatrice, and I shall be found some morning with my throat cut. Call ye this nothing? No, no! I too must leave this dangerous spot."

"Willie is right," said Father Francis, "he is in danger here."

"Even so," answered Willie, "and if Master Edward will engage me as his domestic, courier, or whatever he may please to christen me, we can travel well together."

"I need no domestic, Willie," replied Heringford, "but I will join thee as a companion."

"Domestic companion, then, be it, said Willie;" but I cannot walk round the world—we must ride, Edward, we must ride!"

"I have no horse," opposed Heringford.

"But I have one," replied Willie, in a tone that seemed to bound over every obstacle; "it is a large one, that may bear us both."

Edward, however, could not be prevailed upon to embrace this opportunity of thus leaving his native place; even the companionship of Willie on the divided steed could not reconcile him to the idea.

"I have a little palfrey," said the priest, "that I never use, it might be of service to thee—take it."

Without much demur, and with many promises of returning his property, the good man's offer was accepted; and Edward, with many kind adieus among the two beings he loved best on earth, hastily quitted the room to conceal his emotions. Willie Bats followed to prepare his steed for the journey, and, above all, to take leave of Cicely.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A LONG FAREWELL, WITH DIVERS ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PAINS OF PARTING—WILLIE BATS MAKES ONCE MORE AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

HAD the renowned and never-enough-to-be-celebrated knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, descended from the proud heights of his Rozinante's back, and thereupon ascended the lowly Dapple of his squire,—had, moreover, the said squire thereupon deposited his aspiring body in the seat vacated by his valorous lord,—those two adventurous individuals would have presented an appearance very similar to that of our hero and Willie Bats, as they slowly departed from their native village. The priest's "little palfrey," which was little indeed, sank into insignificance beside Willie's giant steed, the ardent Prento, who, with his seven-leagued steps, scorned the ambling trot of his companion.

Strangely indeed were the horses and their riders contrasted, and Heringford, at any other time, would have laughed heartily at the absurdity of his own appearance. Now, however, reflections of a more serious nature filled his bosom: he felt that he was parting for the first time with those whom, from very childhood, he had learned and loved to call his friends; he felt, too, the full

force of the circumstances that drove him from amongst them. He who had lived in peace was exposed, he knew not wherefore, to the machinations of a powerful enemy. He saw the danger of his position; he felt its mystery: a proud thought arose in his mind, and his dark eye flashed as he inwardly resolved that no action of the peasant's life should render him unworthy of a nobler station.

Meanwhile, they had reached the village green, where the signs of rustic merriment were still scattered around:—there was the throne on which, yesterday, Kate Westrill had been seated; there he had received from her trembling hands the cross-bow that he now bore—he knew not whither; there, too, was the plot on which they had danced; and the wood in which their fond vows had been exchanged stood now close before him. Reflections similar to this must have occupied the mind of Willie Bats, for, as he turned on Prento to gaze once more on the spot where, last night, he had sat a melting lover by his charmer's side, the name of Cicely rolled sadly forth, as if from the inmost recessess of his round body, and was choked in the utterance by a sigh of sorrow.

The exiles now entered the wood, and, by a winding road, attained the brow of the hill: there, each tacitly consenting, they paused to look their last on the peaceful village. Edward's eye was fixed upon one cottage,—need we tell whose? It might have been a lover's fancy, it might have been but a sweet deception, yet he felt that *her* eyes were also bent towards the spot on which he stood: a female form was at the window; his heart told him it was Kate Westrill. But Willie's heart told a different tale: he also saw that female form, and felt no doubt that it was Cicely;—again a sigh broke forth, and he raised his arms, as though about to bless her:—

"O charming Cicely!"—was all that he could utter; and his uplifted hands fell powerless upon the neck of Prento. That ardent steed thereupon ceased nibbling the young twigs whose hard fate it was to grow within his reach, and, tossing on high his proud head, in obedience to the involuntary stimulus, darted off at full gallop, bearing the astonished Willie back towards the village. Coaxing and kicking, in sweet variety and regular alternation, were long without avail, but at length the erring steed returned to Edward's side, and the journey was continued. A wide extent of country lay stretched before the view of our travellers, from the opposite side of the hill: it had been often looked upon by young

Heringford, and embraced every idea he had of the world he was about to enter.

"This is a fair sight," observed Edward, by way of commencing a conversation.

"It may be," replied Willie Bats; "but I think Master Westrill's kitchen, with the charming Cicely in it, a great deal fairer."

"Didst thou see Cicely ere we started?" asked Heringford.

Willie looked indignant. "Dost thou think, Master Edward," said he, "that I should have left the village without saying 'farewell!' to its pride?"

"I crave pardon, Willie, if there was offence in the inquiry; but what said she when ye parted?"

"I will tell thee," replied Willie, "the manner of our parting, if thou wilt let me know thine opinion afterwards.—When I went to her she was weeding the garden, and I knelt beside her, to lend assistance."

"Wherefore so?" inquired Edward.

"I—I like to be employed when I am with Cicely. And then,—'Is it thou, Willie?' she said, without looking to see whether it was I or not. I told her, 'Yes,'—and that 'she looked charming.' 'Art thou come to help me?' asked she. 'Charming Cicely,' said I, 'I am come to say farewell!' Then she said farewell to me, and asked where I was going; and I said I was going away: and I arose and went, without staying to brush the dirt from my knees, for I was too much affected. Now, Master Edward, what thinkest thou of this?"

"How meanest thou, Willie?"

"I mean," replied the lover, "that hadst thou gone to take leave of Mistress Westrill, and found her as I found the charming Cicely; and hadst thou done and said to her that which I did and said to my Cicely; and had she done and said to thee that which this charming creature did and said to me,—what conclusion wouldst thou have drawn from it all?"

"I should have concluded," replied Edward, "that we were a very singular couple."

"I mean not that," cried Willie; "I mean not that; but shouldst thou have concluded that she loved thee?"

"By no reasoning," replied Edward, "could I have found any thing to strengthen such a belief."

"But I do," said Willie; "I find every thing. Look now—

had any other young man gone to take leave of Cicely in that position, she would have risen, and shaken hands, and wished him happiness; but when I was the youth departing, the case was different: she was not able to rise, and therefore she remained on her knees: had she succeeded in standing upon her feet, she must have fainted in my arms, and that, you know—that—"

No matter. Conversation running in such a channel as this, deterred Edward from more painful reflections. At times, Willie would touch upon some more delicate topic; but it was not for long; and Cicely's charms still formed the burden of his story.

They travelled thus until sunset; by which time, having reached the bounds of an extensive forest, necessity pressed them to look around for a place of rest. Inns were, at that period, unknown to men remote from towns; and their office was rendered superfluous by the exercise of mutual hospitality: every man receiving those who came to his door, and, in turn, received by those to whose doors he came. At a substantial farmhouse, therefore, Edward and Willie Bats were, in accordance with this custom, warmly received; their unequal steeds were well provided for, and they themselves speedily located beside the hospitable board of Joe Bensal, their smiling host.

The room in which they were seated bespoke, in all its contents, the "respectability" of its possessor. The oaken chairs were polished by art, and the oaken table by constant use; the floor was of bricks, clean as hands could scour them; and the painted walls were adorned with pictures that, from the similarity of size existing between them all, in common with bluff Joe Bensal himself, must have been family portraits. In detail, however, these works differed greatly: one presented only staring eyes, another was all shaggy eyebrow; one had the mouth of a cannibal, another the lips of a Venus. Notwithstanding these discrepancies, each one of these likenesses Joe Bensal declared to be a representation of himself. Whenever he met with an artist, it was his practice to sit for a portrait; and the contradictory results of the painters' labours were hung up side by side, for the purpose of illustrating the various modes by which artistical ingenuity can make up for the deficiencies of nature.

Feasting on the good things with which Joe Bensal had stored his table were three men of repulsive exterior, the dust on whose persons showed that they also had that day travelled. One a short, dark man, with bald forehead and most villanous face, was called

by his companions Curts; at his left hand was a youth of about nineteen, by no means more prepossessing than his companions, whose face, moreover, was disfigured by a broad, deep scar, that seemed to trace out a line of wickedness. Spenton, the other man, presented a most contemptible appearance, of which, for the present, we shall spare ourselves any description. To Joe Bensal these three, like Edward and Willie Bats, were strangers and guests.

Edward now, for the first time, in strange and disagreeable company, felt choked by a sense of desolation, and was utterly unable to respond to the good-humoured sallies of his host; while Willie Bats, from the first word Curts had spoken, was so intently occupied with gazing in his face, that, although really hungry, he could find no time to eat a morsel.

Joe Bensal, the soul of hospitality, did his best to promote good humour in vain. The trio was surly, Edward was sad, and Willie Bats, still gazing upon Curts, looked unusually solemn.

"'Twas well, Curts," said Spenton, after a long silence, "'twas very well. To get this new engagement—"

"Thou art wrong, Spenton, quite wrong," replied Curts sharply; "it was not well."

"Didst thou not thyself delight in it?" cried the younger man. "Do we not obtain double pay?"

"No," growled Curts; "no, we do not obtain double pay;—we shall lose every chance, and then get no pay at all: the other scheme was safer."

"I think—" commenced Spenton.

"Thou thinkest wrong," interrupted Curts.

"What was I thinking, then?" asked the other.

"Thy thoughts were totally mistaken," cried Curts, who gloried in contradiction. "What right hast thou to express thy thoughts before strangers who conceal their names? Hast thou no fear of robbery?"

Edward, who, from motives of prudence, had withheld his name, was stung by the taunt, and arose indignantly to give the required information, but Willie was beforehand with him, and, ere the word was said, substituted an *alias*. Heringford, blushing at the falsehood, would have disclaimed it on the spot. Willie Bats, nothing abashed, arose, and, flinging about his arms in declamatory style, overset a flagon of ale into the lap of Curts the quarrelsome, producing thereby the desired effect,—uproar so great as

effectually to prevent Edward's explanation from being heard. Willie, however, might have suffered severely for his temerity, had not Joe Bensal interfered and rescued him from summary vengeance. The three soon after retired clamorously to their chambers; and the host, apologizing for the occupation of other apartments, led Edward and Willie to his own room, where beds had been prepared for them, while he himself took up his quarters wherever else he could find accommodation.

Left to themselves, Edward was not long ere he learned the cause of Willie's singular conduct. Attracted first by the sound of his voice, Willie Bats had recognised in Curts one of the conspirators who had been at the chapel on the previous night, and who had been bribed to the murder of Heringford. What would have been the consequences of Edward's disclosure had not Willie prevented it, it was not difficult to foresee.

With an aching head and an aching heart Edward Heringford that night sought rest in vain. It was clear that these men were unacquainted with his person, and yet might they not have suspected him? He contrasted the perils and perplexities that now involved him with the secure happiness he enjoyed but a day since; and, if his present circumstances were inauspicious, to what could he look forward? To depend for life on hospitality was no better than a beggar's employment; against that his spirit rebelled, and he was utterly unable to say where to-morrow night his head would rest. His enemies were beneath the same roof with himself; and when his persecutor knew that he was living, how should he escape his toils? These were problems that a head more experienced than Edward's would have found it difficult to solve. Thus passed the greater part of the night, until at last he obtained an unrefreshing sleep, in which Kate Westrill, the conspirators of the chapel, and Willie Bats, united with Father Francis, Curts, Joe Bensal, and a host of other shapes, to form a perplexing phantasmagoria.

The sun at last shining in at his window awoke our hero to another day of toil, and, rising hastily from his couch—(for, having no object in his travels he was most anxious to pursue them without loss of time)—rising, then, hastily, he proceeded to shake the snoring globe called Willie Bats. This was excellent exercise; and it was not until the sleeper had been accidentally rolled on to the floor, that he was sufficiently roused to be capable of receiving the impression of daylight, and, this suggesting to him the propriety of dressing, he was at length ready to quit the chamber.

On descending to the room below, they learned from Joe Bensal that their companions of the night before had long since decamped in silence, without the formality of leave taking, a circumstance that the host very readily forgave. To a substantial breakfast all then sat down, after which Edward, despite the earnest solicitations of Joe Bensal to the contrary, prepared to continue his travels. The parting cup was filled and Edward pledged.

"Success to Edward Heringford," said Joe Bensal, raising the flagon, "and,"—turning to Willie—"thy name, friend?"

"Cicely," sighed the love-sick swain.

"Cicely!" echoed Bensal. "Art thou a woman in disguise?"

"Willie Bats is his name," explained Edward; "Cicely is the maid of his heart."

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared Joe Bensal. "Is it so? Success, then, to Heringford! Cupid prosper Bats!" and, raising the flagon to his lips he did full justice to the toast.

"Now, Master Edward," said Willie, "we must part."

"Have I offended thee, Willie?"

"By no means, dear Master Edward," replied Willie affectionately. "I have loved thee too long to be soon offended; and thou art kind to me ever, when others laugh at what they call my folly."

"Then why desert me now?" asked Edward.

"For love of thee I would travel through the world," said Willie; "but—but—for love of Cicely I must stay at home."

"Is there not danger in Ellerton?"

"There may be; but, O charming Cicely, for her sake what dangers would I not brave! Heaven bless thee, Edward! I am, at least, the last to leave thee. Farewell, dear Master Edward; think sometimes of poor Willie Bats."

It was no shame to our hero that a tear stood in his eye as he silently grasped the hand of his affectionate companion; and Willie, as, leading back the good priest's palfrey, he returned to his Cicely, from whom he found it impossible to part, felt a heaviness at his heart that the prospect of satisfied love was insufficient to remove.

Thus alone and on foot, surrounded by dangers, separated from every friend and torn from every tie, Edward Heringford went forth desolate into the wide world; yet not despairing: his step was firm and his mind comparatively calm, secure in conscious honour and integrity.

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR.

I come on the wing of the beautiful Spring,
As she streweth the earth with flowers,
And I pass through the air, with a footstep rare,
To the fairest of Eden's bowers.

I kiss the rose, as she sweetly glows
In the earliest blush of morn;
And I shake off the dews, which the nightfall strews
On the blossom-bearing thorn.

I peep in the bell and the nectar cell
Of the odorous honey-flower,
And I laugh in her cup, as she drinketh up
The drops of the morning shower.

I gently sigh, as I hurry by
The bed of the lily pale;
And I steal her sweet breath, as she sleepeth like death,
To impart to my sister, the Gale.

On my wings, as I stray, at the close of the day,
The sweet spirit of Music flies;
While her beautiful airs, like a seraph's prayers,
Climb up to the star-gemmed skies;

And still, as she sings, on my gossamer wings
She merrily floats along,
While Echo, her daughter, beyond the blue water
Responds to her airy song.

I ruffle the hair of the maiden fair,
As she sighs to the silent night;
And her cheek I flush with a rose-like blush,
As I pass in my hasty flight.

The novice stalks through the abbey walks
With a solemn prayerful pace,
But I lift the veil from her forehead pale,
And look in her angel-face.

When Autumn pours his golden stores
O'er valley, and hill, and plain;
And the meteor flies through the burning skies,
I visit the earth again:

And the leaves I strew, in the morning dew,
Till the forests and woods are bare;
And I laugh as they lie on the ground and die,
While I pass through the balmy air.

But at length I depart, with a heavy heart,
To the home of my birth—the sky;
And I ruffle the trees, as I pass in the breeze
For a dirge—as I mournfully die.

C. H. H.

AN APOLOGY FOR NURSERY TALES.

It has been of late years the fashion of the day, in the literature of the Nursery, as well as in every thing else, to seek after some new system of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," and to cast aside as worthless and contemptible the traditions which were wont, of yore, to charm the infancy of our fathers. Those delightful (may they not be called venerable?) fictions, which have become incorporated in the literature of our country, are voted to be absurd and useless. "Jack the Giant-killer" is looked upon as a profane and heathenish myth; his namesake "of the Bean-stalk" gives way to a picture-book on botany. We have the Cat represented, in some juvenile natural history, in colours bright as of yore; but, alas, she is deprived of her faithful Whittington, and her glory is departed! It has been discovered that the gallant Prince Arthur, and the sage Merlin, and the brave Valentine, and the rugged Orson, and the far-renowned Champions of Christendom, whose heroic deeds once excited our infant minds, and gave food to our young imaginations, never existed at all, or at least not in such form and guise as we had been wont to think; in a word, the heroes, the giants, the distressed and afflicted maidens, the beneficent fairies, and the faithful knights who flourished for so long a time, now come before our mind as a bright dream that is fast fading away. They survived just so far as to cast some rays of their glory upon the cradles of our own childhood, but those who come after us are likely altogether to be deprived of them.

The question, whether this change is one for better or for worse, is of greater importance, and involves deeper principles, than may at first sight appear. The objections urged against the traditional literature of the Nursery are the same in their nature as those which the utilitarian philosophers of the day have, for so long a time, been drumming into our ears against the system of our classical education, and consequently call for the discussion of the same principles. In either case we are required to consider whether it be better, in training the opening mind of youth, to develop, on the one hand, those faculties which shall hereafter be applied to high and noble purposes,—that imagination which, in future years, shall comprehend in its grasp things past, present, and to come; and those kindly feelings, which shall expand in their heartfulness and

sincerity; or, on the other, to condemn the yet immature mind to a labour to which it is unequal—to cram it with dates till it fancies that it knows history, and with insulated facts, till it thinks that it has learnt a science.

The temptation, in treating of a subject so attractive as the present, to wander without rule or compass through the fair fields laid open to our view, and to be led away by the music of those sweet sounds whose echoes are even yet floating in our ears, is so great, that it requires no little resolution to resist it. Still, however, there are certain rules to be observed—there is an end to be accomplished—a purpose to be answered; and therefore passing, for the present at least, by these allurements, we gird up our loins, and betake ourselves to our appointed task.

The mind of man, no less than his body, is of gradual development. Weak, feeble, and helpless at his outset, it requires nourishment at another's hands, it cannot yet go forth to search on its own behalf, but must depend on another for its support. The quality of the food and treatment it then receives may, as in the case of the body, determine, or, at least, influence its character through life. It may render it for ever a sickly puny thing, devoid of life and energy; it may rouse it to premature exertions which end in deformity or death; or it may also train every power to its proper use, develop it in its full strength and beauty, and fill up, as far as in it lies, the measure of that τελειότης after which the wise and good have at all times aspired.

The nourishment, then, administered to the mind at this the very dawn of its existence must be suited to its strength; it must be fed with milk before it can receive strong meat; it is yet all too weak to bear the deductions of reason or the discoveries of science, and must be led on gently and tenderly in its course, instead of being pushed on with rash and inconsiderate haste. Far better is it to let it disport itself for a while in the flowery fields, than to force its yet trembling footsteps to scale the rugged precipice.

It is never a safe or judicious plan to act against the dictates of nature, or to form artificial systems to supersede her efforts. Sooner or later she will either triumph, or avenge herself. Look, for example, at the child of over-anxious parents—educated on some philosophical theory—protected from every thing that can be supposed to injure it—trained in calisthenic exercises—taken out at a certain fixed hour for its daily airing—its very food weighed out according to a rigid dietary system; and then compare the pale

and sickly object thus produced with the free mountain child, who has known no restraint, been bound down by no system but that of nature, who has roamed freely abroad, caring not for rain or sunshine, braving alike the heat of a summer's noon and the storms of winter; and who, not in spite of this apparent negligence, but in consequence of it, has grown up hardy and robust, glowing with the bloom of health, and rejoicing in his strength. But there is another object even yet more pitiable than the abortive production of an artificial system, and that object is the child who has been forced to premature and unnatural exertions. No class among the manifold forms of misery which the present state of the country offers to our notice, presents so deplorable a scene of abject wretchedness, as the unhappy children, who, at an age when they can scarce totter to and fro, are condemned to labour in our factories to supply the demands of an overgrown population, and a ruinous manufacturing system. Stunted in their growth—enfeebled in every limb—confined in a heated and pestilential atmosphere—defrauded of their childish sports, and knowing nothing of those joys which children ought to know—it is no matter for wonder that they drop into an early grave, or that, if they survive, they live a life of misery, and, degraded alike in their animal and their spiritual nature, become at once the least useful, and the most dangerous portion of the people.

Such are the effects of thwarting nature in the education of the body; such the light which she holds forth to guide us. Let us see whether we have not an equally certain rule in the education of the mind. Observe a child at the age when its faculties first begin to develop themselves, when the dawn of intellect has just begun to pour forth its light; and watch attentively what are the qualities most prominently displayed.

Attend then to the readiness, the eagerness with which the imagination grasps the first opportunity for exercising itself. Trace the delight, the intense interest on every feature of the infant face, when he hears from his nurse's lips the first tale of wonder and enchantment. Compared with this all other enjoyments lose their zest; the childish game is abandoned; the picture-book is closed; even the constant prattle of his lips ceases for a while, as he warms with the recital of the deeds of some brave warrior, or thinks of the kindness of some gentle fairy, or commiserates the unhappy wanderings of the orphan children, whose lifeless bodies received their funeral rites from that household bird—always a favourite with

children—the Robin Redbreast. Take the same child, and repeat the experiment with some of those books of useful knowledge—those compilations of facts, and names, and dates, and places, which bid fair at the present day to occupy the whole province of nursery literature.* See the distaste with which he regards it—the little interest it excites in him; the reluctance with which he submits to have it crammed into his memory; the want of anything like good-will with which he betakes himself to his daily task. Watch, moreover, the effects of a year or two of this artificial system, whether on a child of naturally good abilities, or on one more than usually deficient. In the former case, you will have a boy aping the airs of a man—puffed up with a conceited estimation of his own superficial knowledge; intruding his opinions when they are not called for; pert, tiresome, and disagreeable. In the latter, whatever latent spark of genius there might once have been, will be extinguished by the mass of matter which has been forced upon it in greater quantities than its strength could bear.

Seeing, then, that it is the obvious intention of nature that the imaginative faculties should be developed before those of reason and memory, it is no light matter whether we, in our teaching, shall follow her guidance, or proceed on a path diametrically opposed to it; whether we shall allow the plant to grow as the spontaneous energy of nature directs it, guiding that energy without thwarting it; or whether we shall cut off a branch in one place, engraft something foreign to its nature in another, and endeavour to produce, by our own devices,—

"Some faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

An objection has been brought against both legendary and fabulous instruction, by theorists like Rousseau, who have left the guidance both of nature and experience to follow a self-invented system of their own, which scarcely deserves attention but from its absurdity. We are gravely told, that to represent birds and beasts and insects as holding a friendly converse with each other, or with man; and to tell of fairies, enchanters, elves, and other creations of mythic lore,—is fixing falsehood in the minds of children, instead of truth; that they are likely to grow up in the

* We have of late seen with pleasure some examples of a revival of better taste: such, for instance, are the Agathos and Rocky Island of Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mrs. Austen's translation of the delightful "Story without an End," and its almost more delightful continuation, "The Child and the Hermit."

belief that sheep and oxen are in the habit of talking to each other over the events of the day; and that the denizens of Fairy Land are people to be met with in ordinary life. The fallacy of this objection, which is so obvious as scarcely to need refuting, evidently lies in the omission of the fact, that the slightest possible experience is sufficient to show that the mode of instruction is a fiction, while the instruction itself is imparted to the mind, and there abides.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we are advocates for administering to the imagination that unhealthy food which can only tend to produce in it a morbid, and often painful, excess. It is one thing to cultivate a plant, another to let it grow wild and unrestrained; one thing to train it to its full development, another to force it into rank luxuriance. Happily, there is not much in that legendary lore which forms, or rather once did form, our standard nursery literature to call for this caution;—the evils against which we have to guard are to be found rather in those tales of ghosts and goblins, and all the horrors of a vulgar superstition, which have sprung up because the former have been neglected.

There are, we repeat, but few of these dangers to be found in the legends which are endeared to us by all the associations which take so strong a hold upon an infant's mind, while there is much to rouse and foster those kindly feelings of love and sympathy which, in the morning of life, are so fresh in their purity, so sweet in their unselfishness. What child has not wept over the cruelty inflicted by men of stern and savage heart upon those innocent little ones who wandered through the pathless woods till they died in each other's arms of weariness and hunger? Who has not reserved from his next meal some store of crumbs for those kind and gentle birds who, with duteous piety, covered their lifeless bodies from the sight of day? Who has not sympathized with the patient meekness of the suffering Cinderella, and rejoiced at her long-delayed, but at last triumphant, glory? Did time allow us, we could go on with a long catalogue of examples of suffering innocence, and of virtue—afflicted, but at last victorious; and of deeds of courage and of piety. We could tell of the valour of the giant-slayer, and the industry of Whittington, and the gentleness and affection of the white cat, and the enduring constancy of the golden ram, and of many more whose names are familiar to the ears, and whose deeds are associated with the earliest recollections of us all.

But there is another topic connected with the early development of the imaginative faculties, which we would touch on briefly and reverentially, ere we close. It is not solely because it is in accordance with the course of nature, nor even because it cherishes the kindly feelings of the heart, that we would wish that the imagination should, in the very dawn of life, be thus cultivated and developed. At first, it is true, no other purpose than this may seem to have been answered; but, as the mind advances to maturity, the imagination will seek for purer and better food; it will crave for the strong meat which belongeth unto full age. Trained and nourished in its youth to a healthy and a vigorous strength, it will be able to enter into those higher and more noble thoughts which are given to those only "whose fancy heaven-ward soars;" to see clearly the things of spiritual existence; to realize to itself the truth, that—

> "Millions of living spirits walk the earth,
> To us unseen;—"

and, as it feels itself surrounded by those bright and glorious beings, to think (in the words of him who, under the guise of a tale of Faërie, wrote the noblest allegory in our language,)—

> "How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us that succour want!
> How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant!"*

To the imagination thus perfected and ennobled, no object in nature will be without its hidden and mysterious meaning. It will find sermons in stones and in the running brooks. In the lustre of the ocean-gem, and the fragrance of sweet flowers; in the many-twinkling smile of the expanse of waters, and in the rays of the stars of heaven,—it will discover some peculiar charm unknown to others. The winds and the waters will pour into its ear their voices of sweet melody. Even during the labour and heat of the day, it will soar above the things of earth; and, when the senses of the world are steeped in the forgetfulness of slumber, it will feel a still and solemn joy—will see visions of unearthly beauty, and hear—

> "Celestial voices in the midnight airs."

E. H. P.

---

* Spenser, F. Q. Book ii. canto viii. 2.

SABATAYZAVI, THE CONSTRAINED MONK.

A TALE OF POLAND.

The period of the history I am about to relate—a history which sets forth in colours of startling brightness the great and awful truth, that there is nothing in this world so good, that it may not be wrested to evil by persons so disposed—was the year of our Lord 997, two years before the death of the good Duke Miecislas, the fifth prince of the great house of Piast; who, while he equalled his ancestors in military achievements, and in his civil government, conferred a far greater benefit upon his subjects by the introduction of Christianity into the kingdom.

By this time the new religion was so far established, that several monasteries already existed in different parts of the empire. One of these was of considerable size, and numbered fifty-four monks within its walls. The abbot thereof was a stern, severe, cross-looking old man, by name Skrezepisky, who had made himself remarkably unpopular in the neighbourhood, by thundering his anathemas in the most remorseless manner upon the heads of all people, great or small, young or old, who in any way offended against the strict rules of propriety and religious conduct.

It so chanced that a man of the name of Sabatayzavi had some time before built for himself a house close to the spot where the monastery now stood. He had chosen the situation for its beauty; sheltered on one side by lofty hills from the cold north winds, and on the other commanding a very extensive and varied prospect. Sabatayzavi was moderately rich, and living in such a beautiful spot, he had, apparently, every thing to make him a happy man. But the perversity of nature had assigned to him a wife, who turned out—quite contrary to his expectations, and to those of his mother, whom he had with all filial duty consulted on the matter—the very plague of his life. Very soon after the marriage, they conceived a mutual dislike towards each other, which rapidly increased to what might be termed aversion; and their only comfort and enjoyment was to sit on a sort of terrace before the house, at the extreme ends thereof—the effect of mutual repulsion—and enjoy the prospect; each trying to forget the existence of the other.

But in process of time these monks came and built their monastery directly in front of poor Sabatayzavi's house, shut out all his prospect, and left him nothing to look upon, but their ugly stone wall, and—his wife. This was more than human nature could bear. Their aversion soon became mortal hatred; and such a cat-and-dog life did they lead for about two years, that at the end of that time the lady determined that something must be done; and after long deliberation, she planned a notable scheme, which she accomplished in the following manner:—

Early one morning she went out into the hills, and gathered four or five different kinds of herbs, which she chose for their poisonous and unwholesome appearance; but it was no part of her intention to poison her husband,—that would have endangered her own safety too much. So on her return home, she went immediately into an upper room, taking with her three cats, particular pets of Sabatayzavi's, and proceeded to administer some of the herbs she had gathered to the unhappy beasts. The first cat she killed outright in about five minutes: this rather alarmed her. Her second experiment was not more fortunate, for soon after taking the dose, the miserable wretch commenced howling in such a piteous manner, and so loudly, that the sound reached her husband down stairs, who, alarmed at the unusual noise, went up to see what was the matter. A terrible fright she was in, when she heard his footsteps approaching; discovery seemed inevitable. There was no time for deliberation; she seized the howling cat by the tail, and flung it out of window, and she had only just time to kick the dead cat and the weeds under the bed, when her husband entered.

Sabatayzavi was not much surprised at the unsatisfactory account his wife gave of herself; it was her usual way. So rejoicing in his heart that she chose to occupy the garret, rather than their common sitting-room, he descended again, and his wife recommenced her experiments upon the yet remaining cat, and this time she was so successful, that she ventured to prepare a dose for her husband. She administered it to him the next morning in his breakfast, so skilfully, that he did not perceive the taste; but soon afterwards he began to feel most uncommonly ill. He was obliged to go to bed, where he lay rolling about from side to side, and raving out strange noises, having lost not only all his senses, but also his speech. Forthwith his wife ran off to the monks, bellowing and crying, as though she was most terribly distressed, and begged most earnestly to see the abbot. Skrezepisky came out to her, and

reproved her for making so much noise and disturbance. "Oh, good master," quoth she, "my husband is dying, and he has lost the use of his speech;"—here tears and sobs choked her voice. "For some time past," she continued, "he has talked much about becoming a monk; he has prayed for nothing but that he might be made a monk. O pray, good master, come and put on the habit, for he is near unto death. And even if he should recover, I will be content to live in widowhood for his sake, rather than his soul should suffer."

Skrezepisky was slightly amazed to hear this story, and represented to the woman that Sabatayzavi had always been notoriously ill-affected towards the monks, and that it was most unaccountable he should now wish to become one; but she still persisted in the truth of what she said, and begged so earnestly that he would invest him with the habit, that the abbot, who never neglected an opportunity of adding to the number of his monks, at last consented.

The experiments upon the cats had not misled the lady. She had prepared her dose with such skill, that towards evening he recovered; but his head was still aching violently, and he leaned it on his hand for support. It did not seem to him to have its usual feel; he felt again and again, and at last the conviction came upon him that he was really bald. He rose from his bed, and then perceived to his increased astonishment that his garb was unusually coarse and rough. He looked in a mirror, and beheld himself in the guise of a monk. Not a little did he marvel; and turning to his wife, who stood by all in tears, he asked the reason of his transformation. "*Dearest* husband"—he started at the appellation, he had never heard it since the sweet days of the honey-moon.—"Dearest husband, dost thou not remember, how in the days of thy illness thou hast become a monk? Nothing else would satisfy thee when thy pains raged so violently. So, dearest, for thy sake I must live alone, like a desolate widow as I am!" Sabatayzavi swore that he would be no monk at all, that it was all an imposition, talked of getting justice, and so on; but his wife still persisted in affirming that he had desired it in his illness; and said, moreover, that Skrezepisky, the abbot, would come the next morning to see if he was alive or dead, and if alive to take him back to the monastery. He spent the night in deliberation, and came to the conclusion that a life in a monastery would be far preferable to living with his wife, especially considering the ridiculous figure he should cut with his bald head. He knew, besides, that by the law investment

with the monk's habit, even in that manner, was binding, so that in fact he had but little to choose.

So the next morning he went to the monastery with Skrezepisky, and his wife spent the rest of her days in a comfortable widowhood.

PUCK.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

LAND of my fathers, fare thee well!
I go, an exile from thy shore:
Thy chimes, my native village bell,
Shall greet mine anxious ears no more.
From seats where unrequited toil,
And care and hopeless penury dwell,
I go to seek a kinder soil—
Land of my fathers, fare thee well!

Far into pathless wilds I roam,
Whose ancient woods must learn to yield,
As there I build my humble home,
And lay me out my future field.
But, England! still thine honour'd name
Shall raise my bosom's proudest swell:
Oh, land of beauty! land of fame!
Land of my fathers! fare thee well!

Still hast thou soft and tender ties—
The lip so true—the heart so kind—
And scenes so dear to Memory's eyes,
That oft she turns and lags behind.
It calls the tear-drop from mine eye,
On thoughts so sadly sweet to dwell;
And still I fondly sing and sigh,
Land of my fathers, fare thee well!

C. VERRAL.

THE MISER.

(From the German of Blumauer.)

A MISER fell into a stream:—'twas wide,
And deep, and rapid. Speedily, to save
His life, a fisherman leapt in and cried,
There was no danger if his hand he gave;—
The Miser, as the waters gurgled round,
Said—"I can give thee nothing!"—and was drown'd.

HAL.

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. I. THE HUDSON RIVER.

Among the many spots of picturesque beauty which, in every succeeding summer, draw forth the money-loving population of the large cities of the United States to breathe for awhile the pure air of nature, with minds unagitated by commercial affairs, there is, perhaps, none which deserves a larger meed of our admiration than the Hudson River, which has been denominated, and that without any great stretch of national vanity, the Rhine of North America. There is, therefore, none which has a juster claim to priority of description, as there is none which excels it in the combination of all those elements of beauty which we are accustomed so highly to admire.

The Hudson connects New York, the great commercial emporium of the United States, and the point towards which the stream of emigration almost universally tends, with Albany,—a town which, by one of the strange but frequent anomalies of American legislation, has been constituted the capital of a state, in which it hardly holds the rank of a second-rate city,—and flows, in this long route of more than 100 miles, through a country affording every variety of hill and dale, and often combining in the same landscape the loftiest and most inaccessible hills with the soft and verdant carpet of a sloping lawn.

On leaving New York, the point from which almost all start for an excursion on this beautiful stream, and turning round to take a last look of the prospect in the rear, the beholder is presented with a scene such as it has rarely fallen to mortal eyes to witness in any other portion of the globe. On either side he sees the stately erections of New York and Brooklyn, intermingling with the waving foliage of their numerous squares; and, running his eye along the lovely vista of the shores of Staten Island and the main land, he will perceive in the distance the curling billows of the Atlantic, tossing and foaming with unbridled rage; and thus uniting in one picture the highest refinements of civilization with the unchecked violence of primeval nature.

Beginning, however, to ascend the stream, new objects meet his eye, and charm him as much by their singularity as by their romantic and extraordinary beauty. At Weehawken, a small village about six miles above New York, commence the Palisadoes, a series of lofty and imposing cliffs, which form a prominent feature in the scenery of the river. They derive their name from a fancied resemblance to the wooden palings of a park, but to me they seemed to assume the aspect of the moss-grown battlements of some massive fortress of the giants, crowned with verdure of the richest and brightest hue, and left by them as a solitary monument of their power, for the contemplation of the pigmies of our age. The massive basaltic pillars, which rise at intervals above the general mass, seem like the great watch-towers of this impregnable fortress; and one is tempted, while looking upon them, to recall to the mind the fabled contests of the Titans, and to imagine that here, in the new world, we have lighted upon the scene of some of their most terrific exploits.

Proceeding upwards in our voyage, we are induced almost to forget that we are not floating on the bosom of the majestic Nile, or some equally venerable stream, by the mouldering ruins of revolutionary forts, which begin to meet the eye on both sides of the river. During that struggle, the Hudson was the scene of some of the most exciting actions of the war; and the forts which were then occupied, being now entirely useless, have been suffered to fall to decay, and form a pleasing variety to the usual sameness of American scenery.

Passing by the spot, so filled with mournful associations to an Englishman, where the unfortunate André suffered death, we arrived at West Point, the site of the large Military Academy of the United States. From the extremely limited extent of the American army, which numbers only 6,000 rank and file, an institution of this kind would seem to be hardly necessary to supply the small demand for officers which exists; nor would it appear, from the degree of attention paid to the carriage and deportment of the cadets, as well as to their proficiency in military tactics, that it is considered a very important branch of the government establishment. Nothing can exceed, however, the beauty of the spot itself; which, situated as it is between lofty hills, and in one of the winding sinuosities of the river, seems sequestered from the external world, and intended for the retreat from all earthly cares of those who are weary of the anxieties of life, and anxious to

spend the remainder of their days free from the busy hum of man. What a pity it is that such a spot should be made the site of a military academy; and that groves which seem so peculiarly fitted for the abode of innocence and simplicity, should continually resound with the drum, the fife, and all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war!"

Above West Point the scenery changes, and the voyager finds himself surrounded with lofty highlands, and often apparently landlocked in the basins formed by the sharp and abrupt windings of the stream. The views with which he is often presented are said by many to be in no degree inferior to the most picturesque points of Swiss scenery; and the only regret which the beholder experiences, is, that the progress of his vessel is too rapid, and that sufficient time is not afforded him to drink in all the enchanting beauties of the prospect.

At Catskill, a small village at the foot of the mountain of that name, those whose sole object is pleasure, usually stop to ascend to the summit of the hill; and as our party were among this number, we left the steam-boat and placed ourselves in a stage which was provided for the ascent, as the road is too steep and long to make a progress on foot agreeable. But when I speak of a stage, let not the reader picture to himself the neat vehicle which bears that name with us, with its polished panels, and team of spirited horses, impatient of restraint and longing for the commencement of their journey; but let him rather imagine a heavy, lumbering machine, bearing some slight resemblance to a travelling caravan, and calculated for the accommodation of nine inside passengers, loaded with baggage above and behind, and drawn by four horses, whose utmost exertions cannot more than achieve a moderate trot, and he will have a perfect idea of an American stage. In such a vehicle as this we placed ourselves for our short but tedious journey, and we were not long in discovering that, however ungainly it might appear, its massive solidity was not altogether useless; for no English coach could have withstood the shocks to which we were subjected on the rocky and winding road which led to the summit of the mountain.

When we left the village nothing could be more beautiful than the aspect of the weather, and we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in enjoying so favourable an opportunity of witnessing the beauties of the surrounding scenery; and during the first portion of our ride we were by no means disappointed. On the

one hand rose the steep and lofty cliff, crowned with forests yet untrodden by the foot of men, above which the mountain-house was just visible, a solitary mark of civilization amid the wild and uncultivated waste; while, on the other hand, as the carriage wound round the side of the mountain, we were presented with a moving panorama, including every variety of hill and dale, meadow and forest, the beautiful Hudson winding like a silvery thread in the midst of the lovely scene.

Before, however, we had arrived at the summit, the sky became clouded, and a storm set in with all the violence peculiar to mountainous districts; the rain falling in resistless torrents, accompanied with lightning vivid as the day itself, and thunder, which, echoing and reverberating from rock to rock, struck the ear with deafening clamour. The evening had by this time so far advanced that it was scarcely possible to distinguish surrounding objects; and as these were suddenly brought into view by the vivid flash, to relapse again as instantaneously into darkness and concealment, the effect was startling and sublime beyond description. Just as we arrived at the top the clouds dispersed, and the moon shone forth in all her brilliancy, and called into life fresh beauties in the glorious landscape.

The chief object of ascending the Catskill Mountain is to view the sunrise from its summit; and as our visit was in the height of summer, it was necessary to rise early in order to enjoy this gratification. About four o'clock, therefore, on the succeeding morning, I was at my window, nor was I disappointed in the prospect which met my eye, though delight almost gave way to astonishment at the scene. Not a vestige of the earth was to be seen; for the whole of the mountain was surrounded as far as the eye could reach with a mass of white and fleecy cloud, from which the summit just emerged; and which looked like a snowy canopy separating us entirely from the world below. Soon, however, the orb of day began slowly to arise from this impenetrable mass, and under its influence the mist gradually broke away, disclosing at first spots of verdure, until at length the whole of the lovely landscape was presented to our view.

Between Catskill and Albany there is nothing of peculiar interest; and, indeed, the voyager is so satiated with beauty in the lower part of the river, as to be incapable of appreciating features which would be regarded as picturesque in any other situation.

On the whole, I can imagine no voyage more filled with interest

to the historian, and the admirer of nature's beauties, than this trip from New York to Albany on the Hudson River. On the banks of this noble stream are concentrated all the elements of picturesque beauty, rapidly following each other, as towering highlands and wavy meadows, craggy cliffs and cultivated farms, successively pass before the eye; and the only regret which is inspired in the mind of the beholder is, that a land so adorned by nature should be abandoned to the unrestrained guidance of popular tumult, and that scenes such as this should fail to inspire the minds of those before whose eyes they are continually exhibited with higher conceptions of morality, and with a firmer reliance in the common concerns of life on that Deity whose hand is never more plainly exhibited than in these his most glorious works.

Δ

A LUCUBRATION.

It was sunrise, on a summer's morning. In the blue vault of heaven I saw one little cloud. The sun poured his bright beams upon it, and it shone with all the rainbow's hues. The opening flowers of earth sent up to it the fragrant incense of their perfumed breath. The sky-lark soared high towards it, to greet it with her soft melody.

Then I thought, is not this summer-cloud like the infant life of man, when all around is smiling at his birth?

But when the sun arose in his power, the light summer-cloud melted away in the heaven, and was no more seen. And I sighed, that my beautiful child was gone.

Again it was sunrise, and again I saw a light summer-cloud hovering in the still air. And I looked that it should have melted away as the other. But when the sun-beams were hot, the cloud was still there. Then I rejoiced.

As the day advanced, the cloud grew darker, and it hid the bright sunlight from the earth that had so blessed its infancy.

In the evening that cloud hung like a dark canopy over the earth. And the storm-wind blew, and the hailstones beat upon the ground, and the lightning glared through the murky sky.

Then I said, "It is better that the summer-cloud should fade away in the heaven in its young loveliness, than pass through the day, to gather in darkness and end in storm."

Seleniakos.

DOUBT'S TRIAL.

I.

In the soft moonlight,
One starry night,
Beneath an old oak tree,
Her eyelids closed,
A fay reposed,
And the fairest of fays was she.
On earth she was dreaming of Fairy Land,
And fairy love in the fairy band;
And gently she smiled as in fancy she fled
To her rose-clustered bower and her myrtle bed.

II.

That fairy smile,
As he passed meanwhile,
A wondering mortal saw;
And his heart was won,
His trouble begun,—
His love was fixed on the beauteous one,
The beauteous one, the beauteous one:
He ne'er had seen beauty like hers before;
And loudly he sighed, and loudly he swore,
Thenceforth her bidding should be his law.

III.

So earnestly he vowed,
In tone so very loud,
That the delicate fay, with a start, awoke.
Then the mortal, who feared lest with love he should choke,
Before the lady eagerly laid
The state of his heart, and humbly prayed
That she would not scorn his application,
For he was the king of a mighty nation;
And a glorious queen he promised he would make her,
If home to his palace she would but let him take her.

IV.

The fay smiled again;
(For how could she refrain?
The idea seemed so vastly amusing!)
So pretty she looked with this second gay smile,
That the mortal was spell-bound, and gazed for awhile
In silence;—his brain in a fearful turmoil;
The blood in his heart, too, beginning to boil,
The bubbles were dancing in every vein;
And whatever by love he expected to gain,
His wits he was rapidly losing.

V.

His hands he clasped,
Her hand he grasped,
Her neck he would embrace;
But the fay,
No longer gay,
Gazed in his heated face,
And saw what there had left its trace
Of struggling doubt, and with frowns she said:—

F. "Trifler! hast not already paid
Thy vows to one believing maid,
Who trusts in thee?—be true! be true!"—

M. "She is not, dear charmer, so fair as you."

VI.

F. "Deceive her not!
Sorrow her lot
If thou shouldst desert her; and gentle is she."

M. "Oh, scorn me not!
Sorrow my lot
If you will not come to my home with me."

F. "Hence! or thou'lt feel my wrath!"—

M. "Ne'er will I quit your path,
But will vow"—

F. "Vow thou nought!
Hear me now:—
Thou hast sought
My vengeance;—till cock-crow, with me thou shalt roam;
Then choose to remain, or to hasten thee home."

VII.

M. "Oh, blissful doom!"

F. "The bliss I doubt."

M. "With joy I swoon!"

F. "Repentance soon
Shall cast joy out."

She gave him her hand, and away they flew,
Still higher and higher, the night air through.
The moon looked up on their rapid flight,
And the stars, as they neared them, gave brighter light.
The earth and her meadows were far away;
But on sped their flight, without rest or stay.

VIII.

And now a comet by their ear
Whizz'd on its course; a rolling sphere
Now shadowed them; a sun was near,—
They dived into its atmosphere

Of golden beams, and on they fled,
New planets thund'ring round their head.
The music of the spheres
With awe the mortal hears ;
Majestic melody, that drowns earth's tiny voice,
As thunder might the whisp'ring gale that stirs no feather's poise.

IX.

Still on they hasten ; still on, still on,
Till anon,
As a sound of soft melody falls on their ears,
To a globe of bright light the fay merrily steers.
" What land is this ?" the mortal cries ;
" 'Tis Fairy Land," his guide replies—
" 'Tis Fairy Land, sweet Fairy Land !
And yonder I see Titania stand ;
And Puck there is head of a frolicking band,
Ready and willing to wreak his wrath
On the mortal that wandered from true love's path ;
From the heights of honour and faith that fell,
And deserted a maiden that loved him well."

X.

Sweet was the glimpse of Fairy Land
That the mortal caught :—
With fragrance fraught,
The gale was borne from the sunny strand
Encircling the oceans of honey, and fann'd
The delicate forms of the fairies bright
That shone in their beauty and magic light,
In grove of myrtle or orange bower,
Singing and speaking love every hour.
Oh, much had he given to win but the power
To live in that land as a lowly flower,
And kiss the feet of each rambling fay,
As lightly she tripped on her gladsome way !

XI.

But no place for him in that blissful clime.
" Away with the traitor !" Titania cried :
" Here faithless love is a capital crime !"
Around the culprit the fairies glide,
And with myrtle twigs whip him,—a pitiless band :
In distraction he touches his guide's fair hand,
And away she leads him from Fairy Land.

XII.

They stopped at the Moon, but the old man there,
In a terrible passion, was heard to declare,
That a faithless lover he never could bear!
For he was the favourite go-between friend
In true-love tales, from beginning to end;
And all true lovers adored his face;
So that he was a foe to the faithless race;—
And the fay and the mortal continued their chase
Through the world, and round, and round,
But not one resting-place they found,
From Georgium-Sidus to Fancy's bound,
For the lover that slighted the vows he paid
To his own confiding and faithful maid.

XIII.

The mortal, now weary, relaxed his hold
Of the fairy's hand, and down he fell,
Uncommonly giddy, and very unwell.
Down, down, in less time than the fact can be told—
Down he heavily bumped to hard earth again,
And arous'd himself, rubbing his head with pain.
He had struck it against that very oak tree
Beneath which he'd been dreaming; and thought to see,
In a fairy's form, that lady bright
Who had tempted him sorely to break his plight
To his own betrothed;—for in doubt last night
He had anxiously slept; but his doubts were tried,
And his true love that morning became his bride.

HAL.

SONNET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

NOT in the eyes, not from the words, of men,
Hope thou to know their hearts: all are alike
The hypocrites of circumstance,—nor when
Their actions most upon beholders strike
With an effulgent glory, do they feel
Their home *within* that which unto the crowd
It seems, but dark and loathsome. Unavow'd
And terrible passions are the rack and wheel
On which the spirit flings itself,—aloud
To utter no complaint!—Read thine own heart,
And from it learn to read the hearts of others;—
Books are dumb shows,—the master-works of art,
That *dare* not paint the truth: all men are brothers
In crime, if we could scan the bosom's inner part!

NUGIGERULUS. No. I.

"Ex aliis exemplum sumite."

It may often be observed that those who, without any previous reputation, begin for the first time to commit their thoughts to writing, and to expose them to the scrutiny of others, are generally very cautious in the discovery of their minds. Fearful lest by some indiscretion they may commit themselves in an error, and apprehensive of ridicule, they give their readers only a faint insight into their characters and sentiments. They studiously avoid the expression of their private feelings, and scarcely even venture to use a word which might serve to disclose their disposition. They exhibit the workings of their heads, but not of their hearts; and from dread of contempt endeavour to assimilate themselves as closely as possible to the general mass of those who peruse their productions. And thus, unless intellect be strikingly predominant, those more imperceptible traits of feeling which distinguish one mind from another are industriously and even anxiously obliterated. I, however, who am somewhat careless of the opinion others may form of me, and very little solicitous about the fate of these my remarks, since I have no reputation that can be lost, will commit my thoughts to paper as they occur. I shall not be at any pains to separate the currents of my ideas, however shallow they may be, but shall let them flow on peaceably together. For some are born to laugh, others to be laughed at; some to be amused, others to afford amusement; and to whichever class I may have the honour to belong, I shall not think the little pains and less abilities which I am able to bestow on my productions badly rewarded, if I should be fortunate enough to obtain only the refuse of the attention paid to other parts of this work.

At no very remote period I entered a small knot of men who were engaged in warmly discussing some question, seemingly of great moment, and which, from the excited state of the disputants, appeared to be political. The foremost and energetic speakers were directing their volleys of question and retort against one man, the most conspicuous in the group, who, by some singularity in his opinions and manner of delivering them, had thus drawn the

animosity of all to himself. Before he came among them they had been carrying on the hot conflict of debate in several little parties, all of which united with one accord against him. He stood at bay for a long time, defending himself and warding off the objections of his numerous adversaries with great skill and readiness. But at last, wearied by the contest, he retired, and left an open field for the charitable remarks and discussions of his opponents. I stood quietly by, and heard with much amusement the various sarcasms on his oddities; and I soon found that this party, which had before been so divided in itself, was speedily reduced to unanimity, either by the exhaustion of the dispute, or by a mutual good-feeling and sympathy, which resulted from the consciousness of not being singular, or different from others; for since men are gregarious animals (which philosophers assert and experience confirms), they must, without doubt, be imitative also. They think it a duty they owe to their kind to join against an eccentric man. "When a great genius appears in the world," it has been said, "all the blockheads unite against him;" and this relation of feeling as truly exists between ordinary mortals and the man who presumes to be unlike them.

Now, it would seem that, in the opinion of the world, to differ from the majority argues either contempt or dangerous principles, and is sufficient to excite ill-will and suspicion; whilst he will pass comfortably through life who can with ease conform his mind and temper to those around him; for man is a creature born to imitate; he moves, he thinks, he acts by the rule of imitation, and he follows the tinkle of fashion and custom as mechanically as the flock the sheep with the bell. Instances may be found everywhere. A distinguished author originates a new style of writing; he immediately has his tail of imitators; the "cacoëthes scribendi" infects all; and each one, in passing along the high road of literature, thinks himself entitled, by example, to throw his contribution of trash on the heap which marks the grave of the condemned felon—common sense. An exalted individual leads the way in calumniating a great man; the herd follow him. Thus, when the sign "Rubbish may be shot here" is once set up on an exposed piece of ground, the space is speedily covered with filth and dirt. Some men imitate the conduct of others because they fear the ridicule of the world, and dread to be called eccentric. Some—and these the greatest number—follow in the path which others have made, from want of abilities to discover a new road, and are

content to progress in the same proportion as the multitude. Indolence induces others to saunter on listlessly in the beaten track, rather than to seek another for themselves; and diffidence condemns many to tread closely in the footsteps of those who precede them. There is in the human mind—and its indications may be seen in every age—a propensity to imitate; and I have heard that, for this and other reasons, men have been classed by some humorous naturalists for a higher race of monkeys. However our innate vanity may be inclined to treat this as an illiberal reflection, rather than as a correct classification, we have, indeed, every day cause to observe a very striking likeness in more points than one between the two species, and may on some occasions be tempted to believe in a nearer relationship than is generally thought to exist. But it is as well to pursue this course of reflection no further, as it may affect ourselves much more nearly than is agreeable. The education of men is in a great measure founded on imitation: their minds are formed and moulded on the opinions of other men; they are imbued with the doctrines of others; their thoughts are preoccupied by the study of the thoughts of others; their faculties are prejudiced by the ideas and sentiments of other men. Howsoever such a system may conduce to correct the taste, and to prevent liability of falling into error, it can be of little advantage towards unfolding and increasing the power of original thought. And to the absence of this disadvantage may perhaps be traced the cause of the brilliantly original genius of the authors in early ages. But the inconvenience can be more easily deplored than a remedy found,—if, indeed, it be an inconvenience which suits so admirably to the artificial structure of society; for it is the chief end of social intercourse to assimilate the different intellects and dispositions of its members as closely as possible, and to smooth down the inequalities between the feelings of men. As society advances the discrepancies of temper appear less forcibly; men are polished down to a certain standard; they are artificially reduced or brought up to a fixed measure, which it would be singular in the highest degree to exceed or fall short of. But if men are in some branches of study and practice shut out from the exercise of originality, there is, at least in other things, a wide field open, in which they may range unchecked to a considerable extent. And in this I particularly allude to the management of states, which has always claimed a great portion of man's attention, and its just share of the able men of each age. As society becomes

more intricate, as novel combinations are daily formed, new measures are needed to suit new contingencies. The plain of experiment is thrown open, and the bold genius seldom hesitates long to rush in and take possession of it. Whilst the affairs of men continue to become more complicated, new arenas of inquiry and dispute will still present themselves to politicians; new ideas and original plans of aggrandisement will still occupy their thoughts; and new visions of fresh glory float before their eyes.

But there is little necessity to raise our thoughts to a sphere placed so much above us, to discover that man is in all his forms and modifications an imitative being. It may be seen everywhere. It may be perceived even in those who endeavour, by some affected peculiarity, to distinguish themselves from others. An eccentric man often closely copies a model, that he may avoid imitation of the many; and some will, in order to shun all charge of resemblance to the mass of minds, arrogate to themselves a vicious disposition, and assume, without deserving it, the reputation of abandoned characters. They take to themselves the badges of wickedness, and are content to put on deformity rather than conform themselves to the general tastes and habits of those with whom they associate. Such men, I have heard, are generally possessed with a strong and prevailing belief that genius is usually accompanied by great virtues or by great vices; so that, unwilling to resign their claim to that title, and feeling the improbability of qualifying themselves by the first condition, they have, as a last resource, adopted the second.

Again, we find a great proof of the imitative character of human nature in the conduct of those who are active only in opposing any thing new or unusual, or which exceeds their ability to manage. On the proposal of any new design, however reasonable, it is sure to meet with a swarm of flippant objectors, who use cavils for reasons, and substitute proverbs for arguments. However, in this method of opposition, at least, it must be granted that their resources are abundant. They have a plentiful stock on hand, and are very skilful in drawing from it: for instance, "Let good alone," and "Nothing new under the sun," are very favourite aphorisms, and remorselessly made to act on duty in spite of their being worn out with old age and long service. Such men are dutifully determined not to improve upon their ancestors or predecessors: they will have their thoughts flow in one antiquated channel, and think it rebellious to construct another for themselves,

though the old one be corroded by age, and choked up by the accumulated filth of hereditary prejudices. It is a pity that society should be pestered with such minds, who, by their dead weight, clog the wheels of action, and by the advantage of numbers can place great obstacles in the path of enterprise. Is it your wish to pass easily through life, in the manner so praised by philosophers, so extolled by poets? Tread, whosoever you be, in your predecessors' footsteps; plod on cautiously, looking fixedly on the ground, and taking care not to swerve from the indicated line. If you find that in temper, or habits, or intellect, you differ from your fellow-creatures, conceal the fact as carefully as if it affected your life; and if you value your comfort, presume not to think for yourself. You will then be happy and useful. Happy, for no one will be offended by you; and useful, for plodding men are the anchors of society, which hold it doggedly fast, insensible alike to the eddies of reproach and the under-current of secret contempt.

A.

ROSABEL.

(A Lover at the Grave of his Mistress thus sings, as he decks it with chosen Flowers.)

Rosabel! Rosabel!
List to him who loved thee well!
Leave thy seraph haunts above;
Bear awhile with earthly love;
Be thou present while I tell
My simple tale, bright Rosabel!

I have wandered, seeking flowers,
Through Bretagne's fair cultured bowers;
I have told my tale of sadness,
Amid merriment and gladness;
And the gayest heart would swell,
And Laughter weep for Rosabel!

Rosabel! Rosabel!
List to him who loved thee well!
Leave thy seraph haunts above;
Bear awhile with earthly love;
Be thou present while I tell
My simple tale, bright Rosabel!

Seated calmly by her bower,
Was a merry plighted maid.
First of her I begged a flower;—
She the willing tribute paid;
And she gave this lily bell,
For dear, spotless Rosabel!

She, of old, had known thee, dearest,
And bewailed thy hapless fate;
Happier hers!—for thou wert nearest
Death, with joy when most elate.
From her eye a tear-drop fell
To thy memory, Rosabel!

Rosabel! Rosabel!
List to him who loved thee well!
Leave thy seraph haunts above;
Bear awhile with earthly love;
Be thou present while I tell
My simple tale, bright Rosabel!

Next I met a husband, cheerful;
Rosy children by his side;
Me he saw approaching, tearful,
Whom such joys had been denied.
Often he had heard me tell
How I loved thee, Rosabel!

And he gave this flower, sighing,
While the children pressed around,—
Kindly, innocently, vieing
To produce the sweets they found;
For they've heard their father tell
The story of poor Rosabel!

They have heard, with childish sorrow,
And have wept, my sweet, for thee;
Hither will they haste to-morrow,
Fresher flowers to bring to me,
And to sit while I shall tell
Of the dear—dead—Rosabel!

Rosabel! Rosabel!
List to him who loved thee well!
Leave thy seraph haunts above;
Bear awhile with earthly love;
Be not absent while I tell
My simple tale, bright Rosabel!

HAL.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

ACT I.

Scene II.—*A Tavern on the borders of Saxony.*

Charles Moor *(reading)*. Spiegelberg *(drinking at a table)*.

Moor. *(laying down his book.)* I get weary of this paltry age when I read in my Plutarch of great men.

Spie. *(drinking.)* You must read Josephus.

Moor. The Promethean spark is burnt out, and now they take for it the flame of a tinder—theatrical fire, that will not light a tobacco-pipe. They are like rats gnawing at the club of Hercules. A French abbé teaches that Alexander was a poltroon; a consumptive professor holds at each word a bottle of sal volatile to his nose, and reads to a college about *strength;* fellows who are ready to faint after the slightest excess, scribble about the tactics of Hannibal; whimpering boys fish for phrases out of the battle of Cannæ, and cry over the victory of Scipio, because they must translate it.

Spie. That is spoken like Alexander himself.

Moor. A fair reward for your labour in the field, that you now live in the gymnasium, and your immortality is dragged about in a satchel! A costly return for your shed blood, to be wrapped round gingerbread by a poor pedlar; or, if you are fortunate, to be screwed upon stilts by a French tragedy writer, and dragged about with wires! Ha, ha, ha!

Spie. *(drinks.)* Read Josephus, I say.

Moor. Shame, shame upon this weak and sinewless age, that is fit for nothing but to ruminate on the deeds of former times, and to flay the heroes of antiquity with commentaries, and spoil them with tragedies! They trammel up their sound natures with absurd conventions, while they have not the heart to drain a glass to their welfare. They revile the shoe-black, if he gets in their way, and abuse the poor villain that they fear not. They will deify each other for a dinner, and would poison one another for a

bed that they had been outbid for at an auction. They condemn the Sadducees who do not come often enough to the church; and they count their gains at the altar,—fall on their knees, that they may stretch out their laps the wider,—look at the priest, to see how his wig is dressed. They fall in a swoon if they see a goose bleed, and clap their hands if their rival becomes a bankrupt. However earnestly I press their hand,—"But one day longer!"—in vain. —"To prison with the dog!"—Prayers! oaths! tears!—*(stamping on the ground.)* Hell and devil!

SPIE. And for a dirty two thousand ducats, perhaps.

MOOR. No, I may not think of it. I will press my body into stays, and lace up my will in laws. The law hath degraded that to a snail's pace which should have been the eagle's flight. The law hath never yet made one great man; but freedom breeds wonders and extremes. They palisade themselves in the stomach of a tyrant, and court the humour of his maw. Oh that the spirit of Herman yet glimmered in his ashes! Place me at the head of an army of men like myself, and out of Germany there shall arise a republic, in comparison with which Rome and Sparta shall seem like nunneries.—*(Throws his sword on the table and starts up.)*

SPIE. *(springing up.)* Bravo! bravissimo! You bring me just upon the right chapter. I will say something in your ear, Moor, that has long been in my mind; and you are the right man for it! —Drink, brother, drink.—What, if we become Jews again? Say, is it not a clever, bold plan? We send out a manifesto to the four ends of the world, and summon to Palestine all who eat no swine's flesh Then I prove, by valid documents, that Herod the Tetrarch was my great grandfather, and so on.—That will be a victory, Charles, if we build up Jerusalem again. Then, quick with the Turks out of Asia, while the iron is hot; and hew cedars out of Lebanon, and build ships, and enclose the old race in its ancient boundaries. In the mean time—

MOOR. *(takes his hand, laughing.)* Comrade! it's at an end now with these fooleries.

SPIE. *(puzzled.)* Why, you would not quite play the lost son, would you? A fellow like you, who has made more marks on faces with your sword than three clerks have written in a leap-year!—Shall I tell you about the great dog-burial?—Ha!—I must recall to you your own picture, that will make fire burn in your veins, if nothing else inspirits you. Do you remember how

the master of the college shot your dog's leg, and you, in revenge, proclaimed a fast in the whole town? They grumbled at your rescript. But you, not idle, bought up all the meat in L—, so that in eight hours there was not a bone left to gnaw in the whole neighbourhood, and the price of fish began to rise. Magistrates and citizens vowed vengeance. We students rushed out, about seven hundred of us; and you at their head; and tailors, and pedlars, and tavern-keepers, and all kinds of trades, behind you; and swore to raise a storm against the town, if they should hurt a hair of a student's head. You assembled a whole council of doctors, and offered three ducats to him who would write a receipt for the dog. We feared they would have too much honour, and say, "No;" and we had agreed before to force them. But that was unnecessary; for in one hour twelve receipts were written; so that the beast soon died!

Moor. Shameful fellows!

Spie. The funeral ceremony was arranged with all splendour: songs were sung over the dog; and about a thousand of us marched out in the night, a lantern in one hand, sword in the other; and so went through the town, with ringing of bells, till the dog was buried. Then there was a feast, which lasted till the morning light. You thanked the master for his hearty condolence, and sold the meat at half-price. *Mort de ma vie!* Then we respected you, like the garrison of a rescued fortress.

Moor. And are you not ashamed to talk big about this?

Spie. Go, go! You are no longer Moor. Do not you know, how a thousand times, flask in hand, you have called up the old miser, and said, he should only scrape and squeeze together, that you might moisten your throat with it? Don't you know?—don't you know?—Oh, you poor pitiful braggart! That was manly spoken and nobly, but—

Moor. Curses on thee, for reminding me of it! curses on myself, for having said so! But it was only in the fumes of wine, and my heart heard not what my tongue uttered.

Spie. *(shaking his head.)* No! no! no! that cannot be—impossible. Brother, you cannot be in earnest. Say, is it not necessity that turns thee thus? Come, let me tell you a story of my boyish years. Then I had near my house a ditch, that was, at least, eight feet wide, where we boys used to contend who should jump over it. But that was in vain. Plump! you fell; and there was a hissing and laughter at you; and snow-balls were thrown at you over and over again. Next my house there lay a

hunter's dog, chained up; such a fierce beast, that it would snap at a girl's petticoats like lightning, if she ventured too near him. It was the joy of my soul to teaze this dog, when I could; and I would half die with laughter to see how he would have run after me if he had only been able.—What happened? Another time I was provoking him, and struck him with a stone so hard upon the rib, that he with fury broke the chain, and ran after me; and I fled away like all the tempests. There was just that cursed ditch between. What was to be done? The dog was hard at my heels, and raging; so I quickly resolved—the leap was taken—and over I am. I have to thank that spring for body and life. The beast would have torn me to bits.

MOOR. But to what end is this?

SPIE. To this—that you may see that our power increases in our necessity. Therefore, I never faint, even when it comes to extremities. Courage grows with danger; strength increases in the contest. Fortune must have intended me for a great man, since she always strokes me backwards.

MOOR. *(angrily.)* I know not for what we should have had courage, and have not had it.

SPIE. So?—And you will let your gifts be wasted? Bury your talent? Think you that your pranks in Leipsic form the boundaries of human wit? Let us first go into the great world—Paris and London!—where one gets a box of the ear if he greets another as an honourable man. There is a jubilee of the soul, if you practise the profession in its greatness! You will gape! you will open your eyes! Wait; and you shall learn from Spiegelberg how we copy handwritings, turn the dice, break open locks, and turn out the contents of the coffers! The fellow shall be tied up to the next gallows who hungers with honest fingers.

MOOR. *(absent.)* How? Have you indeed brought it so far?

SPIE. I believe you do not trust me. Wait; let me first get warm;—you shall see a wonder. The fruit of my labouring wit shall turn your brain round in your skull.—*(Rising, vehemently.)*—How it brightens in me! Great thoughts glimmer in my soul! Gigantic plans ferment in my creative brain! Cursed lethargy!—*(striking his forehead)*—that has hitherto enchained my powers; barred and fettered my projects! I awake! I feel who I am—what I must become!

MOOR. You are a fool: the wine rules in your brain.

SPIE. *(more vehemently.)* "Spiegelberg," they will say; "can

you conjure, Spiegelberg?"—"'Tis a shame that you are not a general, Spiegelberg," will the king say; "you would have driven the Austrians through a button-hole."—"Truly," I hear the doctors complain, "it is unpardonable that the man did not study medicine; he would have discovered a new specific."—"Ah! and that he had not taken the treasury for his province," will the Sullys sigh in their cabinets; "he would have conjured louis-d'ors out of the stones."—And Spiegelberg will it be in the east, and in the west; and into the mud with you, you cowards, you toads, while Spiegelberg, with outstretched wings, soars to the temple of Fame!

Moor. Fortune to thee on the way! Rise thou on the pillars of infamy to the summit of fame. A noble pleasure lures me into the shadow of my father's groves—into the arms of my Amelia. A week ago I wrote to my father for forgiveness. I have not concealed the least circumstance; and where sincerity is, there is also compassion and aid. Let us part, Moritz. We see each other to-day for the last time. The post is come in: my father's pardon is already within the walls of this town.

Enter Schweitzer, Grimm, Roller, Schufterle, *and* Razman.

Rol. Do you know that we are discovered?

Grimm. That we are every moment in danger of being captured?

Moor. I do not wonder. It may go as it will. Have you seen Schwarz? And did he tell you of no letter that he had for me?

Rol. He has been seeking you for a long time.

Moor. Where is he? Where? where?—*(Going hastily.)*

Rol. Stop! we have directed him here. You tremble—

Moor. I tremble not. Why should I tremble? Comrades! this letter—rejoice with me! I am the happiest man under the sun. Why should I tremble?

Enter Schwarz.

Moor. *(flies to meet him.)* Brother! brother! The letter! the letter!

Schwarz. *(gives him the letter, which he opens hastily.)* What ails you? Why so pale?

Moor. My brother's hand!

Schwarz. What's the matter with Spiegelberg?

Grimm. The fellow is mad. He makes gestures as if he had the St. Vitus's dance.

SCHUF. His reason goes round in a ring. I think he is making verses.

RAZ. Spiegelberg! Hollo! Spiegelberg!—The beast does not hear.

GRIMM. *(shakes him.)* Old fellow! are you dreaming?

SPIE. *(who has been all the time acting in dumb show, springs up wildly,)* La bourse ou la vie! *(and seizes* SCHWEITZER *by the throat, who throws him carelessly against the wall.* MOOR *lets the letter fall, and rushes out. All start up.)*

ROL Moor! where are you, Moor? What are you doing?

GRIMM. What's the matter? what's the matter? He is pale as a corpse.

SCHWEIT. This must be pleasant news! Let us see!

ROL. *(takes up the letter, and reads.)* "Unhappy Brother!"—the beginning sounds merrily—"I may only tell you, shortly, that your hopes are vain. You may go, says your father, where your crimes lead you. Also he says, you may never hope to find mercy at his feet, unless you are content to be kept in the lowest vault of his tower, upon water and bread, till your hairs grow like eagles' feathers, and your nails like birds' claws. These are his own words. He bids me close the letter. Farewell! for ever. I pity you. FRANCIS VON MOOR."

SCHWEIT. A sweet brother, in truth! Francis, they call the fellow.

SPIE. *(creeping behind him.)* Talk you about water and bread! A pleasant life. I have cared differently for you. Said I not, I must at last think for you all?

SCHWEIT. What says the sheep's-head? The ass will think for us all?

SPIE. Hares, cripples, lame dogs, are ye all, if ye have not the heart to dare something great.

ROL. Now, truly that we were; you are right—but will this that you dare do get us out of this cursed situation? Will it?

SPIE. *(laughing proudly.)* Poor beggars! Get out of this situation! Ha! ha! ha!—out of this situation!—and your thimbleful of brains thinks of nothing more? Spiegelberg must be a poor puppy if he would begin with that only. Heroes! I tell ye—freemen! princes! gods! will it make ye.

RAZ. That is much for one stroke, truly. But it will be a neck-breaking business—it will cost one his head, at the least.

SPIE. It will cost nothing but courage; the rest I take upon

myself. Courage, I say, Schweitzer! Courage, Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schufterle! Courage!

Schweit. Courage! If that's all, I have courage enough to go barefoot through hell.

Schuf. Courage enough to wrestle with the very devil under the gallows, for a poor sinner.

Spie. This pleases me! If you have courage, let one of you step forth, and say if there is not all to win, and nothing to lose.

Schwarz. Truly, there is much to lose, if I should lose what I have yet to get.

Raz. Yes, the devil! and much to win, if I should win what I have not got to lose.

Schuf. If I should lose what I carry on my back on tick, in any case I should have nothing more to lose.

Spie. Thus then—*(he stands in the midst of them)*—if yet a drop of German hero's blood runs in your veins—come! We will go down into the Bohemian forests; there collect a robber band, and —what are you gaping at me for?—Is your bit of courage already damped?

Rol. You are not the first rogue that has overlooked the gallows. And yet, what other choice have we left?

Spie. Choice? What! you have nothing to choose! Will ye stick in a prison, and buzz together till the last trumpet sounds? Will ye labour for a bit of dry bread, with a shovel and a hoe? Will ye squeeze out an alms by singing ballads at people's windows? Or will ye swear to the calf-skin—and that is just the question, if one may trust your faces—and there, under the capricious humour of a corporal, suffer purgatory before-hand? Or, with tinkling music, march after the drums? Or, in the galliot-paradise, drag after you all Vulcan's iron magazine? See —that have ye to choose; and there is all that ye can choose.

Rol. Spiegelberg is not wrong. I have also laid my plans, and they meet at last in one. How would it be, thought I, if you should sit down, and cut up a pocket-book, or an annual, or something of that kind, and criticise it for a groat, as is actually the fashion?

Schuf. The deuce! Your advice comes near to my project. I thought to myself, how if you should become a devotee, and weekly hold your hour of penance?

Grimm. Done! And if that does not do, an atheist! We

could give the lie to the four Evangelists; let our book be burnt by the common hangman; and so go off with éclat.

Raz. Or shall we take the field against the French? I know a doctor who has built himself a house of pure quicksilver, as the epigram over the door tells.

Schweit. *(giving his hand.)* Moritz, you are a great man!—or a blind pig has found an acorn.

Schwarz. Excellent plans! An honest profession! How great spirits sympathize with one another!

Spie. And what hinders you, that you should not combine everything in one person? My plan will ever urge you to the highest; and there you will also have fame and immortality! See, poor wretches! we must even look so far—to after-fame, and the sweet feeling of a lasting remembrance.

Rol. And at the top in the list of honourable people! You are a master orator, Spiegelberg, when the matter is to turn an honourable man into a rascal.—But say somebody, where stays Moor?—

Spie. Honourable, say you? Think you, that you will be less honourable then, than you are now? What call you honourable? To relieve rich misers of a third part of their cares, which only serve to scare golden sleep from their pillows? to bring into circulation the stagnant money? to establish again an equality of possessions?—in a word, to recal the golden age; to help just Heaven, and spare men war, pestilence, precious time, and—*doctors?* Look you: that I call to be honourable; that I call to be a worthy instrument in the hand of Providence;—and so, with each meal that you eat, to have flattering thoughts; to have gained them by your skill, your lion-like courage, your night-watchings; to be respected by great and small—

Rol. And, at last, to journey towards heaven with a living body; and,—in spite of storm and wind, in spite of the hungry maw of old grandfather Time,—to swing under the sun and the moon, and all the stars, where the brute-birds of heaven, enticed by a noble desire, play their heavenly music, and the angels with tails hold their sacred sanhedrim! Is it not so?—and when monarchs and potentates are eaten by worms, to have the honour of receiving visits from Jupiter's royal bird?—Moritz! Moritz! Moritz! beware—beware of the three-legged beast!

Spie. And does that frighten you? Many a genius that might have reformed the world, has run foul of this rock. And if the

wanderer should see you flying hither and thither in the wind, "He must have had no water in his brain," mutters he, and sighs over the bad times.

SCHWEIT. *(claps him on the shoulder.)* Masterly, Spiegelberg! Masterly! What, the devil, do you stand there and hesitate!

SCHWARZ. And let them call it *prostitution*—what then? Cannot a man, in any case, carry about him a little powder, that will take him quietly over Acheron? No, brother Moritz! your proposal is good. So runs my catechism.

SCHUF. Lightning! And mine not less. Spiegelberg, you have won me!

RAZ. You have, like another Orpheus, sung to sleep that howling beast, my conscience. Take me as I am.

GRIM. "Si omnes consentiunt ego non dissentio." Well marked, without a comma. There is an unction in my heart—devotee—quack—critic—and rogue. Who bids most, has me. Take this hand, Moritz.

ROL. And you too, Schweitzer!—*(gives his right hand to* SPIEGELBERG.)—Thus, then, pledge I my soul to the devil!

SPIE. And your name to the stars! What matters it where the soul goes, if troops of courier furies announce our descent, so that Satan dresses in his holiday clothes, and dusts the soot of a thousand years from his eye-lashes; and myriads of horned heads rise from the smoking holes of their sulphur chimneys, to see our entrance? Comrades!—*(starts up)*—Comrades! what in the world can equal this rush of ecstasy? Come, comrades!

ROL. Gently now! gently! The beast must have a head, children.

SPIE. *(angrily.)* What preaches the loiterer? Stood not the head already, ere yet a limb stirred? Follow, comrades.

ROL. Softly, I say. Even freedom must have a master. Without a head Rome and Sparta came to the ground.

SPIE. *(in an insinuating tone.)* Yes—hold—Roller says right. And that must be an enlightened head. Do you understand? Yes, when I think what you were an hour ago, and what you are now,—by one lucky thought.—Yes, truly, truly, you must have a chief. And who originated this thought, say must not that be an enlightened, a politic head?

ROL. But I fear it will not do. If we could but hope—but no—

SPIE. Why not? Say it boldly out, friend. As hard as it is to steer the struggling ship against the wind, so heavily as presses the weight of a crown—Say it undauntedly, Roller—Perhaps it will yet do.

ROL. The whole is a failure if he does not do it. Without the Moor we are a body without a soul.

SPIE. *(turning away.)* Stupid fellows!

Enter MOOR, *in the wildest agitation.*

MOOR. Men—men! false, deceitful, crocodile's brood! Your eyes are water; your hearts are iron! Kisses are on your lips; swords in your breasts! Lionesses and leopardesses suckled your young, ravens bore them company at their carrion banquet, and he, *he* —— Villany I have learnt to tolerate; I can smile when my worst enemy pledges me in my own heart's blood — but when blood-love turns to a traitor; when a father's love becomes a Megæra; then let manly forbearance turn to fire; let the gentle lamb grow wild as a tiger, and let every sinew stretch itself to rage and destruction.

ROL. Hark, Moor! What think you? A robber's life is better than water and bread in the lowest vault of the tower?

MOOR. Why hath not this spirit passed into a tiger that gnaws human flesh with his raging tooth? Is this a father's trust? Is this love for love? I would be a bear, and urge the bears of the north against this murderous race. Repentance, and no mercy?—Oh! I would poison the ocean, that they might suck death from every spring! Trust, confidence,—and no compassion!

ROL. But, Moor, hear what I tell you.

MOOR. It is incredible, it is a dream, a delusion — a prayer so moving, so vivid a picture of misery, and of repentance—the wild beasts would have melted into pity!—stones would have shed tears!—and yet,—men would take it for a vile lampoon upon the human race, if I should tell it—and yet, yet—Oh that I could blow the horn of rebellion to all nature, and lead air, earth, and sea against this hyena's brood!

GRIM. But hear, hear! You cannot hear for raving!

MOOR. Away, away from me! Is not thy name man? Hath not a woman borne thee? Out of my sight, with thy man's face! —I loved him unutterably, as no son ever loved. I would have given a thousand lives for him. *(Roaming and stamping.)* Ha! —who now puts a sword into my hand, to give a burning wound

to this otter's brood!—who tells me how I may reach the heart of their life, maim it, and annihilate it—he is my friend, my angel, my god. I will worship him!

Rol. Even these friends will we be to thee, if you will but hear!

Schwartz. Come with us into the Bohemian forests. We will collect a robber-band, and you—*(*Moor *starts.)*

Schweit. You shall be our captain! You must be our captain!

Spie. *(throws himself on a seat.)* Slaves and cowards!

Moor. Who put that word into your mouth? Hear, fellow! thou hast not fetched it out of thy human soul! Who put that word into your mouth? Yes, by the thousand-armed death! that will we, that must we; the thought deserves divinity. Robbers and murderers!—as my soul lives, I am your captain!

All. *(shout.)* Long live our captain!

Spie. *(aside.)* Till I help him away!

Moor. Look, there fall the scales from my eyes! Fool that I was to yearn for my old cage! My spirit thirsts for action, my breath for freedom. Murderers, robbers!—with this word was the law rolled under my feet. Men have hidden humanity from me when I appealed to humanity; away, then, with sympathy and manly forbearance! I have no father more; I have no love more; and blood and death shall teach me to forget that ever any thing was dear to me. Come, come!—Oh, I will make a fearful scattering! Thus it is, then, I am your captain! and fortune to the master among you, who can burn the most wildly, and murder the most horribly; for I tell you he shall be royally rewarded. Let each man stand forth, and swear to me truth and obedience till death!—Swear it to me by this right hand.

All. *(give him their hands.)* We swear to thee truth and obedience till death.

Moor. And by this right hand I swear to you here truly and firmly to remain your captain till death. This arm shall quickly make him a corpse who shall either linger, or doubt, or yield. A like return I expect from each man among you, if I break my oath. Are ye satisfied?

All. *(throwing up their hats.)* We are satisfied.

Moor. Now, then, let us go. Fear neither death nor danger, for an unbending fate rules over us. Every man reaches at last his day, be it on the soft cushion, or in the rough tumult of the

fight, or on the open gallows and the wheel. One of these is your destiny. *(Exeunt all but* SPIEGELBERG.*)*

SPIE. *(looking after him.)* Your catalogue hath a gap. You have left out poison.

SCENE III.—*Moor's Castle. Amelia's Chamber.*

FRANCIS *and* AMELIA.

FRAN. You turn away, Amelia. Do I deserve less than him whom his father hath cursed?

AMEL. Away!—Ha, the loving kind-hearted father, who gives his son a prey to wolves and monsters! He comforts himself with sweet and costly wine, and nurses his rotten limbs in cushions of cedar, while his great, noble son starves! Shame on ye, ye monsters! shame on ye, ye dragons' souls, ye scandals of humanity!—his only son!

FRAN. I thought he had two?

AMEL. Yes, he deserves to have sons like you. On his death-bed will he in vain stretch out his withered hand for his Charles, and shuddering draw it back, when he touches the ice-cold hand of his Francis. Oh, it is sweet, it is sweet beyond all price, to be cursed by thy father! Say, Francis, dear brotherly soul! what must one do if one would be cursed by him?

FRAN. You rave, my love; you are to be pitied.

AMEL. Oh, I pray thee, dost thou pity thy brother?—No, monster, you hate him! you hate me also!

FRAN. I love thee as myself, Amelia.

AMEL. If you love me, can you refuse me one request?

FRAN. None, none! if it is not more than my life.

AMEL. Oh, if it is so! A request that you can so easily, so willingly perform.—*(Proudly,)* Hate me! I must turn red as fire for shame, if I think on Charles, and then think, thou dost not hate me. Do you promise me this?—Now go, and leave me; I would be alone.

FRAN. Dearest dreamer! how I wonder at thy soft loving heart, *(touching her breast.)* Here, here Charles reigns like a god in his temple; Charles stands before thee waking; Charles rules in thy dreams; the whole creation seems to thee to melt into *the one*, to reflect *the one*, to echo *the one*.

AMEL. *(moved.)* Yes, truly; I confess it. In spite of you, barbarian, I will confess it before all the world—I love him!

FRAN. Monster, wretch! So to reward this love! To forget it!—

AMEL. *(starting.)* What, forget me?

FRAN. Had you not put a ring upon his finger?—a diamond ring, for a pledge of thy truth? Truly, now, how can a youth withstand the charms of a courtesan? Who will blame him if he had nothing else left to give away—and did she not pay him for it with usury with her endearments, her embraces?

AMEL. My ring to a courtesan?

FRAN. Fie, fie! it is shameful. But if that were all! A ring, however costly it may be, can be obtained from any Jew—perhaps the working of it did not please him; perhaps he has changed it for a more beautiful one.

AMEL. *(passionately.)* But *my* ring—I say, *my* ring?

FRAN. No other, Amelia. Ha! such a jewel, and on my finger—and from Amelia!—death itself should not have torn it hence. Is it not so, Amelia? Not the costliness of the diamond, not the skill of the impression—love makes its worth. Dearest child, you weep! Woe to him who hath pressed these costly tears from eyes so heavenly—ah! and if thou shouldest know all, shouldest see him, see him in that form?

AMEL. Monster! how? in what form?

FRAN. Still, still, good soul; ask me not! *(half aside.)* If at least he had only a veil, to hide himself from the eyes of the world! but there, it looks horribly through his leaden eyes;—it betrays itself in the deadly-pale and shrunken countenance;—it stammers in the half, untuned voice;—it proclaims itself fearfully loud from the trembling, tottering skeleton;—it has eaten through the innermost marrow of the bones, and breaks the manly strength of youth. You have seen that wretched man, Amelia, who died in our hospital. Recall that man to thy mind, and Charles stands before thee! His kisses are pestilence and his lips poison.

AMEL. *(strikes him.)* Shameless slanderer!

FRAN. Are you horrified at this Charles? Does his mere picture disgust thee? Go, stare at him thyself,—thy beautiful, angelic, divine Charles! Go, suck in his balsamic breath, and let the ambrosial airs that exhale from his throat send thee to the grave. The mere breath of his mouth will blight thee.

[AMELIA *turns her face away.*

What an effervescence of love! What delight in the embrace!—But is it not wrong to condemn a man for the sake of

his sick body? Even in the most wretched cripple, a soul, great and worthy of love, may shine as a ruby out of the mire—*(with a malicious laugh)*—love may breathe even from blistered lips. Truly, if vice also shake the fortresses of the character,—if with modesty virtue also flies, as the perfume from the withered rose,—if with the body the soul also is crippled—

AMEL. *(springing up with joy.)* Ha! Charles! Now I know thee again! thou art yet perfect! perfect! all was a lie! Know you not, villain, that it is impossible Charles should be thus? (FRANCIS *stands for some time in thought, then turns quickly round to go.)* Whither so quickly, fliest thou from thine own shame?

FRAN. *(covering his face.)* Leave me, leave me! Let my tears have their course. Tyrannical father, thus to give up the best of thy sons to misery, to shame. Leave me, Amelia! I will fall at his feet, and on my knees will I conjure him to lay upon me, upon me, his spoken curse—to cast out me—me—my blood—my life—all—

AMEL. *(falls on his neck.)* Brother of my Charles, best, dearest Francis!

FRAN. Oh, Amelia! how I love thee for this unshaken confidence in my brother! Pardon me, that I have dared to put thy love to this hard proof. How well hast thou answered my wishes! With these tears, these sighs, this holy indignation—also for me, for me!—our souls so harmonized!

AMEL. Oh no, that they never did.

FRAN. Ah, they sounded so harmoniously together, I ever thought we must be twins! and were there not this hateful difference of exterior, by which, alas, Charles must lose, we should be confounded together. You are, I often said to myself, a perfect Charles, his echo, his image.

AMEL. *(shaking her head.)* No, no! by this chaste light of heaven! No vein of him, no spark of his feeling.

FRAN. So alike in our dispositions—the rose was his dearest blossom—what flower was to me before the rose? He loved music unutterably, and ye are witnesses, ye stars! that ye have often heard me, in the dead stillness of the night, with my lute, when all around me lay buried in shadow and slumber;—and how can you yet doubt, Amelia? Since our loves so perfectly coincide, and since the love is the same, how can its children degenerate?

[AMELIA *looks at him, wondering.*

It was a still, lovely evening, the last ere he departed for Leipsic, that he took me with him into that bower where you have so often sat together in dreams of love. We were long silent —at last he took my hand, and said lightly, and with tears: I leave Amelia, I know not—it misgives me, that it will be for ever. Leave her not, brother!—be her friend—her Charles—if Charles —never—return. *(He throws himself down before her, and kisses her hand.)* Never, never, never will he return, and I have sworn it by a sacred oath.

AMEL. *(springing back.)* Traitor, now I catch thee! Even in this bower did he conjure me to love no other—if he should die—seest thou, how godless, how horrible—go from my sight!

FRAN. You know me not, Amelia; indeed you know me not.

AMEL. Oh, I know thee, henceforth I know thee—and thou wouldest be like him? Would he have wept for me before thee? Before thee? Rather would he have written my name on the pillory! Go instantly!

FRAN. You injure me.

AMEL. Go, I say. Thou hast stolen from me a precious hour —may it be taken from thy life!

FRAN. You hate me.

AMEL. I despise thee; go!

FRAN. *(stamping with his foot.)* Wait! so shalt thou tremble before me! Prefer a beggar to me!—*(Exit, in a rage.)*

AMEL. Go, fool—now am I again with Charles. Beggar! said he? so hath the world turned round, beggars are kings, and kings are beggars! I would not change the rags that he wears for the purple of the anointed:—the look with which he begs must be a great, a royal look—a look that will annihilate the nobility, the pomp, the triumph of the great and the rich! Into the dust with ye, ye glittering trinkets! *(Tears the pearls from her neck.)* Be ye doomed to wear gold and silver and jewels, ye great and rich! Be ye doomed to carouse at luxurious tables! Be ye doomed to nurse your limbs on the soft pillows of luxury! Charles! Charles! if I were only worthy of thee—

(To be continued.)

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—
CHAP. VI. Fortune, in unusual good humour, smiles upon every body—Edward anticipates a triumphant Career—And so do his Enemies 107
CHAP. VII. Edward Heringford appears in a new Character—And obtains, from an unexpected source, alarming Intelligence . . . 116

RANDOM SKETCHES, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. II. The White Mountains 121

HIDDEN MELODY 126

PETRARCH.—Sonnet 228 127

AN APOTHECARY'S NOTE BOOK:—
Edward Maurice 129

THE POET. By MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL 134

THE LIFE CUP 135

SCENES AND SKETCHES:—
The Young Orator's Maiden Speech 138

THE WITHERED LEAF 140

EARLY DEATH. (From the German of Herder.) 141

THE NIGHT OF THE BURIAL . . . . . *ib.*

NUGIGERULUS.—No. II. 143

ODE TO PHRENOLOGY 144

SONG 148

THE ROBBERS; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act II. Scene 1, 2. 149

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,
154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

FORTUNE, IN UNUSUAL GOOD HUMOUR, SMILES UPON EVERY BODY—EDWARD ANTICIPATES A TRIUMPHANT CAREER—AND SO DO HIS ENEMIES.

HAVING entered the forest beside Joe Bensal's cottage, and taking the first path that chance presented, Edward had travelled onward but a few miles, when the sound of strife disturbed his solitary musing. Hastening his pace, a turn in the road soon disclosed a powerful man, with his back against a tree, bravely endeavouring to defend himself from the assaults of three others, in masks, who were united against him. Instinctively taking part with the weaker side, Heringford levelled his cross-bow and struck one of the assassins to the ground: his companions fled.

Without pausing to receive the thanks of the stranger whose life he had arrived so opportunely to preserve, Edward's first impulse was to attend to the fallen man. The mask being removed, discovered the features of the youth he had met last night, the companion of Curts and Spenton. He was dead. In vain Edward tried all means of restoring animation, and, as he ceased from his fruitless exertions, he looked down with sorrow on the man who, by his hand, had fallen in the midst of sin.

"Dost thou regret his death?" inquired the stranger.

"Would that it had been but a wound!" replied Heringford. "To be thus suddenly cut off!"

"He had but lived to greater punishment," said the other; "but now, I owe my life to thine interference."

Edward gazed at the stranger. He was tall; of a bearing proud and noble; a man, apparently, of no slight distinction. He wore a complete suit of chain armour, over which was thrown a cloak of crimson velvet; a chain of golden links was around his neck, and on his head, the light head-piece, or bascinet, surmounted by its graceful plume. The expression of his face was benevolent, with a trace of care; and his grey locks, as they escaped from beneath their prison-house of steel, told of a life beyond its prime.

"It was but just," said Heringford, "that my hand should have rescued thee, since I believe that, but for me, these men had not been here."

"Ha!—art thou connected with them?"

"By no friendly ties," replied Edward: "they are employed by one who seeks my life; for me, too, I have good reason to believe they were placed in ambush, until attracted by thy chain of gold."

"Who, then, is their employer?"

"Thou canst not know him. It is one Sir Richard Ellerton."

The stranger started, and turned pale. "Sir Richard Ellerton!" cried he: then, advancing fiercely, he grasped Edward by the wrist. "Young man, be careful how thou malignest the innocent! Hast thou proof of this?"

Heringford, surprised at his companion's emotion, thought, for the moment, that Sir Richard himself stood before him; although, from the circumstances of the case, this was scarcely possible.

"I have good proof," replied he.

"Name it!"

"I am not at liberty so to do."

"There is honour in thy glance," continued the other; "I will believe thee. Thy story, alas! is but too probable. Sir Richard Ellerton!" muttered he, pacing among the rank grass: "would he even slay me!—Thy name, young man?"

Edward doubted the propriety of replying, but pride prevailed. "Edward Heringford. May I ask who questions me?"

"Who am I, askest thou? Men call me Bruton: by that name, then, know me. Thou'rt bound, I presume, to London. Can I serve thee there?"

Edward hesitated. "I am but an adventurer," said he, at length, "without views or prospects—"

"Enough!" said Bruton; "thy frankness pleases me: I know thee brave, and over yon corpse I found thee also humane. War is afoot; take service under my banner, and thou shalt find in me no unprofitable friend."

The suddenness of the offer, natural as it was, aroused the suspicion that, from the first, had lurked in Edward's breast, and he wavered as Bruton eagerly pressed him to accept the proposal he had made.

"I see," said he, "thou fearest to commit thyself to the care of a stranger. Heringford, I have other reasons for desiring thy friendship; I will not conceal the fact, to tell them would be folly —but—but—I am not used to be mistrusted."

There was something in his tone beyond all argument.

"Neither will I mistrust thee," cried Edward; "with thanks thine offer is accepted."

"So, good! There is no time to lose: mount thou the horse this villain rode—it is tied to yon oak—and I will remount mine own good steed: if thou keep pace with her we shall not be long on the journey."

Thus speaking, Bruton mounted his horse, and Edward, having loosened, in charity, the three horses of the assassins that were hard by, chose the fleetest for himself, and joined his new companion.

Few words were exchanged, as the horsemen proceeded rapidly through the forest and gained the open road. Now a village was in sight; they galloped through it, and it was behind them: onward they went, without once staying, or slackening their hasty pace. Once, as Edward looked round on the country through which they had passed, he saw a horseman at some distance behind, following with equal rapidity; but as he looked, the stranger abated his pace, and was hidden by a turn in the road: from this time he was seen no more. It was near sunset when they reached Iseldon, then a scanty village, now Islington, and inseparable from the town. Here, for a brief rest and refreshment, they halted awhile, and then, through a road skirted with small tenements, gardens, and bowling-greens, continued their journey to the metropolis. Crossing the town ditch, beneath the stone arches of Alder's Gate, the bustle of London was around them. The tall spire of St. Paul's cathedral and its precincts, the profuse display of the goldsmiths collected in the old Exchange, through which they passed; the noise, the crowd, scenes and circumstances so new to Edward, served only, by their contrast, to recall to his

mind a picture of quiet Ellerton, and to make him sigh for the peaceful seclusion he had left. Passing, at length, beneath the northern tower of London bridge, and over the draw-bridge to the paved road, they were not long in gaining the opposite side, when, turning to the right, they alighted, in a short time, before a large stone mansion that looked backwards by a terrace upon the river. This was Bruton's home, to which Heringford was warmly welcomed. Leaving their horses to the care of the attendants, the travellers entered the house, which was fitted up with every attention to English comfort and luxury: a large room opened upon the terrace, and here, having thrown open the doors to admit the cool breeze from the river, they refreshed themselves before retiring to that rest which, by each of them, was so greatly needed.

Bruton's manner towards Edward was marked by the greatest kindness, and he seemed resolved to let no occasion slip on which it might be in his power to advance the interests of his young companion. Thus we find him, on the morning after his arrival in London, with Heringford by his side, passing through long suites of rooms filled with knights and nobles in splendid attire, and retainers scarcely less gay and modish, to seek audience of his sovereign. Edward's ideas of royalty were abstract in the extreme, and when Bruton, whose duty called him to the court, requested his companionship, it was not without many compunctions and a feeling of intense awe, that the inexperienced villager yielded his consent.

Proudly Edward looked on the rich attire of the gay courtiers in the antechamber. It was not by pomp such as this that his eye was caught or his heart humbled; but those nearest to the king were arrayed in no splendid robes, decked with no glittering gems; they were the poor, the oppressed, the afflicted, who daily, at this hour, had free access to the ear of their royal master. Bruton, without any ceremony of announcement, entered the presence-chamber, and Heringford following, stood for the first time before his king. Henry was leaning upon a cushion, surrounded by his poor clients, listening with a sweet and compassionate smile to the tale of some orphan's grief. Never could his fine expressive face have been seen to more advantage than at that moment, as he bent in pity over the fair suppliant. His form was thin and slender, but none might doubt that it was fit to contain the soul of the hero of Shrewsbury.

The king raised his head as Bruton entered, but acknowledged

his presence only by a gesture of silence, while the orphan ended her recital; then raising her, with soothing speech, he promised that justice should be done, and dismissed her, glad of heart, from the interview. Turning then to Bruton: "Welcome, our gallant friend," said he; "where hast thou so long hidden thyself from our presence? and who is this youth that attends thee?"

"I have been engaged, my liege," replied Bruton, "on private and important business: this youth hath done me the greatest service, and is now enlisted as my retainer; for all else, himself shall best answer."

"It is a noble youth of manly bearing," said Henry; "if his actions correspond to his exterior, he will not remain long unknown to us. Of what family art thou?"

The king turned to Heringford, who was about to reply, when his attention was fixed by a face that peered forth anxiously from the crowd of suitors, as though eagerly expecting what he should say. It was not easy to mistake the features of—Curts! Edward felt his danger, but knew this was no place for equivocation.

"Be not ashamed of humble birth," continued Henry, seeing that Heringford paused; "it hath no disgrace in our eyes."

"May it please your majesty," replied Edward, proudly, "I was never ashamed of aught that I bore with me; but I have reason to doubt my name: I have been bred a villager, and called, from infancy, Edward Heringford."

Edward watched the effect of this communication on Curts, his unexpected and unwelcome hearer: a smile of triumph confirmed every suspicion.

"Why dost thou doubt thy name?" asked Henry.

"Old Heringford told me, on his death-bed, that he was not my father; other cause have I none."

"No matter," replied the king; "Edward Heringford is good name enough; it remains for thee to ennoble it; opportunity will soon be offered." Then turning to Bruton: "We march to-morrow for Southampton, and embark the next day for France and glory!"

"So soon!" exclaimed Bruton.

"The times invite us," replied Henry: "our Archbishop of Canterbury is anxious that we should set forth, and therefore, to-morrow be it. How wilt thou join us?"

"We will meet the army at Southampton," replied Bruton.

"So be it then," said the king; "and now, adieu! I can spare

no more time with thee while so many wait around. Be brave, Heringford, and honour is not far distant!" Thus speaking, he resumed his seat and his former occupation, as Bruton and his new friend left the apartment.

The pleasurable feelings awakened in Edward's breast by the condescension and affability of the king's manner towards him were not without alloy. Bruton, intimate with the sovereign, was, it is true, a powerful friend; but Sir Richard Ellerton was no less a powerful enemy, within whose grasp he seemed once more placed. He could not forget the eager face of Curts, nor efface from memory his glance of triumph. His own suspicions touching his birth were now no longer hidden, and if, as he believed, the enmity of Sir Richard sprung from a similar source, his exertions against him would be redoubled. This, together with the almost mysterious appearance of his persecutor's satellite, in a place so uncongenial to his character, habits, or associations, combined to weigh upon his mind as he retraced his steps through the apartments of the palace.

If, however, Edward Heringford had felt surprise on encountering the man who had stipulated for the price of his blood, in the very presence of the king; if he was before tempted to gift the hired assassin with the power of ubiquity,—what remained for him to think when, on the afternoon of the same day, he once more fell in with Curts, on the stairs of his patron's house! Seized with the most unmixed astonishment, Edward paused to watch the villain's descending form, unwilling to assure himself that he saw aright. Curts had that moment left Bruton's room: what could there be in common between a pair so opposite! Was Bruton indeed the man he had heard of as Sir Richard Ellerton? and had he thus long kept his victim secure in ignorance of his danger? Many things tended to contradict such an opinion, and yet his mind reverted to the question, What accident could thus again have brought himself and Curts into contact?

All suspicion of Bruton's honour fled as Heringford, at length entering the room, received a cordial greeting. Hypocrisy may pass current for sincere feeling, but there is an honest warmth in the greeting of true friendship that no doubt can chill, none but the most obstinate prejudice can be able to misunderstand. With the natural honesty of his nature, Edward at once entered on the subject of his thoughts:—

"Who was the man that left thee even now?"

"An old and faithful servant of the house, in whom I have ever reposed the greatest confidence."

"Indeed! May I ask the purport of his late interview?"

"This questioning sounds impertinent," said Bruton, "but I believe there is an object in thine inquiries. He came but to bid his master welcome home."

"There is indeed an object in my questions," said Edward: "tell me but one thing more—hath he left home himself?"

"He hath. And now, to what doth all this tend?"

"To the discovery of villany and treason!" replied Heringford; "to the destruction of the snares of the wicked! This man, whom thou hast honoured with thy trust and thy confidence, whom thou hast bred in thy house, will prove a viper in thy bosom! He is a spy and an assassin, sworn and secret foe both to thee and me!"

"And what proof hast thou of all this?"

"I have heard him boast of his crime: he hath been pointed out as a murderer by one that heard his plans!"

"Where, then, have ye met?"

"The night before I encountered thee in the wood. He was one of those that attacked thee; for it was in company with the youth that was slain I saw him. He hath been from home—ay, to Ellerton! Call him, and ask whether this be not true; his own consciousness of guilt shall convict him!"

"Edward," said Bruton, "this is a strange delusion. I know my servant too well to believe him false; but thou shalt be satisfied."

Curts was, accordingly, summoned, and entered the room with an expression of stupidity very unlike the character that was attributed to him.

"Thou hast been away from home, Philip, by my leave," commenced Bruton; "wilt thou tell my friend where thou hast been?"

"To visit my father, who is dying—dying!"

"Thy father's house is at Iseldon?" inquired Bruton.

"It is," replied Curts, or Philip, with a vacant stare.

"My young friend thinks to have seen thee not far from Ellerton."

"He is totally mistaken," replied the domestic; "he is quite wrong."

"Hast thou never been to Ellerton?"

"I do not know him."

"Dost thou know the name of Curts?" asked Edward.

"No," replied Philip; "who is he?"

"A hypocrite!"

"Thou canst assure my friend, then," inquired Bruton, decisively, "that he is wrong in supposing thou hast been to Ellerton, or in other company than that of an afflicted family?"

"He is wrong," replied Curts, "quite wrong; totally mistaken."

"It will do. Heringford, art thou satisfied?"

"If his bare assertion will content thee," replied Edward, "I can say no more."

Curts then disappeared, glorying in the infatuation of his master, and Bruton shortly followed to prepare for the morrow's march, leaving Edward to himself.

For some time our hero paced the room in agitation, and at length paused to look out upon the river. The evening sun was gilding its rippled surface; but the bustle he had observed throughout the day still continued with equal, if not increased, vigour as the time for departure on the foreign expedition drew near. Troops of armed horsemen were occasionally seen crossing the bridge that rose on his right hand, and their gay pennons fluttered impatiently in the wind. All was life and motion, heightened in its effect by contrast with the placidity of an autumnal evening. This Edward saw, but it made but a momentary impression, while his attention was occupied by other thoughts. In quitting Ellerton, he had hoped to escape the snares laid for him; but he had already found that in England he was not secure. In another country, he might have been safe, but thither also the persecutor would doubtless follow. He knew that it was for no good purpose Curts had wormed himself into his master's favour; he deplored Bruton's blindness, and dreaded the consequences; but, at the same time, resolved, while remaining on his guard, to avoid all farther token of suspicion until, when proofs should have accumulated, he could place his truth beyond a doubt. And then, on the eve of leaving his native country, his mind wandered to that which was to him the brightest spot upon it: he thought of the thatched cots at Ellerton, its orchards, and its noisy brook; of his early friend and adviser, the pious Father Francis; of the loves of Willie Bats; and then of his own love, and of the blue eyes of Kate Westrill: there, at last, his mind was fixed, and there it ceased to wander.

Subdued by these reflections, and invited by the congenial calmness of the evening, Edward turned to walk in the open air, and, in

the suddenness of the action, surprised Curts, who was at the door making a threatening gesture, modified on detection into a forced attitude of the most profound dulness and humility.

"Is my master here?" asked the domestic.

"Thou seest that he is not," replied Edward.

"He might have been on the terrace," observed Curts, in explanation, and immediately departed: soon after, Edward saw him, equipped for walking, issue forth into the street.

Obedient to his former impulse, and with a suspicion that the menace accidentally discovered was in some degree connected with his departure, Edward quickly seized his bonnet and followed in the same direction. Curts, or Philip, was not far in advance, and Heringford had no difficulty in tracking him, as he made his way through the crowd.

Repugnant as it was to Edward's feelings to act as a spy on the actions of another man, he felt justified by the imminent danger of his situation; and thus, through many lanes and endless crooked alleys, was Curts followed by his intended victim until he halted. It was before a low and dirty house, with a torn roof of blackened thatch, and latticed windows, broken and almost hingeless; the house itself only supported in its place by a beam between it and that on the opposite side. The walls had been whitewashed, but were now dingy and dilapidated; they enclosed the most miserable hovel in a long, filthy, and poverty-stricken lane. At the door of this place Curts knocked and was admitted, although not without some parley.

Edward was standing in doubt as to how he should proceed, when the door by which Curts had entered opened once more, and the domestic returned, accompanied by a stranger of good mien. They advanced in the direction to where Edward stood, concealed by the dark shadows, and the first words he heard decided him to remain:—"He not only suspects, but knows me and my purpose," said Curts; "thee too he suspects."

"Therefore is he the more dangerous," said the other, whom Heringford believed to be Sir Richard Ellerton; "we must be prompt."

"Wrong, quite wrong," said Curts; "say, rather, we must await an opportunity."

"But poison," urged the other; "might not poison destroy both the victims, leaving me bound to thee in gratitude for ever?"

Here the two passed the spot where Edward was standing, and he saw the deep passions that marked the face of the last speaker as he urged these means of committing crime.

"Poison," replied Curts, "will do where those who administer may rest secure. For me, I respect my life, and respect thou thine,—for I fall not singly."

At this point they had passed out of hearing, and Edward returned to Bruton's house. To make known to his patron what he had heard would be useless. Still he could do no more than assert, and Bruton's prejudice was too strong to be overcome by other than the strongest proofs. To himself alone belonged the consciousness of the dangers that surrounded them, while he laboured in vain to discover the hidden cause of the bitter persecution which he experienced at the hands of strangers.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

EDWARD HERINGFORD APPEARS IN A NEW CHARACTER—AND OBTAINS, FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE, ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

If to any one of our readers who hath had patience thus far to follow the changing fortunes of our hero,—and we very sincerely hope there are many such,—if to any one of these it shall have appeared obscure or improbable that Edward Heringford should so soon again encounter Sir Richard and his faithful satellites,—if the appearance of that inestimable individual, Curts Philip, or Philip Curts, should appear sudden or unaccountable,—the short explanation which follows will not have been made in vain.

In order to place every thing in the clearest possible light, it will be necessary to recur to the night of the 8th of August and the midnight interview in the castle chapel. Among the arrangements made after the interruption by Willie Bats, and which were inaudible to that entombed personage, was the change of plan which brought Curts and his friends to their adventure (or misadventure) in the wood;—we need scarcely remind the reader that Sir Richard's visit to Ellerton was unusual; and there is nothing to warrant surprise in the fact that, so soon as the business which brought him there was concluded, on that night, he returned immediately to London.

Curts and Spenton, though put to flight and frustrated in their design by the timely interference of Heringford, did not escape to a great distance. The conversation even between Bruton and Edward was all conveyed to their willing ears, and they became aware of the dangerous extent of knowledge which Edward possessed. When the two new friends took horse for London, they were closely followed by Curts, Spenton returning to Ellerton, for purposes of his own hereafter to be developed. The old house mentioned at the close of the last chapter was the property of Spenton. There Curts spent the night after his return; and it was there, too, that Sir Richard Ellerton was in the habit of conferring with Spenton and another ally on his plans of villany. Curts, on the following morning, visited the king among the poor petitioners, with a full and justified expectation of being able to watch his master there, and of hearing more when Edward should be introduced; at least of becoming acquainted with his future intentions: then, resuming his humble stupidity, his feelings of filial affection and domestic fidelity, he took on himself his old name of Philip, and returned from his father's dying bed to wait on his beloved master. The reader having been made acquainted with his subsequent performances, we now resume our narrative.

It was before sunrise on the following morning that Edward's broken sleep was ended, and he arose to prepare for the early march. A more warlike costume had been provided for him by his friend, who now saw him transformed from the village archer to the mail-clad man-at-arms. A light steel helmet and waving plume, a glittering breast-plate, with all the necessary weapons and appurtenances of war, formed his equipment; and he bore himself in his new character as though it had rested upon him from his birth.

"Good morrow, Heringford," said Bruton, when they met; "suddenly transformed, and much, I think, for the better. Thy maiden arms will soon be tested."

"The time cannot come too quickly," replied Edward; "I am all eagerness to win my first laurels."

"There is little fear that thou wilt lose them," replied Bruton; "but I have not yet told thee of thy duties. I have given thee the command over a score of mine own men, to use on what service thou shalt please. I have no doubt of thy courage, and the fewer the company the more chance is there that ye distinguish yourselves."

Edward pressed his benefactor's hand in silent gratitude.

In the courtyard the troop was assembled, to the number of about seventy men-at-arms and an hundred archers. Edward's band of twenty mounted warriors, bright in their steel, stood apart from the others. Bruton had given to the little company a banner of its own, of plain white silk; and each man, selected from the rest as best and bravest, instead of the badge borne by the retainers of Bruton, wore, embroidered on his shoulders, a white shield without arms or quartering, while, in the colour of their trappings and other minor points, Edward's band was further distinguished from the rest.

"Thou seest, Edward," said Bruton, as they entered the court, and were greeted by a shout of welcome, "thou seest there thy men: let that white banner, emblem of thy fresh, unproven courage, meet never with disgrace! The white shield be thy badge, and mayst thou soon earn something worthy to be placed within it."

Edward warmly poured forth his thanks, expressed a hurried promise that he would not abuse the trust, and mounting the steed with which he had been provided, as his friend gave the word to march, followed with him in the rear of the gay procession.

The sun had scarcely risen as they set out upon their journey, and although the appearance of the sky gave promise of a sultry day, the breeze was at that hour cool and refreshing. High swelled each bosom as the trumpet's clang ushered them forth on their glorious expedition. The fierce war-horses pranced and neighed, fired with an eagerness scarcely inferior to that of their riders; the banners fluttered in the wind, the plumes floated proudly upon it; lances and helmets glittered in the morning sun, while the gallant band journeyed onward, as a bright tributary streamlet flows gaily on to swell the waters of the mighty torrent.

Edward spoke with pride of his little company.

"Thou mayst well be proud of them," said Bruton; "they are chosen men and true; but there is one among them whose presence may perhaps displease."

"Which may that one be?" asked Edward.

"My servant, Philip."

"Curts!"

"Him thou wouldst christen Curts. He heard of thy suspicions, and wept to think that he should have been so much mistrusted. He entreated that he might serve in thy band, and prove, by his fidelity, how greatly thou wert mistaken. Knowing the man's

honesty, I could not easily refuse; but, if thou wilt, his place shall be supplied by another."

"Let him remain," said Edward, proudly; "be he true or false, my eye is still upon him."

As day advanced, the heat increased; and it was after a tedious journey that, towards evening, the party arrived at Southampton. The army of Henry, which was to embark on the following day, was now quartered through the town, or encamped in the country around; and, on the blue waters beyond, floated the ships that were to convey to France all these preparations. Straggling knots of soldiery continually met the travellers, strolling away their leisure time; while, ever and anon, the sound of trumpet and clarion announced that some new band had arrived, like their own, to be added to the main army.

It had been arranged, by order of the king, that Edward should serve among the forces entrusted to the Duke of Clarence, while Bruton remained near the royal person. Now, therefore, the friends separated, and Edward rode with his own men to that part of the camp, situated by the sea side, allotted to his division of the army. There arrived, and having refreshed themselves after the fatiguing march, the band dispersed, each man to such occupation as might suit him best.

Once more alone,—alone, though surrounded by the bustle and preparation of war; alone in the midst of a busy throng, for not one of the many faces sought his gaze; by not one was he known or cared for,—alone, therefore, Edward bent his steps to the sea shore, and there, seating himself on the rough beach, rested his head on his arm, and gave himself up to his own meditations. They were calm: the prolonged rattle of the receding tide on the pebbles, and the burst of each new wave, as it was dashed on the shore, fell like music on his ear, and lulled his mind to a soft repose. The masts of the English fleet in the haven were seen without emotion: it appeared as though nothing could disturb the peace that possessed his soul. He thought of the vast ocean that had, for ages, lashed that beach: in tempest and hurricane, in sunshine and in calm, its raging or its placid waters had ever remained the same. He, too, had known the calm of life; he had lately experienced its storms;—but he felt that a day would come when, as he now looked back on the changes of the ruffled sea, so also should he contemplate, with equal placidity, the vicissitudes of the present time.

The sun had set; the glorious colours it had occasioned were rapidly fading away; but Edward still remained in the same position. The moon rose; and its pure silver shine, replacing the former glitter, danced on the surface of the waters.

Edward was not conscious that a stranger had seated himself beside him, until, accidentally looking round, he beheld Andrew Westrill.

"Good even, Master Heringford," said he; "art dreaming of glory and France, or of thy lady love?"

The tones were half friendly, half sarcastic; their hypocrisy was hateful to Edward's ear, and he made no reply.

"I wish thee good fortune in France," continued Westrill.

"Dost thou go with us?" asked Edward.

Andrew laughed. "No," said he, "I leave the French business to my friends. I have matter to detain me in England. When thou return'st, to hear what I have done will be news for thee.—When thou returnest!" And he laughed again. Edward guessed his merry thought, and shuddered, as though he had heard the mirth of Satan.

"Villain!" cried Heringford, "I know thy plots, thy wiles, and thy treachery. I fear them not! But, if thy words bode ill to *her*,—if Kate Westrill be, for any cause, subject to thy persecution,—tell me, tell me, dost thou bear her malice? She is thy sister, Andrew! Plot as thou wilt against me, but harm not her unprotected!"

"Truly," cried Westrill, laughing, "to an impassioned lover, every shadow must endanger his lady love!"

"Speak!" cried Heringford, fiercely. "Dost thou meditate ill against thy sister?"

"Far from it," replied Andrew, "unless marriage be an ill. She hath an urgent suitor, and when thou returnest—why so gloomy? Dost not like rivals?"

"His name!" cried Edward.

"If thou desirest to cherish it, and art anxious to pray for him, so do—his name is Spenton!"

Thus speaking, Andrew Westrill hastened rapidly away; and, ere Edward had recovered from the astonishment into which he had been thrown by this new discovery, his retreating form was visible in the moonlight, far beyond the reach of pursuit.

(To be continued.)

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. II. THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

HAVING been engaged during the summer of 183— in a tour through the most interesting portions of the state of New York, we determined, in the autumn of the same year, to visit the northern provinces of the Union; and more especially the picturesque and mountainous district of New Hampshire. The period chosen was, perhaps, the most favourable that could have been selected for the purpose, as vegetation was at its highest point of luxuriance, and the forests had just begun to assume that rich and beautiful variety of tints which so peculiarly characterizes American autumnal scenery. The route, too, which we purposed to pursue was one which almost rivalled the magnificent Hudson in beauty and variety of landscape; and everything seemed to promise a most delightful and gratifying journey.

Nor were our expectations, extravagant as they were, at all disappointed; for, on starting from the little village of Caldwell, on Lake George, we found ourselves at once so surrounded by picturesque scenery, that we were puzzled which way to turn, in order to enjoy the highest degree of gratification. The limited size of the lake gives it an advantage which is rarely to be found in bodies of water of this description; for in no position does the voyager lose sight of both the shores; a circumstance which of course doubles his enjoyment, by presenting him at one view with two landscapes, generally of the most opposite character; the one side being, in many cases, an undulated and richly wooded plain, while the other margin is bordered by high and inaccessible cliffs, jutting out in every variety of form, and often assuming shapes which bear a singular resemblance to natural objects. This compactness, however, (if I may so call it,) in the degree in which it here exists, though favourable to beauty, detracts, in some degree, from the sublimity of the scene; for the expanse of water being still of considerable breadth, and not closely hemmed in, like the Hudson, by the surrounding hills, has not that romantic air of solitude which forms one of the chief charms of the highlands of that lovely river. Still the scenery is beautiful in the extreme; and

we were well rewarded for our exposure to the burning rays of the sun, which shone with a fervour unmitigated by the slightest breath of air, by the delight which we experienced from the ever-changing variety of landscape.

At the head of the Lake, or rather at the mouth of the strait which connects it with Lake Champlain, are the ruins of Fort Ticonderaga, a fortress once of considerable strength, though now in a state of ruin and decay. The only parts remaining perfect are the magazine and a portion of a subterraneous passage, which formerly extended from the fort to the shore of the lake; but this has become so blocked up by the falling-in of small portions of the arch, that I was unable to penetrate it beyond about a hundred yards. The grey and moss-covered ruins, which still remain of the upper works, present an interesting appearance from the Lake, and are rendered doubly welcome by the rarity of ruins of any kind in the United States. It is doubtful, however, whether these will not soon be pulled down, to make room for some saw mill, or other outlet for the busy spirit of the New Englanders.

After a short land journey of three or four miles, we re-embarked in a steamer on Lake Champlain, which, though it will not compare with Lake George for romantic beauty of scenery, is not without attraction to the lover of the picturesque. We should, doubtless, have enjoyed it more, had we reversed the order of our progress, and visited it before its more favoured neighbour. We slept at Burlington, a small town at the head of the lake, and were quite prepared, on the next day, to undertake our long and fatiguing journey through a portion of the country which has less reason than any other to boast of the perfection of its roads, or the excellence of its travelling arrangements.

We were now, for the first time, in New England; and so much does this section of the Union differ from all others, that we found much to remark in the various peculiarities by which we found ourselves surrounded. Among these, however, the most striking was the appearance and character of the people, and this, consequently, claimed our earliest attention and notice. Compared with the Englishman, even the inhabitant of the southern and middle states is cold and careworn in his aspect; but, when contrasted with the Yankee (as the native of New England is generally denominated), he seems the picture of joy and contentment itself. The lines of the New Englander's forehead are more deeply indented; there is less softness and roundness in the outlines of his features,

and far less of warmth or feeling in his eye, than characterizes the inhabitant of any other portion of the globe. No trace of social enjoyment is ever to be distinguished in his furrowed countenance; and it is hardly possible to believe, when looking upon the contracted brow, the quick anxious eye, and the pale countenance of a New England farmer, that one is not regarding a student whose midnight oil has been expended in toilsome research, rather than a free and independent cultivator of the soil; so entirely is the fresh and good-humoured expression of the farmer absent. We may admire the boldness of his speculations, the enterprise of his character, and the depth of his commercial acumen; but beyond this we cannot go. In his social character he is blameless; but he is a being whom we cannot love, for his whole time is so continually absorbed in his mercantile pursuits, as to leave no time for the innocent pleasures of life, or for those refined enjoyments of social intercourse which expand the heart and raise the intellect to the highest level. His whole life is spent in the pursuit of a phantom, which generally eludes his grasp; but which, when he succeeds in capturing it, proves of little real benefit to him. An observant traveller (Capt. Hamilton) has remarked, that "Nature, in forming a Yankee, seems to have given him double brains and half heart;" and never, perhaps, was a description of character so accurately conveyed in as few words.

Among the fair sex, too, the difference is equally perceptible, though, if we except a slight additional degree of coldness of manner, it is rather in appearance than in character. The New England ladies are thinner and more delicate than their southern sisters, and possess more of that deadly paleness which neutralizes so much the effect of beautiful features. As wives and mothers, however, their character is unblemished; and it is only to be regretted that the men do not resemble them more in mental qualifications.

There were other novelties, however, of a more gratifying nature, and among these we noticed many objects of cultivation which are but rarely seen in any other part of the United States. The buck-wheat, one of the principal articles of food among the people, presents a very peculiar and pretty appearance in the field, especially when the whole crop has not been planted at once, but in portions, at short intervals of time, as then all the beauties of the different stages of the plant are seen at a single glance. The stalk, which rises about ten inches from the ground, is bright red,

the flowers small and white, and the berries black; and these intermingled with, and relieved by, the rich green of the leaves, produce a very pleasing effect.

But I must hurry over the intermediate ground, or the White Mountains will long remain in the dim haze of distance, and my reader's patience will tire ere we shall have well reached their base; yet there is one feature of the scene which must be noticed, as the most gorgeous and beautiful of the whole; I mean the rich variety of the foliage, which was just beginning to assume those resplendent hues which have been so often mentioned as adding indescribably to the richness of the autumnal scenery. The road along which we travelled afforded ample opportunities of viewing these in their fullest perfection; and never can I forget the indescribably magnificent aspect of the woods, strewed over, as it were, with the most brilliant gems—the topaz, the carbuncle, and the ruby—in every shade of their respective hues: and we were almost constrained to imagine that the days of the genii had returned, and that we were wandering in the enchanted cavern of Aladdin, amid the gem-bearing arbours of the Arabian tale. In some spots the scarlet was of the intensest and most vivid hue, and in others it gradually softened into a deep and sombre red; while the various shades of yellows, from the light and golden tint, to the rich and resplendent orange, combined with it, and the whole set off against the still lovely green of the surrounding woods, formed a picture which sets language at defiance; and in the description of which, the warmest and most glowing terms appear cold, when compared with the gorgeous and magnificent reality. Imagine such a scene as this continuing over a range of hills many miles in extent, and on every side, and some slight idea may be obtained of an autumn in the American woods.

As the shades of evening began to gather in, we found ourselves in close proximity to the White Mountains, the most imposing range of hills east of the Alleghanies; and indeed the only ones of any consequence in this part of the continent. During the whole day they had been in sight, but it was not until we came close to them that we could perceive their magnitude or beauty. Unlike the generality of American hills, these are entirely destitute of verdure, a circumstance which adds greatly to their sublimity; and is more in harmony with their proportions than would be the soft and brilliant verdure with which the surrounding country is so thickly clothed. We had hoped to have been able to traverse the

pass through these hills (which is most unpoetically denominated the Notch) by daylight; but in this we were disappointed; for it was near midnight ere we emerged from the narrow and circuitous ravine.

About half way through, a spot was pointed out to me which is rendered memorable by having been the site of a most melancholy occurrence, but one which is by no means uncommon in these mountainous regions:—The family of a New England farmer had taken up their abode at a small, though neat cottage, on the side of one of the loftiest of the range of hills; a situation so evidently perilous, that one is inclined to wonder that any one should have selected it as a place of permanent residence; but, notwithstanding the apparent danger of the position, years rolled on without the occurrence of any accident; and, lulled by this impunity, they relaxed their previous vigilance, and paid less attention to the indications which the mountain presented than before. At length, on a dark and stormy night, in the month of October, 1824, when the rain was descending in torrents, and all nature was disturbed by the violence of the storm, a steady, rumbling noise, on the mountain above, varied by an occasional crash, excited their fears to the utmost, and, in a luckless moment, they determined to leave the house. Scarcely had they proceeded fifty yards, when the avalanche of rolling stones (for such it really was) reached the base of the hill, and dividing at some obstacle above the cottage, passed around it in two channels, but uniting again below, it flew on in a single torrent, which swept everything before it, and involved in the general ruin the unhappy inmates of the house which it had spared. Their bodies were found the next day some distance below, torn and mangled by the torrent. The house still remains the picture of desolation, and a sad memorial of the disaster which it so narrowly escaped; while the whole of the surrounding land, once in a high state of cultivation, has been torn up and scattered by the storm, and is now no longer valuable for any agricultural purposes, even should any one be found mad enough to settle in the spot after so melancholy a warning of the danger of the situation.

Nor is this the only avalanche with which the pass has been visited, for the furrowed faces of the hills on both sides bear ample testimony to the violence of these mountain tempests. Happily, however, no other case has occurred involving the sacrifice of human life; for the farmers who have since settled in the vicinity have taken warning by the fate of their predecessors, and

there are now no inhabitants throughout the whole Notch, which extends for about five miles in length.

The mountains once passed, we proceeded rapidly on our way, and about two A.M. reached Conway, a town of small importance, and, to judge by its appearance, of little wealth. Having slept there for a short time, on the floor, (for the beds were far from being inviting enough to tempt us to enter them,) we resumed our journey, and, after a pleasant ride of two days, reached Boston, the metropolis of the New England States; the hoary peaks of the White Mountains continuing in sight almost up to the time of our entering the city.

(It is but fair to state, that a residence of some weeks in Boston convinced me that among the higher and more cultivated classes of New England society may be found many favourable exceptions to the description which I have given of the Yankee character; but with regard to the general mass of the inhabitants, including the second-rate merchants, I have never, during a long *séjour* in that part of the United States, seen any reason to change my opinion.)

Δ

HIDDEN MELODY.

In sacred grove or haunted ground,
Where Nature's hand hath cast around
Her spells of soft entrancing might,
To glad our charmed and eager sight;—
Where placid waters calmly stream
Beneath the moonlight's silvery gleam,
And fragrant breezes o'er us pour
The odours of each opening flower,
While plaintive songsters warble nigh,
And mountain rills are gushing by—
How oft, in scenes like this, we feel
A melody of thought all gently o'er us steal!

And if perchance, from ancient fane,
The breeze should waft some holy strain,
The vesper-hymn or voice of prayer
Ascending on the midnight air,—
Oh! who can tell the blissful calm
Which gently falls, like dews of balm,
O'er every sense, o'er every thought,
With still and solemn rapture fraught!

Yet think not that in grove or dell
The voice of song alone may dwell;—
Bind not her high and glorious power
By music-bearing gales, bright streams, or midnight hour!

No! deem not that to things of earth
That heavenly minstrelsy owes birth;
Deem not its soul and spirit fled
Because the things of earth are dead.
It has a charmed and hallowed life,
Untouched by care, or grief, or strife;
A glory bright that never fades
In Sorrow's darkest gloomiest shades.
Ev'n as we tread the haunts of men
Its holy voice is with us then—
That magic spell which e'en in death
Blends with a strain of Heaven the good man's parting breath.

This power have they to whom 'tis given
To walk on earth as meet for heaven;
Whose common path is daily strown
With odorous flowers in Eden grown;
To whom each breath from earthly skies
Is sweet as gales from Paradise.
In every stone they find a gem
Meet for an angel's diadem;
In every breeze they hear a strain,
An angel's harp might not disdain;
In all they see around on earth,
They trace some mystic signs of their diviner birth.

E. H. P.

PETRARCH.—Sonnet 228.

Oh, fairest lineaments! sweet glance divine!
High bearing, graceful in thine own disdain!
Words that the coarse and brutal could restrain,
And to high courage the base heart incline!
Sweet smile, whence flew the dart through which I pine
Only for death, and nought besides would gain!
High spirit, worthiest with kings to reign!
If better times, bright visitant, were thine,
Thee must I burn for, and in thee must breathe;
For, thine alone I liv'd, and, losing thee,
Calamity can bring no sharper wound;
With hope and love my heart thou didst inwreathe,
When paus'd the dearest joy life granted me
Whose words the winds dispers'd, an empty sound.

C. C.

AN APOTHECARY'S NOTE BOOK.

"Trifles make the sum of human things."

There are few persons acting their parts in the great theatre of life who have more frequent opportunities of witnessing the various scenes of interest which occasionally agitate the monotonous routine of private life, constituting indeed the several eras of a family, than the general practitioner of medicine. The incidents are often trivial in themselves, and, by many, might be passed over unheeded; they are often distressing, and, by many, might be shunned. Pictures of misery and wretchedness he is fated to behold; tales of woe, the tears of the orphan, and the lamentations of the widow, are frequent greetings. His person, nay, his very name, is often associated with sorrow. He may be seen only when sickness, wounds, or death destroys some valued member of a little circle; a lengthened period may elapse ere his visits are renewed, and then, what painful associations, what sickening recollections, are occasioned by his presence; tears that had long been dried are wept again, and griefs almost forgotten bleed afresh.

It may be asked, how can scenes of affliction interest one, the very nature of whose vocation tends to steel his heart against them? Such scenes are beheld too often; the shriek of agony, and the moan of the dying, are too familiar to be felt or noticed. Oh no! though the surface of the character may be somewhat hardened by their frequent recurrence, though chilled, it is not frozen; his stern countenance may remain unchanged, but it is not heartlessness. He *can* participate in the sorrow he witnesses; he can condole sincerely; he can pity the anguish of the dying. The cry of wretchedness *is* heard; and to staunch the tears of affliction, and bind up the wounded spirit, he breathes the words of solace earnestly. And so can he partake in the happiness he has been instrumental in effecting. How gladly does he behold the returning bloom of health in a case he had deemed hopeless! With what joy he sees the ailing form of beauty restored to the native vigour and freshness of youth! A husband raised from the couch of sickness, in whose life the hopes and fears of a family are centred! As it is his business, so it is his delight, to combat

disease; and, through Providence, chase the fell destroyer, Death, from the habitations of man, and prolong for a little while the brief period of human existence.

I was always fond of observing, and have recorded the various little events which have come before me in the practice of my profession; they may not entertain so much as the love stories, the tales of romantic passion, and mere fictions of novelists and poets; but, gentle reader, if you regard with pleasure the simple incidents of private life, an Apothecary's Notes may not be entirely destitute of interest.

EDWARD MAURICE.

'Twas a fine evening in the beginning of June, the beautiful face of nature was lit up by the parting beams of the setting sun, and already had a grateful breeze dispelled the heat of noon and brought a refreshing coolness to the earth. My friend L—— had dined with me that day, and we were carelessly conversing, in the full enjoyment of a leisure which those only who are occupied by active pursuits requiring long-continued mental and corporeal exertion know fully how to appreciate. The extensive landscape spread richly before us,

> "Graceful with hills and dales, and lofty woods,"

adorned with all the variety of the time of year, and enlivened by the bright colours of the vegetable kingdom, exulting in its prime, doubtless conduced, in an especial manner, to heighten the pleasurable feeling.

But it is the greatest annoyance incident to our profession, that we are at all times subject to the beck and call of the public; the moments we would dedicate to quietness and retirement, the leisure we would call our own, may be unexpectedly wrested from us by the necessity, often by the caprice of a patient. When can we say we may rest securely—that the day is finished?

We were suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of the servant with a note. It was from the wife of a patient, requesting an immediate visit. The unfortunate individual was known to my friend, and but a short time before I had spoken of his illness.

* * * * *

"Poor Maurice!" I exclaimed, after reading it.

"Is he worse?" inquired L——, hearing my melancholy tone.

"Yes," I replied; "he cannot survive much longer; a few days, or a few hours, perhaps, will terminate his existence here; and his wife and children—"

"You intend seeing him," interrupted my friend; "I will accompany you.—Poor fellow!" he exclaimed, musing; "I never thought he was so ill—and badly off too. We must go at once, you see, doctor. We may be of some service to him yet—medicine, doctor—we mustn't let him die."

I shook my head. Medicine had long ceased to relieve him. During my friend's brief and hurried speech, he had risen, and already prepared to go. I was willing to humour his benevolent haste, and we started. Although convinced that, in my professional capacity, I could be of no further service, I was not without hope that the visit of my friend would be attended with some advantage. I had, in previous instances, beheld the superior efficacy of his treatment.

L—— had traded largely and successfully; his honest efforts had been well rewarded—he was rich. But if he valued riches, it was only as they afforded him the means of benefiting his fellow-creatures; for his benign and excellent disposition was ever urging him to do good. Indeed, he seemed to live but for that purpose. "'Twas his delight," as he once told me; "'twas his hobby, to help his neighbours out of scrapes." Often have I regarded him as a ministering angel on the earth; a visible instrument in the hands of Heaven to distribute the Divine favours amongst mankind. Benedictions and happy faces everywhere attended his footsteps; for he was (like Job of old) the father of the poor; and his bounty was dealt freely and unostentatiously.

There is a class of suffering poor who, as the saying goes, "have seen brighter days;" persons who, by improvidence or misfortune, have been reduced from circumstances of affluence to destitution: these are not only too proud to ask, but they would even spurn relief, did they see the hand which proffered it; and these have often had to bless the generous unknown who supplied so liberally, so constantly, yet so mysteriously, their every want. And if the kind being was sometimes discovered, the manner in which assistance had been conveyed, was usually sufficient to reconcile the most scrupulous. And though my friend always aimed at secresy, nevertheless he made himself known on exigencies, or when any good purpose could be answered by so doing; for L—— was well versed in Scripture; and if we read, "Let not

thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," he was aware it is also written, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

We walked on silently, and a few more paces brought us within sight of my patient's cottage; humble enough in its appearance, yet there was a pleasing rural look, a neatness and superior order in its arrangements, one would hardly have expected to find in its secluded situation.

Edward Maurice was the only son of a wealthy merchant. He had married an elegant and accomplished girl: she had no fortune, it is true; but he was in expectation of an ample one. Their passion was mutual, enthusiastic, and romantic; and their sum of happiness seemed complete. They had set out with the fairest prospect, on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage. It was, however, too bright to last; yet little did they anticipate that the pleasures then surrounding them should quickly vanish, or that their glittering path was to be darkly shadowed by a wayward fate. And when the joys of life are drunk so pure, the bitter cup of misery likewise comes unmixed; and the draught, more bitter by the contrast, will be loathed the more.

His father had embarked his property in large speculations, when a quick succession of disasters swept it from him. He died soon after, leaving his son pennyless. And thus, in a moment, were dissipated all the schemes he had formed of future happiness, anticipating almost boundless wealth. Edward retired, half broken-hearted, with his wife, to a distance from his native place; for his proud spirit could not brook the many galling mortifications which accompanied his altered state; the haughty bearing, the merciless neglect, of those whom he had called his equals, and who professed to be his friends: and these were many; for he had moved conspicuously in the highest sphere of fashionable life.

'Twas this misfortune brought him to the town of A——, where he had obtained a situation in a mercantile house, the proceeds of which, with a trifle he contrived to save from the wreck of his father's property, served him to live respectably in the retirement he sought. His wife had sustained this overwhelming reverse in their circumstances with the greatest fortitude: she had been throughout his comfort and support; she had shared with him the cares of adversity; and, by a moderated and well-timed flow of spirits, lightened the humiliation of poverty, and cheered him to retrieve his fallen fortune.

When they had been settled some little time in their new station, they had two children, and these were constant causes of joy to the fond couple; new links, as it were, binding their faithful hearts closer, if possible; common objects of labour and affection, rendering their union more sacred and indissoluble. For a few years, they again seemed happy;—

> "Yet we, alas! have never seen
> One glimpse of Pleasure's ray;
> But still there came some cloud between,
> And chas'd it all away."

Maurice appeared ailing; he absented himself occasionally from business; excessive lassitude incapacitated him; the slightest exertion became burthensome; a short, dry cough teazed him; his large dark eyes assumed an unearthly brightness; and his countenance, although it seemed to wear the hue of health, had lost its fulness. His wife watched with anxiety his altered looks and sad emaciation. I was consulted; and there was no difficulty in recognising incipient phthisis. He became irritable, his weakness increased daily, and, at length, he took entirely to his bed. I continued my visits; they were consoling, and I could, at times, alleviate the most distressing symptoms of his malady. He appeared reconciled to die, and often told me he had but one sorrow—his family would be left destitute. It is true, he had insured his life for a sum that would have made them comparatively well off, but for some years he had been unable to keep up his payments; his wife's friends were not in a situation to assist her; he knew no one to whom he could commend them: and the insupportable thought, that his wife and children would be friendless—would want, perhaps, the necessaries of life, visibly hastened the progress of his disease. I mentioned the case to my friend L——, and found he was not unacquainted with the family or their circumstances; and I doubted not that some benign intention had induced him to accompany me in this visit.

* * * * *

When we entered the room his wife was supporting him in bed; he had been weaker and more faint than usual that day. After a few preliminaries I presented my friend. L—— sat by the bedside, and with the ease and freedom of manner of an old acquaintance, asked after his state of health, and how he then felt; and by

turns addressing his wife, noticed their children, and familiarized himself to the sick man by the many soothing observations with which those who are in the habit of visiting the sick for the motive of christian charity so well know how to intersperse their conversation; and I could not but admire how by such remarks he was delicately paving the way to the more immediate object of his visit.

"Can I do anything for you, my friend?" he at length inquired.

Maurice viewed him for some time silently and with an air of distrust, but the earnest manner in which the question had been proposed inspired him with some degree of confidence.

"Not for myself," he at length replied, (and as I thought somewhat haughtily,) "a short time and all earthly wants will cease with me; but I leave my wife and little ones, and they will be destitute,—cast on the unkind world friendless,—and they are helpless, too,—my boy is young,—they cannot toil,—grief shall henceforth be their lot—poverty and wretchedness—a bitter portion.—Oh! 'tis for them, for them I sorrow. I do not fear to die; if I have rejoiced in this life, I have also drank deeply of its miseries and cares; 'tis but an uneasy resting place, but the grave is dark, its pathways gloomy, and when we think of those we love, the heart *will* fail. I had insured my life," he resumed, "but for a long time I have been unable—I have been unable—to continue it; 'tis misfortune, not imprudence. I should not then have left them in absolute penury."——

He was proceeding in this melancholy unconnected strain, when L—— interrupted him.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my friend; do not despair; you will leave them, indeed, but Heaven will not forsake them; think not they will be desolate; an eye that never sleeps will watch over them, advise, direct them. The Omnipotent hand is laden with good gifts; and, believe me, the choicest he reserves for the distressed."

There was a sincerity in his hurried tone and manner that appeared to console the sick man; and he seemed already more happy.

"On earth I will befriend them; and hark ye, Maurice, it was by chance I heard the insurance of your life had been neglected. I knew your usual prudence, and doubted not you were unable to maintain it; the policy, however, has not become void; rest satisfied; it is secured to your family; the monies have been regularly

paid—nay, nay, 'twas trifling—be happy ; they will not be without means—they will not be poor now." He ceased abruptly.

Maurice rose somewhat in bed and gazed vacantly on him. The unexpected declaration of my friend's benevolence had been too much for him ; his heart seemed overflowing ; he could not speak. But tears at length came to aid him. Yes, tears : it is not in grief alone we weep ; there are tears of rejoicing, and tears of gratitude, and there are many other occasions for tears. In sorrow the spirit may control itself ; expressions of joy are moderated ; but the grateful mind cannot be ruled ; the emotions of thankfulness cannot be suppressed, and, in these moments, even the strong man weeps.

His wife had approached towards my friend ; she knelt and grasped his hand. At the foot of the bed stood her two lovely children, with their innocent faces turned towards each other, wondering what this should mean. I regarded the scene at a distance. L—— was looking on the ground, apparently confused at the silent expressions of gratitude he beheld ; his face was flushed with a pious satisfaction. How I envied his feelings ! He had made the dying man happy ; the heart that beat so sorrowfully he had lightened of its one great care ; " he had delivered the poor man, and the fatherless that had no helper ; he had comforted the heart of the widow."

THE POET.

By Major Calder Campbell.

His heart, by wayward feelings torn,
The Poet—Nature's favourite child—
With hair dishevelled, raiment worn,
Gaze haughty now—now sweet and mild,
Wanders through life, with many a gesture wild.

This hour, with passion proud and wan,
He seeks the shadow—flees the sun ;
The next will find an altered man,
Who to the summer-fields will run,
Nor strive the glad and golden air to shun.

Oh ! ye, who deem ye *spare* your time,
Spend it not in the harsh formation
Of scornful thoughts ;—nor think all crime
The Poet's fanciful creation
Of pictures—drawn from many a veiled sensation !

THE LIFE CUP.

A SPIRIT of light, from his radiant home,
On the distant worlds looked round;
And he said, "Methinks it were well to roam
To the far creation's bound."
So he spread his bright wings, and away he flew,
In a pencil of light his course he drew;
And onwards, still onwards, he swiftly passed,
Till his feet on this vagrant world at last
A place of resting found.

He met an old sage, and cried he, "What cheer,
Call you this the planet Earth?"
Quoth the sage, "I see thou'rt a stranger here;—
Those wings are of heavenly birth!
But come with me to my peaceful cell,
Deep in the shade of yon sylvan dell,
And I'll show thee how mortals,—for such we are,—
Can find in this lonely and distant star,
Both wisdom, and love, and mirth."

Soon to the cell, the hoary sage
With the wandering spirit came;
And his furrowed face, though worn with age,
Now beamed with a jocund flame.
He filled his hand from a clustering vine,
And into a goblet pressed the wine;
"Drink that," he cried; "'twill open thine eyes,
For this is the way that we grow wise,
And cherish our mortal frame."

The spirit took up the sparkling cup,
And its deepest dregs he drained;
And a second draught, and a third, he quaffed,
Till not a drop remained.
"Aha!" he cried, "here indeed is bliss;
The nectar above is nought to this.
Good sooth, sage mortal, thy speech is true;
My bosom is filled with life anew—
With nectar—though long profaned."

The sage again the clusters pressed,
And the purple drops down fell,
Then thus he spake to his shining guest,
Ere he quaffed his boon farewell:—
"Return, return to thy home on high,
Where dwell the bright spirits who never die,
And to them this message, in friendship, give:—
If they wish to know how we mortals live,
Let them visit the sage's cell."

$\mu.\ \alpha.\ \xi.$

SCENES AND SKETCHES.

Old men have generally a propensity, and always a license, to be garrulous. Of this license, gentle reader, I wish to take advantage. For it is my intention to indulge myself for a short space in the privilege of a grey head, and to give way to those thoughts which must arise in one almost alone in a generation which knows him not. A strange desire sometimes seizes me to relate the incidents of my youth, and I feel restless till my mind is unburdened. I experience somewhat of the sensation which troubled the "Ancient Mariner," though I cannot boast his power of fascination, nor his faculty of selecting a patient hearer. My early life took place in one of the most brilliant periods of British history—the age of Burke, Sheridan and Pitt,—and they have left, old—very old—as I am now, an indelible impression on my mind, with a wish to bring before the view of the present generation those glorious deeds and exertions of intellect, which make the puny attempts of their posterity appear like the convulsive efforts of a pigmy to imitate a giant. Men of a past age, who have exceeded the usual term of life, and trespassed, as it were, into the territory of their successors, are wont to think how much their contemporaries surpassed those who have risen up in their place.

And yet, though confessedly a "laudator temporis acti," I could see without envy this age excel my age. My interest in these times is not so great as in those which have passed; but *their* fate and *their* fame have been fixed, whilst the place which this age will find in the opinion of futurity remains yet to be determined. With no anxiety for the past that was mine, I feel that the present generation has some claim on me for instruction and much for information. Though it was my lot to live in the midst of such stirring scenes and events, I mixed but little with the world, and was content with the capacity of a mere observer. Such a state is not without its enjoyments, and even the recollection of them now somewhat atones for the loneliness I feel. But I often grieve that those glorious times have passed away, and perhaps indulge a slight sense of superiority over men of this day from my acquaintance with them. But to do myself justice, such a state of feelings is rare and transient. I can behold this age, if not with pride, at

least with satisfaction; and if I find fault now and then, I shall not be deemed a traitor to my generation, as those who are continually engaged in depreciating their contemporaries, and in setting the lowest value on every thing which characterises the time in which they live. Such eternal complaints are neither profitable nor amusing, except to those who make them; nor are they such as I shall indulge in, though I could do so with more propriety than those who now undertake them. My age was peculiarly the age of orators. Distinguished as England then was for many brilliant speakers, as well as for a number of talented debaters, the study of oratory could not but claim a considerable portion of the thoughts and exertions of aspiring men. I with many others was infected by this desire: being by nature of a dreamy and contemplative mind, I imagined that the days of the Athenian Demosthenes were come again. I studied the orators ancient and modern;—I was indefatigable in my attendance on lectures in elocution, and societies for the practice of speaking. I was noted by my equals in age for the eagerness I always displayed to be heard on any question whatever, and for my uncommon readiness to speak on any subject, prepared or unprepared. In my closet I studied language and composition, and covered with writing as many sheets as it would have done good to an author to behold. Logic and rhetoric too formed part of the system, by which I hoped to make myself the greatest orator the world ever saw. In conversation I never felt easy till engaged in an argument, which I flattered myself I could conduct with great ability; though I must confess that my hearers, and even my antagonists, were sometimes confounded by my subtilty, and wearied by the variety of illustration I displayed. My depth of research and my powers of amplification were enormous, I thought, if people only knew how to appreciate them. If in conversation with a single friend, he was doomed to hear a lengthy disquisition on something which he did not care about;—if in company with many others, I never omitted an opportunity of making a remark, or of using my best common-places to illustrate subjects of which I was completely ignorant. It is true that my volubility of language was great; though I never considered reflection and thought worthy of my notice, but as only intended by nature for the use of those who did not possess the inspiration of oratorical feeling. I had many phrases ready prepared for immediate use, and used to carry a tablet or book in which I noted down on the spot whatever ideas occurred

to me. In short, having fluency, I thought it easy to acquire the other powers of a speaker, and would often quote to those who rallied me about it, the Latin adage—"Nascitur poëta, fit orator."

And here I must do myself the justice to affirm, that however deluded I might have been about my rhetorical capacity, I never considered myself a poet,—a vain imagination which I have found to lay hold of many in the present age. My conduct was peaceable, though my language was sometimes forcible, and even violent. By many young men of my own standing I was much admired and followed; by some pitied; and by a few despised. My reputation adhered to me long, though I never met with success in parliament; and some venerable men who remember the influence I had exerted in our talented society, will shake their heads at the mention of my name, and lament the downfal of the orator's aspirations. When my duties as a member of the senate called me from that scene of my inspirations, I foresaw its ruin—it fell—but it was long supported by my name alone, as we read in history that the war-cry of a fallen leader could restore his retreating soldiers to the combat and to victory. Pardon my protracted description of myself, my passion is an impulse almost unknown in the present age—for the rhetorical delusion is said to be succeeded by the poetical mania. In turning over some of my old papers, I found the following description of the "dêbût" of a young orator, written when I was a member of parliament, and which I shall communicate to you as a specimen:—

THE YOUNG ORATOR'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

I entered the house rather late, just as an able and experienced speaker was bringing out the climax of his concluding sentence. When the applause which followed the speech had subsided, and was dying away into a faint murmur at the lower end of the house, the young orator arose to combat it, without a single friend in the assembly to greet him. At the sound of a new voice, those who were earnestly engaged in conversation stopped short to stare at the man from whom it proceeded, and then seeing nothing remarkable in his appearance, relapsed into the finishing of the interrupted sentence. The few who were interested in the question seemed to listen, at first attentively, and as he proceeded, eagerly, to the arguments he used.

He continued for some time to employ a progressive train of reasoning, even and clear, with occasional illustrations and similes.

His style was lucid though somewhat florid, his words well chosen, and suitable to the method of arguing which he had adopted. One by one a few turned round to listen; some awoke with a confused idea of a pillow being snatched from under their heads; for inferior speeches were in my time the pillows of somnolent members; during the delivery they thought themselves entitled to repose. Many dropped into the little listening circle, because they saw others attentive; the striking imagery he used attracted the more superficial: so that by this time he was addressing a tolerable audience. Gaining confidence from this, he began to animadvert on the speech of his predecessor: and as he attacked it in an able and spirited manner, that gentleman and his party, before supercilious, became suddenly and considerably interested. He proceeded by a calm course of reasoning to overthrow piece by piece the argumentative structure which his antagonist had been so industriously raising: until the solid edifice was levelled, and only the ornaments remained scattered about in cumbrous profusion. Having succeeded in erasing from the minds of his hearers all the impression which his adversary's arguments had made, he burst forth in a strain of sarcasm, as brilliant as unexpected, which pealed through the house and forced the attention of all. His unfortunate opponent looked like one who had imprudently removed the dam of a torrent, and stood expecting to be overwhelmed. The vivid blaze of his satire, which played in every direction, made each speaker fear for himself: and from that display of his powers he ever after received the deference which men always hasten to pay to speakers possessed of such formidable weapons.

Having, as it were, annihilated in turn all his antagonists, and now feeling himself thoroughly excited by his subject, he gave full scope to the impulsive fervour of his mind, and let forth a torrent of declamation, which forcibly laid hold of the feelings of every one of the hearers, and made them subservient to his direction. He had now complete mastery over the minds of his audience—even of the coldest and dullest—each thought as he thought; every one was led, by an irresistible power, to feel as he felt, and to let his affections and passions flow in the direction he pointed out. But, as if unconscious of this, the speaker was entirely absorbed in his subject, and so engrossed in it as to be insensible to the effect he was producing. And when at last he sat down, holding, as it were, the reins of every heart and every understanding in that vast assembly, all seemed released from the skill of the enchanter, which

had held them so long. In the applause and confusion that succeeded, I was not able to learn his name—which afterwards became so familiar to me and to every Englishman.

Such is the fate of an orator: he rises an unknown and unacknowledged man; he sits down one whose powers all are acquainted with, and whose genius all must confess and admire. Strange things are wrought during the flight of a few hours.

ONE FORGOTTEN.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

THE summer time hath passed away, brown Autumn spreads around,
And through the forest withered leaves lie strown along the ground.
Oh! many a silent moral, sad and eloquent, though brief,
The heart may learn, if learn it will, e'en from the withered leaf.

The time hath been when every one that's dead and withered now
Hung fresh and full of lusty life upon the healthful bough;
And, but a chilling blast hath swept the branch whereon it grew,
Yet now how changed its beauty! and how desolate its hue!

And is not this the history of that allotted span
The wisdom of omniscient Heaven hath portioned out to man?
Is not his life as passing all, and every way as brief,
As that the Maker's hand hath given the frail and tender leaf?

E'en Love, that fairest, holiest of every mortal flower,
Let but a blast of envy strike, doth wither in an hour;
E'en Hope, the nurse of every joy, doth sicken into grief,
Beneath the withering hand of time, as doth the autumn leaf.

The brightest wreath the conqueror's brow in gaudy triumph wears,
The common fate of earthly things, for all its glory, shares;
E'en Beauty, Love's idolatry, hath still a reign as brief,
And falls to earth as sadly as the sear and withered leaf.

Then go thou to the forest, where the spoils of Autumn lie,
And mark the red and fallen leaves, as on the ground they die;
Then own there is a moral, sad and eloquent, though brief,
The heart may learn, if learn it will, e'en from the withered leaf.

C. H. H.

EARLY DEATH.

(From the German of Herder.)

EARLY in the morning, a maiden went into the garden to gather a garland of roses. They all stood yet in their buds, closed or half-closed—fragrant chalices for the morning dew. "I will not gather you yet," said the maiden. "The sun shall first open you: then you will shine more beautifully, and your perfume will be stronger."

She came at noon, and saw the beautiful roses corroded by the worm, bowed down, faded and withered by the heat of the sun. The maiden wept for her folly; and the following morning she gathered her garland while it was yet early.

* * * *

God calls his dearest children early from this life, before the hot sunbeam hath scorched them—before the worm hath touched them. The paradise of children is a high degree of blessedness; the most righteous man may not come near it; for his soul hath been stained. PUCK.

THE NIGHT OF THE BURIAL.

WE'VE laid her in the cold church yard,
Beneath a mound of clay;
Loved as she was, we've left her there,
To loathsome worms a prey.

And lo! the mist is on the hill,
The rain is gathering fast,
The evening skies are wild and dark,
And chilly blows the blast.

And now this roof—(for many a year,
In many a storm so wild,
This humble roof hath been a home,
A shelter for my child—)

And now this roof—her father's roof—
Can be her home no more.—
How can I close my house to-night?
How bear to bar my door?

To shut her out, for whom so oft
It gladly opened wide!
To shut her out that was so long
My hope, my joy, my pride!

We safe within these friendly walls,
On beds so soft and warm,
Shall rest, unmindful of the shower,
And sheltered from the storm.

But she is in a cold, damp bed,
And o'er her lonely grave
The driving rain will fiercely beat,
The ruthless whirlwind rave.

While lurid lightnings glare around,
And thunders hoarsely roar,—
How can I close my house to-night?
How bear to bar my door?

But idly, wildly flows my verse;
How vain are thoughts like these!
She heeds no more the driving shower,
The tempest, or the breeze.

In vain for her the spring shall bloom,
The fervid summer glow;
In vain the fruits of autumn smile,
The blasts of winter blow.

Unmindful, in the silent grave,
She lies in peaceful sleep,
While I in this sad world am left
To wander and to weep.

Clarissa!—Thou hast been to me
A blessing from thy birth;
And time, that added to thy years,
Still added to thy worth.

A little lovely babe wert thou,
Within thy mother's arms;
Thy father, with a heart of pride,
Then doated on thy charms.

And still thy form more lovely grew,
Nor less thy mind improved;
Whose eyes beheld thee, all admired;
All hearts that knew thee loved.

And oh! when grief was at my heart,
And care was on my brow,
My truest, kindest comforter,
My fondest friend wert thou.

Nor was thy kindness unconfessed,
Thy fondness unreturned;
Living, how dearly wert thou loved!
And dead, how deeply mourned!

C. VERRAL.

NUGIGERULUS. No. II.

" ——— Resolve,
That column of true majesty in man."

Few qualities are so requisite, in order to pass through life with ease and respect, as decision of character. There is always an involuntary homage paid to it, even if it be unaccompanied by extraordinary talents. He who is deficient in it will often find himself outstripped by those who carry all their metal in their faces and in their lungs, and will have occasion to say, as Lord Byron did of his bodily defect, that howsoever his intellect and acquirements may place him above his fellows, this one failing sinks him far below them. To the accomplishment of great designs it is indispensable: a man of talent may devise well, but if he have not resolution to execute firmly, his designs must fall to the ground. In his plans he will be wavering and irresolute; undecided as to the proper course to adopt; taking up an idea only to lay it down for a fresh one; and breaking off one settled course of action in the middle because another seems preferable. And if such be the conduct of a man in deliberation, what can be expected in action, when so many more things will combine to distract him? Firmness of purpose always gives confidence; but from the irresolute we can look for nothing but distrust in themselves, and a fearful anxiety for consequences. To proceed still farther in the praise of decision: it is a ray which sometimes illuminates the cold and cheerless character of a man who possesses little ability, and the absence of which renders the history of a man of genius a blank. For energy of purpose has many peculiar advantages; it ennobles an otherwise commonplace mind, and gives it an eminence of which all men are conscious. It communicates confidence to those for whom or with whom it acts, and always commands respect as the highest of moral qualities. Decision, says the fable, the child of Zeal, was commissioned, when arrived at maturity, to attend on Genius, as a companion and assistant; Zeal called in Judgment to assist in the education of his child, and to fit him for fellowship with Genius. But these two instructors did not always agree well, and when they were at variance each wished to engage the common pupil on his side; but Zeal generally triumphed,

probably from filial affection on the part of Decision. Grown up under such precarious tuition, Decision entered the service of Genius, whom he often led into error by urging too strongly the precepts of his father. At other times, inculcating the cautious advice of Judgment, he often damped the plans of his master by excessive prudence. He was, nevertheless, on the whole a faithful servant, and indispensable too, which Genius discovered when he had foolishly discharged him for some time, and had led a very wretched life during his absence. It is said that they were intended by Jupiter for one another from their births, and that the size and strength of the one were always proportionate to those of the other. But Genius was not the only one who had a master's claim on Decision: he condescended to aid all, in an underhand manner, who stood in need of his assistance.

But to return to the observations on resolution of character.— The dignity of moral sentiments is perhaps greater than, certainly as great as that of high intellectual exertion. Compare one of the grandest efforts of intellect, that of an orator concentrating, by his eloquence, the affections of a vast multitude, and leading their judgments by the master force of genius, with the moral grandeur displayed in the conduct of a man who dares to withstand the execrations and persecution of a whole people from a sense of duty, or who can hear unshaken the more insidious appeals of affection and interest: compare Demosthenes, inspiring the Athenian people with one sentiment and one passion, with Regulus, resisting the entreaties of his fellow-citizens and family, and then say which spectacle raises the highest ideas of the majesty of man. Surely there is in the worthy exercise of unshaken constancy that which elevates men for a time above themselves, and discloses a faint glimpse of their immortal nature. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge further upon the necessity of firmness in a worldly point of view, for it confers that respect which is always given to consistency though in a bad cause. I will therefore endeavour to illustrate my meaning by the following short tale: —

Eupithes and Sterrus were brought up at the same school, and were close friends and companions, until they separated in the world, each to take his own path. When still young they gave indications of their different dispositions: Eupithes was in talents rather quicker than his friend, but at the same time so fickle and humoursome, that the more persevering Sterrus was enabled to get the start of him. His master acknowledged to his father that

Eupithes was a lad of considerable ability, but that he had one failing which it was of the utmost consequence for him to conquer —that he could never apply to his lessons sufficiently to become a sound scholar or a reflecting man. Whatever he attempted he effected easily, if it were not too long; for his patience was soon exhausted, and he would readily lay hold of any opportunity to change his course of study. Sterrus, on the contrary, steadily adhered to whatever he had once set his thoughts upon; he was never diverted from any deliberate plan except by absolute necessity; and he soon, though young, acquired by this means a habit of patient investigation and a faculty of profound reflection.

In consequence, he was a favourite with his preceptor, who prophesied of him that he would become a man of solid parts and sound judgment; but these qualities, and a habit of expressing his reasons and opinions when he refused anything, did not endear him to his school-fellows; and he was not so much liked as his more yielding companion, Eupithes. The latter would often join in mischief, though he was aware of his fault, from an unfortunate inability to deny a request; and he was perpetually in requisition to write postponed exercises for those on the same form. But Sterrus, when asked to do the same, firmly refused, at the same time expressing his conviction that it was dishonourable and unworthy of them. His weak friend felt the truth of what he said, but was led, by a strange fatality, always to act contrary to his own better judgment. At length, after remaining the usual time at school, their fathers wished their respective sons to choose a profession, or line of life. Sterrus, who had long resolved upon that course, entered a merchant's counting-house, with a determination to work his way in the world; while Eupithes, who had wished himself in every profession under the sun, and who regularly took up a new idea and desire every month, could not reconcile himself to be tied down to one, and desired his parent to decide for him. This, however, would not do; for his father had a notion that every man should, in such a case, consult his own inclination, if he had no particular tie to bind him to one pursuit. After much delay, and much alternation of wishes, he at last entered the Church, on account of a living which had been promised him. He went to the university with good prospects of success, which he spoiled by gaiety, and by being unable to decide, during the time he remained there, whether he should apply himself to the classics or to mathematics.

Alternate gaiety and reading, he found to be a precarious system, and, as his time was drawing to a close, he summoned all the little remnants of firmness he possessed, triumphed for half a year over his constitutional failing, and succeeded beyond his expectations. When almost ready to take orders, he conceived a dislike to the clerical profession, and gave up his prospects in the Church for the sake of a few very slight hopes at the Bar. He entered upon a preparatory course of study for that profession, but was very soon wearied, and willingly relinquished it. He then became author, and distinguished himself by small productions, but could never be induced to finish any large composition, though he commenced many. He could never discover in what style his genius lay; and by attempting so many, and so diverse kinds of writing, he did never excel in any. In fine, had he been a man of decided character, he might have made himself remarkable; but though he had almost every faculty of making himself great, this one defect could counterbalance them all. His friend, on the contrary, became, in time, a flourishing merchant, renowned for his integrity and judgment, and universally respected for his firmness. He proceeded, from step to step, through the highest offices of his city, and was unanimously called upon, by his fellow-citizens, to represent them in the senate. There, by his sound judgment and upright principles, he assisted in the management of affairs, and was entrusted with several important offices; and his character was reverenced at all times for his undeviating rectitude in prosperity, and his steady resolution in dangers and difficulties.

ODE TO PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY, thou power divine,
I bow before thy awful shrine,
To offer thee, however dull,—
(What can I less?)—my votive skull!
While daily converts seek thy throne,
And thy tremendous influence own,
Come, as thyself—a goddess bright,
And captivate our mortal sight.
Thou, goddess, wast in Greece unsung;
For thee no golden lyre was strung.
Offspring of modern days, arise,
Fresh added to the deities!

Thy vot'ries crowd from every place,
With vast importance in their face,
To find for what their minds are fit,
And for a guinea buy a wit.—
They kindly offer, it is said,
Their polls to be examined;
And closely cut or shave their hair,
To find what wit is lurking there.—
Thy temples rise in every street,
So often sought by anxious feet:
Their doors the attractive notice bear—
"Cracked skulls replaced or mended here;"
And heads, arranged in many a row,
A grinning recognition show.
Thy harmless priests, with aspect sage,
Seek our attention to engage:
"Pray enter here," cries one, "and stop
To view the glories of the shop."
A second says, "I, sir, can tell
How Bacon earned his fame so well;
And how Napoleon's glorious head
Is shrunk to nothing now he's dead."
A third, with many a crafty smile,
Exerts a far superior wile.
You raise your hat—"Dear me!" shouts he,
"I never such a head did see!
Sure Bacon was a fool to you—
I know it, and I'll prove it too.
Behold th' aspiring forehead rise,
(Believe me, sir—I tell no lies,)
Causality—(I see it all)—
As large as is a cricket ball;—
Your intellect astounds me quite!
Each rival you must put to flight.
See! the resources of your mind!
Here's power of thought and wit combined!
Comparison—no egg so large—
A forehead broad as any targe:—
A second Buonaparte you'll be,
As sure as one and two make three.
Lo! here!"—but there the speaker paused;
Though what the brief suspension caused
The muse unable is to tell—
To let it rest would be as well.—
And thus the poor unlucky wight,
Unless he takes himself to flight,
Is victimized, and turned about;
And well besmeared with praise, no doubt.

Then hopes on eagles-wings arise,
And raise him to his native skies:—
He sees the prostrate nations fall,
Obedient to his sovereign call;
Visions of glory fill his brain,
And thoughts that long concealed have lain.
Himself (this much must be confest)
He thinks a genius, at the least.
He pays his fee, and glad departs,
And muses, as he goes, by starts;
He walks abroad, with air sublime,
And celebrates himself in rhyme;
And dreams, in his ambitious plight,
Of fame and laurels as his right.
The soft delusion fills his mind,
And raises him above mankind.

Goddess! if such thy doings be,
How much obliged are men to thee!

L. O.

SONG.

I'll be true to thee, love,
While blossoms deck the spring,
While leaves are on the tree, love,
And the larks so sweetly sing:
When the flowers are fled, love,
And snows hang on the tree,
And the lark's sweet song seems dead, love—
I'll be true to thee.

I'll be true to thee, love,
While life is in the prime;
While light at heart and free, love,
We dance away the time:
When life is in the sere, love,
And youth and beauty flee,
And the locks of snow are here, love—
I'll be true to thee.

I'll be true to thee, love,
In every chance and change;
When fortune smiles on me, love,
When frowns her looks estrange;
In triumph, or in sadness,
In anguish, or in glee,
No chance—no change—but madness,
Can make me false to thee.

C. Verral.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

ACT II.—Scene I.

Francis Von Moor *(meditating in his chamber).*

It lasts so long—the life of an old man is an eternity! And now there would be a free, even path, but for this worrying, tough lump of flesh, which, like the magic dog in the ghost-story, blocks up the way to my treasures. Must, then, my designs bow themselves under the iron yoke of *mechanism?* Shall my high-flying spirit let itself be chained to the snail's path of *matter?* A light blown out, that yet glimmers with the last drop of oil—more is it not. And yet I would not willingly have done that myself for the world's sake. I would not willingly have killed him, but that he should have ceased to live. I would do it as a clever physician—not by a cross stroke have wrested nature from her way, but furthered her in her own path. And as we can actually prolong the conditions of life, why should we not also be able to shorten them? Philosophers and doctors teach me how closely the humours of the spirit harmonize with the movements of the *machine.* Gouty sensations are always accompanied by a discordance of the mechanical vibrations. Passions misuse the powers of life—the overladen spirit presses its house to the ground. How now, then? Who may understand how to smooth for death this untrodden path to the castle of life? To destroy the body by the spirit—ha! an original work—who can accomplish it? A work without compare! Think yet, Moor! That were an *art* worthy of thee for its inventor. Have men raised the mixing of poisons almost to the rank of a regular science, and by experiments forced nature to give up her limits, that one can now count the heart's beatings for a year before, and say to the pulse, So far, and no farther?* Who should not also try his wings here?—And now, how must I go to work to disturb this sweet peaceful unity of the soul with the body? What kind of feelings must I choose?

* A woman at Paris, by regularly-performed experiments on poisons, has gone so far, that she can, with tolerable certainty, prophesy the most remote day of death. Fie upon our physicians, who are shamed by this woman in their prognostications!—*Note, in Schiller.*

Which are the most fiercely hostile to the flower of life? *Rage?*—this hungry wolf gorges itself full too quickly. *Care?*—this worm gnaws too slowly. *Grief?*—this viper creeps too idly for me. *Fear?*—hope suffers it not to clutch its victim. What! are these all the executioners of men? Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? *(Thinking,)* How?—how?—What?—No.—Ha! *(starting)* *Horror?*—what cannot *Horror* do? What power hath reason or religion against the ice-cold embraces of this giant? And yet, if he should even stand this storm? Oh! so come thou to my aid, *Misery!* and thou, *Remorse*, hellish Eumenides, burrowing snake, that cheweth the cud of bitterness, eternal destroyer and eternal creator of thy poison! and thou, howling *Self-accusation*, that layest waste thine own house, and woundest thine own mother! And come ye, too, to my help, ye beneficent *Graces*, softly-smiling *Memory!* and thou, with thine overflowing horn of plenty, blooming *Futurity*, hold before him, in your mirror, the joys of heaven, while your flying feet glide from his grasping arms! So I fall, *stroke* upon *stroke*, *storm* upon *storm*, upon this frail life, till at last the troop of furies is closed by—*Despair*. Triumph! triumph! The plan is complete—weighty and skilful as no other—sure—safe: then *(satirically)* the dissector's knife finds no trace of wound or of corrosive poison. *(Determinedly,)* Well then! *(Enter* HERMAN.) Deus ex machina! Herman!

HER. At your service, gracious lord.

FRAN. *(gives him his hand.)* Whom you have proved to be no unthankful one.

HER. I have proofs of it.

FRAN. You shall have more soon—soon, Herman! I have something to say to thee, Herman.

HER. I hear with a thousand ears.

FRAN. I know thee—thou art a determined fellow—a soldier's heart—a hairy man. My father hath much injured thee, Herman.

HER. Devil take me, if I forget it!

FRAN. That is the tone of a man! Revenge well suits a manly breast. You please me, Herman. Take this purse, Herman. It should be heavier if I were first *lord.*

HER. That is my constant wish, gracious sir; I thank you.

FRAN. Truly, Herman? Dost thou wish truly that I were *lord?*—but my father hath the marrow of a lion, and I am the younger son.

HER. I would you were the elder son, and your father had the marrow of a consumptive girl.

FRAN. How would the elder son then reward thee! how he would raise thee into the light, from this ignoble dust that so ill suits thy spirit and nobility! Then shouldest thou, just as thou art there, be covered with gold, and rattle through the streets with four horses—truly that shouldest thou!—But I forget of what I would speak to thee—hast thou already forgotten the Lady of Edelreich, Herman?

HER. Storms! Why do you remind me of that?

FRAN. My brother snatched her away from you.

HER. He shall pay for it.

FRAN. She refused you. I believe he threw you down stairs.

HER. I'll kick him into hell for it.

FRAN. He said it was whispered that you were a left-handed work, and that your father could never look on you without striking on his breast and sighing, God be merciful to me a sinner!

HER. *(wildly.)* Lightning, thunder, and hail! be still!

FRAN. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility by auction, and mend your stockings with its profits.

HER. All the devils! I will scratch his eyes out with my nails.

FRAN. What! are you angry? How can you be angry with him? What harm can you do him? What power hath a rat against a lion? Your rage but sweetens his triumph. You can do nothing but gnash your teeth, and vent your rage upon dry bread.

HER. *(stamping on the ground.)* I will grind him to dust.

FRAN. *(claps him on the shoulder.)* Fie, Herman! Thou art a cavalier. Thou must not let this dishonour rest upon thee; thou must not let the lady go; no, that must thou not do for all the world, Herman! Hail and storms! I would attempt the uttermost if I were in thy place.

HER. I will not rest till I have *him*, and *him* under the ground.

FRAN. Gently, Herman. Come nearer—you shall have Amelia.

HER. That must I, in spite of the devil! that must I.

FRAN. You shall have her, I say, and that from my hand. Come nearer, I say. You know not, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited?

HER. *(coming nearer.)* Impossible! The first word that I have heard of it.

FRAN. Be quiet and hear further. You shall hear more of it another time. Yes, I tell you, eleven months ago, as good as

banished. But already the old man repents the hasty step, which he yet, *(laughing,)* as I hope, hath not done himself. Also, Edelreich daily presses him hard with her reproaches and complaints. Sooner or later, he will seek him in all the four quarters of the world, and good night, Herman, if he finds him. You may very humbly hold the coach door for him as he leads her to the wedding.

HER. I will murder him at the crucifix.

FRAN. The father will soon vacate the lordship for him, and live at rest in his castles. Now has the proud muddle-headed fellow the reins in his hand—now he laughs at his haters and enviers—and I, who would have made thee a great man—I myself, Herman, shall be bowed low before his threshold.

HER. *(hotly.)* No, as my name is Herman, that shall you not! If yet a spark of reason glows in this brain, that shall you not!

FRAN. Will you hinder it? He will let you also, my dear Herman, feel his lash; he will spit in your face, if you meet him in the street, and woe to you then if you shrug your shoulder or twist your mouth! See, so stands it with your wooing for the lady, with your prospects, with your plans.

HER. Tell me, what shall I do?

FRAN. Hear then, Herman. You see that I take your fate to heart as a true friend. Go—dress yourself up—make yourself quite strange—go to the old man—say that you are come straight from Bohemia—had been present with my brother at the battle of Prague—had seen him give up the ghost on the battle-field—

HER. Will they believe me?

FRAN. Oh, leave that to me. Take this packet. Here you will find your commission fully, and documents to boot that would make doubt itself believe. Contrive now only to get out unseen, spring through the back door into the court, thence over the garden wall—the catastrophe of this tragi-comedy leave to me.

HER. And it will be; long live the new lord, Franciscus Von Moor!

FRAN. *(claps him on the back.)* How sly you are! Then, you see, in this way we attain all our ends at once and soon. Amelia gives up her hopes of him—the old man attributes to himself the death of his son—he sickens—a tottering house needs not an earthquake to fall to ruin—he will not survive the news—then am I his only son—Amelia has lost her support—in short, all answers to our wishes—but you must keep to your word.

HER. What say you? *(Exultingly,)* Rather shall the bullet

turn back in its course, and bury itself in the entrails of him who sent it! Depend upon me. Adieu! [*Exit.*

FRAN. *(calling after him.)* The harvest is thine, dear Herman! —When the ox has drawn the corn-waggon into the barn, he must be content with hay. A kitchen-maid for thee, and no Amelia! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Old Moor's Chamber.*

OLD MOOR *sleeping on a couch.* AMELIA.

AMEL. *(coming in gently.)* Softly, softly! he slumbers. *(She stands before him.)* How beautiful, how venerable!—venerable as we paint the holy—no, I cannot be angry with thee! White-locked head, I cannot be angry with thee! Slumber softly, awaken gladly—I alone will go away and suffer.

OLD M. *(dreaming.)* My son! my son! my son!

AMEL. *(takes his hand.)* Hark, hark! his son is in his dreams.

OLD M. Are you there? Are you really there? Ah! how wretched you look! Gaze not on me with that look of agony! I am wretched enough.

AMEL. *(awakens him.)* Look up, dear old man! You only dream. Collect yourself.

OLD M. *(half awake.)* Was he not there? did I not press his hand? Vile Francis! will you tear him even from my dreams?

AMEL. It is Amelia.

OLD M. *(rouses himself.)* Where is he? where? where am I? Are you there, Amelia?

AMEL. How do you feel? You have had a refreshing slumber.

OLD M. I was dreaming of my son. Why have I not dreamed on? Perhaps I might have received pardon from his mouth.

AMEL. Angels bear not anger—he pardons you. *(takes his hand, sorrowfully.)* Father of my Charles! I pardon you.

OLD M. No, my daughter; this death-like colour of thy face condemns the father. Poor girl! I have ruined the joys of thy youth. Oh, curse me not!

AMEL. *(kisses his hand, tenderly.)* Thee?

OLD M. Know you this picture, my daughter?

AMEL. Charles!—

OLD M. Thus he looked, as he entered his sixteenth year. Now he is different.—Oh, it maddens in my heart!—this mildness is unwilling, this smile despair—is it not so, Amelia? It was on his

birthday, decked with jasmine leaves, that you painted him—oh, my daughter! your loves made me so happy.

AMEL. *(her eyes fixed on the picture.)* No, no! it is not him. By Heaven! that is not Charles. Here, here, *(pointing to her heart and her forehead,)* so perfect, so different! The dull colours cannot pourtray the heavenly spirit that reigned in his fiery eye. Away with it!—it is so human! I was a dauber.

OLD M. This kind, warming look—had he been standing by my bed, I should have lived in the midst of death! Never, never should I have died!

AMEL. Never, never would you have died! It would have been a spring, as you would leap from one thought to another and a fairer. This look would have shone to thee beyond the grave! This look would have borne thee beyond the stars!

OLD M. It is hard, it is mournful! I die, and my son Charles is not here—I shall be borne to the tomb, and he will not weep upon my grave.—How sweet it is to be rocked into the sleep of death by the prayer of a son!—that is a soothing lullaby.

AMEL. *(with enthusiasm.)* Yes, sweet, heavenly sweet is it, to be rocked into the sleep of death by the song of the loved one! Perhaps one still dreams on in the grave—a long, eternal, endless dream, of Charles, till the bell of the resurrection sounds—*(starting up)*—and then to his arms for ever.

[*A pause; she takes a lute, and plays.*

Oh, Hector! wilt thou ever from me go
To where the murdering iron biddeth flow
Its purple sacrifice of blood?
Oh! who will then thy little children show
With manly, warlike skill the spear to throw,
When thou art sailing on the Xanthus flood?

OLD M. A beautiful song, my daughter! You must play it to me before I die.

AMEL. It is the parting of Andromache and Hector. Charles and I have often sung it together to the lute. [*Plays.*

My dearest wife! go fetch the deadly lance,
And let me forth to the wild warlike dance;
I bear the destiny of Troy.
Over my child our gods will guard, if I,
My country's saviour, on the field should die;
And we shall meet again in heaven with joy.

Enter DANIEL.

DAN. A man is waiting for you without. He begs to be admitted, as he brings important tidings.

OLD M. There is nothing more in the world important to me —you know it, Amelia. Is it an unfortunate who needs my help? He shall not go hence with sighs.

AMEL. If it be a beggar, let him come up at once.

[*Exit* DANIEL.

OLD M. Amelia, Amelia! my beauteous one!

AMEL. *(plays.)*

Thy warlike tread I hear not in thy hall,
And thy brave sword hangs rusting on the wall,
  And Priam's blooming race shall fade.
Oh! thou wilt go to where there shines no light;
Where the Cocytus weepeth in the night,
  Thy love will die in Lethe's gloomy shade.

When I shall stand on Lethe's gloomy brink,
And on all earthly things shall cease to think,
  Still shall I not thy love forget.
Hark! on the walls I hear the tumult roar;
Gird on my armour! and oh, weep no more!
  My love o'er Lethe's waters lingers yet.

Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN, *disguised*, DANIEL.

FRAN. Here is the man. Dreadful news, he says, await you. Can you hear them?

OLD M. I know but one. Step here, my friend, and spare me not. Give him a cup of wine.

HER. *(in a feigned voice.)* Gracious lord! let it not be reckoned against a poor man, if he against his will should pierce through your heart. I am a stranger in this land, but I know you well—you are the father of Charles von Moor.

OLD M. How know you that?

HER. I knew your son—

AMEL. *(starting up.)* He lives! lives! You know him? Where is he? where? where? [*Rushing out.*

OLD M. You know of my son?

HER. He studied in Leipsic. From thence he travelled, I know not how far. He wandered through the borders of Germany, and, as he told me, with an uncovered head, barefooted, and begging his bread from door to door. Five months afterwards the unhappy war broke out again between Prussia and Austria, and, as he had nothing more to hope in this world, he followed

the roll of Frederic's all-conquering drums into Bohemia. Suffer me, he said to the great Schwerin, to die on the bed of heroes—I have a father no more!

Old M. Look not on me, Amelia!

Her. They gave him a standard. He flew with it against the Austrians on the wings of victory. We chanced to lie together in the same tent. He spoke much of his old father, and of better, by-gone days, and of blighted hopes—the tears stood in our eyes.

Old M. *(hides his face.)* Hush! oh, hush!

Her. Eight days afterwards was the hot battle of Prague. I can tell you, your son behaved like a brave warrior. He did wonders before the eyes of the army. Five regiments were relieved at his side—he stood. Bullets fell right and left—your son stood. A ball shattered his right hand—your son took the standard in his left, and stood.

Amel. *(in rapture.)* Hector, Hector! do you hear it? he stood!

Her. I met him in the evening of the battle sunk down among the whistling bullets; with his left hand he stemmed the spurting blood, the right he had buried in the earth. "Brother!" he called to me, "a murmur runs through the ranks, the general has fallen an hour ago." "He is fallen," I say, "and you"—"Now, who is a brave soldier," he cried, and threw his left hand free, "follows his general!" Soon afterwards he breathed out his great spirit as a hero.

Fran. *(rushing wildly at Herman.)* May death seal thy cursed tongue! Are you come here to give the death-blow to our father? —Father! Amelia! Father!

Her. It was the last wish of my dying comrade. "Take this sword"—the words rattled in his throat—"you shall deliver it to my old father; the blood of his son cleaves to it. Tell him, his curse has driven me into the battle and to death; I have fallen in despair!" His last sigh was "Amelia!"

Amel. *(as if awakened from a swoon.)* His last sigh, "Amelia!"

Old M. *(screaming and tearing his hair.)* My curse has driven him to death! he has fallen in despair!

Fran. *(walking about the room.)* Oh! what have you done, father? My Charles, my brother!

Her. Here is a sword; and here is also a portrait, which he, at the same time, took from his bosom. It is very like this lady. "This shall my brother Francis"—he said.—I know not what he would have said.

FRAN. *(as if astonished.)* To me? Amelia's portrait to me? Charles, Amelia? To me?

AMEL. *(going furiously to Herman.)* Hireling! pander! liar! [*Looks hard at him.*

HER. That am I not, my lady. Look yourself, if it is not your picture—perhaps you yourself gave it to him?

FRAN. By Heaven, Amelia, it is yours! It is really yours!

AMEL. *(gives him back the picture.)* Mine, mine! Oh, heaven and earth!

OLD M. *(shrieking.)* Woe, woe! My curse has driven him to death! he has fallen in despair!

FRAN. And he thought of me in the last heavy hour of departure—of me!—angelic soul!—when already the black banner of death rustled over him—of me!—

OLD M. *(muttering.)* My curse has driven him to death! my son has fallen in despair!

HER. This sorrow I cannot bear. Farewell, old Sir. *(Softly, to Francis.)* Why have you done this, too. [*Exit, quickly.*

AMEL. *(springing after him.)* Stay, stay! What were his last words?

HER. *(calling back.)* His last sigh was, "Amelia!" [*Exit.*

AMEL. His last sigh was, "Amelia!"—No; thou art no deceiver! It is true—true! he is dead—dead—*(she sinks down)*—dead!—Charles is dead!

FRAN. What do I see? What stands there upon the sword, written in blood?—Amelia!

AMEL. By him?

FRAN. Do I see aright, or do I dream? See there are traces of blood: "*Francis, leave not my Amelia!*" Look there, look there! and on the other side: "*Amelia! all-powerful death hath broken thy oath.*"—Do you see now? do you see now? He wrote it with a stiffening hand; he wrote it with his heart's warm blood; he wrote it on the fearful brink of eternity! His flying spirit yet tarried to bind together Francis and Amelia.

AMEL. Sacred Heaven! it is his hand!—He has never loved me! [*Exit, quickly.*

FRAN. *(stamping on the ground.)* Despair! my whole scheme is ruined by this obstinate girl!

OLD M. Woe, woe! Leave me not, my daughter!—Francis, Francis! give me my son again!

FRAN. Who was it that cursed him! Who was it that drove

his son into battle, and to death, and to despair?—Oh! he was an angel! a jewel of heaven! Curses on his murderer! Curses, curses on you yourself!

Old M. *(striking his breast and forehead.)* He was an angel; he was a jewel of heaven. Curses, curses, destruction—curses on myself! I am the father that hath slain his great son. He loved me unto death! To avenge me, he rushed into battle and to death! Monster, monster!

Fran. He is gone; to what end serve late complaints?—*(Laughing scornfully.)*—It is easier to murder, than to make alive. You will never fetch him back from his grave.

Old M. Never, never, never fetch him back from the grave! Gone, lost for ever!—And thou hast prated the curse from my heart; thou—thou—give me my son again!

Fran. Rouse not my anger. I leave you in death!—

Old M. Horror! horror! Give me my son again!

[*Starts from his seat, and seizes Francis by the throat, who flings him back again.*

Fran. Powerless bones! you dare it—die! despair! [*Exit.*

Old M. A thousand curses thunder after thee! Thou hast torn my son from my arms. *(Tossing about on his couch.)* Woe, woe! Despairing; but not to die!—They fly—leave me in death—my good angels fly from me; all holy things shrink from the grey murderer.—Woe! woe! will no one hold my head? will no one unbind my writhing soul? No son? no daughter? no friend?—Men only—will none?—alone—forsaken! Woe, woe! Despairing; but not to die!

Enter Amelia, *weeping.*

Old M. Amelia! messenger of Heaven! Come you to set free my soul?

Amel. *(with a soft tone.)* You have lost a noble son.

Old M. *Murdered*, you would say. Laden with this witness, I step before the judgment-seat of God.

Amel. Not so, sorrowful old man! The heavenly Father hath called him to himself. We should have been too happy in this world.—There, there—beyond the sun—we shall see him again.

Old M. See him again! see him again! Oh, it will pierce through my soul as a sword! If I find him a holy one among the holy—in the midst of heaven will a shudder of hell pass through me! In the sight of the Eternal, the remembrance would crush me: I have murdered my son!

AMEL. Oh, he will smile away the bitter memory from your soul! Be more glad, dear father! I am quite so. Hath he not already sung the name, "Amelia," to heavenly listeners on seraphic harps? and have not the heavenly listeners lisped it lightly after him? His last sigh was, "Amelia!"—will not his first jubilee be, "Amelia?"

OLD M. Heavenly comfort flows from thy lips. He will smile on me, sayest thou? Forgive me: you must stay by me, beloved of my Charles, when I die.

AMEL. To die, is to fly into his arms. Well for you! You are to be envied. Why are these bones not dry? Why are these hairs not grey? Woe upon the powers of youth! Welcome, marrowless old age! nearer to heaven and my Charles.

Enter FRANCIS.

OLD M. Come here, my son! Forgive me, if I was too hard against you. I forgive you all. I would willingly yield up my spirit in peace.

FRAN. Have you wept enough for your son? So far as I see, you have but one.

OLD M. Jacob had twelve sons; but for his Joseph he shed tears of blood.

FRAN. Hum!

OLD M. Go; take the Bible, my daughter, and read me the story of Jacob and Joseph. It has always much moved me; and then I had not been a Jacob.

AMEL. What shall I read you?

[*Takes the Bible, and opens it.*

OLD M. Read me the sorrow of the forsaken, as he found him not among his children—and waited for him in vain, in the circle of his eleven—and his song of mourning, when he thought his Joseph was taken from him for ever.

AMEL. *(reads.)* "And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."—*(Exit Francis, suddenly.)*—"And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast has devoured him: Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces."

OLD M. *(falls back on the pillow.)* "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces!"

AMEL. *(reads.)* "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son—"

OLD M. Leave off, leave off! I am very ill.

AMEL. *(springing up, lets the book fall.)* Help, Heaven! What is that?

OLD M. That is death!—Blackness—swims—before my—eyes. —I pray thee—call the priest—that he may give me—the sacrament.—Where is—my son Francis?

AMEL. He is gone! God have mercy on us!

OLD M. Gone—gone from the bed of death?—And that is all —all—of two children of hope! Thou hast given them—hast taken —them—thy name be—

AMEL. *(with a sudden cry.)* Dead! quite dead! [*Exit.*

FRANCIS *comes in, rejoicing.*

"*Dead!*" they cry "*Dead!*" Now am I lord. It peals through the whole castle, "*Dead!*"—However, perhaps he but sleeps.—Truly, ah truly! that is a sleep, truly, where there will never more be a "Good morning."—Sleep and Death are but twins. We will, for once, change the name. Good: welcome Sleep! we will call thee Death! *(He closes his eyes.)* Who will now come, and dare to challenge me? or tell me to my face, "You are a *villain?*" Away, then, with this wearisome guise of gentleness and virtue! Now shall ye see Francis as he is; and he shall horrify you! My father sugared his demands, gave forth his orders to a family circle, sat kindly smiling at the door, and greeted ye as brothers and children.—My eyebrows shall hang over you like a thunder-cloud; my name shall hover like a threatening comet over these hills; my brow shall be your weather-glass. He stroked and caressed the necks that stiffly rebelled against him.— To stroke and to caress, is not my way. I will dig the toothed spur into your flesh, and try the sharp scourge. Under my rule shall it come so far, that potatoes and small beer shall be a feast for a holiday; and woe to him who meets my eye with a full and ruddy cheek! The paleness of humility and slavish fear is my colour: in this livery will I dress ye! [*Exit.*

(To be continued.)

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1841.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—
CHAP. VIII. France—Harfleur—The Passage of the Ford 163
CHAP. IX. A new Friend, and News from Ellerton—An honourable Embassy 166
CHAP. X. The Minister—Orleans and Burgundy—The Riot . . . 171
RURAL DINING 177
RANDOM SKETCHES, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. III. Washington 179
SONG, INCIDENTAL TO THE SON OF DION 186
THE PATRIOT MAIDEN 187
A ROMANCE OF THE SEA SIDE 189
A FRAGMENT 192
CHURCH MONUMENTS 193
SOMETHING ABOUT A WASP. By MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL 200
LINES WRITTEN AFTER THE PERUSAL OF A MODERN GREEK POEM . . 201
THE ROBBERS; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act II. Scene 3 202

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,
154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1841.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

FRANCE—HARFLEUR—THE PASSAGE OF THE FORD.

The malicious laugh of Andrew Westrill was still ringing in Edward's ears;—to know the extent of his misery, to protect Kate from the threatened danger, he would have ridden at once to Ellerton, but what then could he have done? Worse than powerless, his presence could serve only to add new perils; and Kate was faithful, firm too,—he knew it well,—persecution she might suffer, but not disgrace; persecution that would be doubled if he should return, and, by relinquishing the golden hopes held out to him in his present situation, throw aside every chance he had of an honourable alliance. Decided by such thoughts as these, he remained, with an anxious heart, to follow the course of glory that fortune had pointed out.

Entirely to omit the narrative which follows of Heringford's career in France, would be greatly to obscure the perfect development of our story; yet, since it is only at the close of this career that the more important detail of adventure can take place, we shall endeavour to pass over it with the greatest possible rapidity.

First, however, let us briefly call to mind the state of affairs in France at this period. Let the reader remember, that it was Charles VI. who occupied the throne; Charles the Bien-aimé,

Charles the light-headed. Being, at times, unfit to direct the state, the administration of government had been hotly contested by the dukes of Orleans and Burgundy. The claim of the former, a brother to the king, rested in his propinquity to the throne; that of Burgundy in superior power. The dispute of the rival dukes extending through the country, formed two violent factions. A reconciliation was effected,—a reconciliation in form at least,—for the foes swore friendship before the sacred altar, received in communion the holy sacrament, and knit their pledges with every vow that can bind man to his fellow. Soon after, at the instance of Burgundy, Orleans was assassinated. At this example of foul perfidy, every man in whose soul a sense of honour existed, took the part of the young duke of Orleans, to assist in avenging his murdered father. Burgundy, finding it vain to disavow the crime, threw off the mask, and gloried openly in his iniquity. The young princes of the blood sided with the duke of Orleans; Burgundy was charged before parliament, but awed that body by his power, while the holy council of Constance dared scarcely pronounce against him a feeble decision.

The faction now raged more fiercely than ever. Orleans having married a daughter of the Count d'Armagnac, his partizans were styled Armagnacs, their opponents Burgundians; the king, in his lucid intervals, alternately favouring either side, increased the contest, and he himself was often in the hands of an enraged populace. In Paris, the fraternity of butchers declared for Burgundy; the Armagnacs, to counterbalance these, succeeded in gaining over the fraternity of carpenters: but the mob of the capital was generally Burgundian.

Thus stood matters when the English army poured in upon the distracted country.

On the French coast, having performed those duties of religion which Henry piously exacted, and which all deemed appropriate to a mission sanctioned from above, having also peacefully celebrated the festival of the Assumption, the army, according to preconcerted arrangement, marched against Harfleur. The road lay through orchards and gardens filled with flowers and fruit; the weather was hot, but the measured tramp of the moving host, cheered on each man of which it was composed, and with spirits buoyant with unchecked ardour, they arrived in due time before the town.

Harfleur is situated by the sea-shore, between two hills; a little

river flowing from the country reaches the walls of the town, and winding in part around them, thus affording protection, it enters, passes through, and continues its course into the Seine, which it joins at no great distance.

On one of these hills, Henry ordered his own tent to be pitched, close by a chapel, and here consulted a while on the mode of future proceedings.

The town was to be surrounded. Michael de la Poole, who commanded the last line, occupied the country on one side of the hill, and served to surround a small part of the walls: the rest was under the guidance of the dukes of York and Gloucester, with other noblemen. A portion of the fortification beyond the river yet remained to be opposed, while, to effect this, it was necessary that the river should be passed; the camp beyond being by that means separated from the main force. This duty fell upon the duke of Clarence. The townspeople were all drawn up on the opposite bank to resist his passage, and a fearful struggle was to be expected.

The duke, with those placed under his command, and, among them, Edward Heringford and his band, now advanced to the contested post, and the foremost party plunged into the ford. Bravely and steadily did the men of Harfleur await the shock; at their head d'Estoüteville, with de Guitri and de Gaucourt, urged them to fight for their homes and their country. Words were not needed to spur their courage; the English were forced back, repulsed, into the stream. Again did Clarence himself lead his men through the water, in vain; their position was a disadvantage which no courage could overcome;—hundreds fell; neither party seemed willing to retire; the contested post was too important for either to relinquish. Edward now, with his band of twenty, pressed forward into the fray: he threw himself upon the townspeople, they yielded, returned, pressed on by others behind them, and forced their adversary back.

"For England, ho!" shouted Edward. "For England!" replied his companions; and again they pressed upon the foe, who, once more receding for a moment, again forced back their enemy.

Edward snatched his white banner from him who held it:—"For England, ho!—Follow!" cried he, and galloped with fiery haste, followed by his own men, up the river's banks. "He flies! He flies!" cried a thousand voices.

"Follow!" shouted Edward, and dashed into the stream;—

"For England, ho!—He who fears not to engage with twenty against a host—follow!" and before the enemy were aware of his design, he had reached the opposite bank, at a part where it was unprotected.

Still waving the white banner above his head, and sword in hand, he rushed among the foe, followed closely by his brave friends.

"Victory! victory!—England and victory!" was the shout as the townsmen, thus taken by surprise, fell before their blows.

"England and victory!"—with redoubled force the attack was continued:—the attention of the besieged was called away from the river to the rash antagonist who braved such fearful odds.

"England and victory!—For England, ho!" The rest of the force took up the word as they passed the now ill-protected ford, and joined the fray. The defeat of the townspeople was decided, and they fled, hotly pursued, to the protection of their own walls.

"Victory!" shouted Edward, as the gates closed after the last retreating man;—"Well done, my gallant band, we have earned our first laurels!"

Borne along by the enthusiasm of the moment, the men, in a deafening shout, exalted the name of their young captain. From nineteen voices arose a tribute of loud and honest admiration; the twentieth was not silent, it was the muttered voice of Curts:—"His day will soon be over!"

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A NEW FRIEND, AND NEWS FROM ELLERTON—AN HONOURABLE EMBASSY.

When the king that evening, according to unvaried custom, travelled through the camp, the marks of favour bestowed upon Heringford and his men were proud and gratifying.

"Ye have proved yourselves," said Henry, "brave and true; your good service shall not pass unrewarded. This noble band, while it faithfully follows its young chief, shall never be stranger to glory. We have a mission to be executed, and confide it to the hero of Harfleur; ye will accompany him. Be with us, Edward, after the hour of prayer."

It was within an hour of sunset, when the whole army was to

assemble in prayer around the royal quarters, for Henry scrupulously exacted the performance of religious duties; it was within an hour of sunset, and Edward strolled up the banks of the little river, until he had passed the lines of the camp. Thus as he walked, thinking of his native England, a smart clap on the shoulder recalled him to his senses, and looking round, he beheld an armed soldier.

"Astonished!" cried the intruder, laughing; "verily astonished! Edward hath forgotten me!"

"Have I ever known thee?"

"Steel clothes must indeed work a change if thou know'st not an old friend when he wears them!—Mat Maybird. Dost thou know me now?"

"Pardon my blindness Mat, that I knew thee not before;—right welcome art thou!"

But as our readers, without being blind, have failed in recollecting Mat Maybird, for the simple reason that he hath not yet been introduced in a becoming manner, we take this opportunity of fulfilling in that respect our neglected duty. Mat Maybird was born in Ellerton village, and bred a companion to Edward Heringford. Maybird and Heringford formed, in fact, an inseparable firm; and while the two partners agreed in many respects, in others they were totally dissimilar. Mat was, like Edward, a good marksman, active in body, and bold to a fault:—there the similarity ended. Mat was as merry as any mortal well could be; Edward had much to throw a gloom over his mind. Mat was light-hearted, perhaps light-headed,—thoughtless in the extreme. His ruddy face now beamed with pleasure, as he grasped the hand of his old playmate.

"Thou'rt in advance of me, Heringford," cried he; "mayst live for ever on the credit of this day's deeds. I feared I should not have found thee; and lo!—thou art known all over the camp."

"Thy turn will come next, Mat," replied Edward; "but what brought thee from Ellerton?"

"I started for France the day after thou wert missing. There came an old fellow into the village to collect recruits; I joined him. A singular old fellow is Captain Rantern; thou shalt see him some day;

"And at Ellerton?" asked Edward, — timidly, — "our friends"——

"I see," replied Mat, "thou wouldst have the latest intelli-

gence concerning a certain possessor of one pair of bright blue eyes; hair—"

"A truce to catalogues!"

"What! I thought a true lover had been rejoiced at an enumeration of his lady's charms!"

"No, Mat," replied Edward, "not from thy profane lips."

"As thou wilt!—One day's intelligence is but little: Kate of course is as gloomy as a lady should be whose lover knight hath evanished; but I fear she hath other cause for sorrow, since old Westrill her father is dangerously ill,—without a chance of recovery,—doubtless, by this time, dead."

"Then," cried Heringford, "may just Heaven in its mercy pity and protect the orphan girl!"

"Kate, then," continued Mat Maybird, "will be under her brother's care."

"Mat, as thou lovest me," cried Edward, "distress me not thus! I have sorrow enough without the thought of this!"

Although unable to understand these feelings, Mat was unwilling to pain his friend, and, accordingly, varied his news.—"I met Willie Bats," said he, "as we marched to London; he was returning to Ellerton, as he told me, with the fixed intention of opening a siege against the tender heart of Cicely."

"Is it not already opened?" asked Edward, with an absent smile.

"Opened long since, and the fortress taken by stealth, a circumstance of which neither party seems to be aware. But, Edward,"—

"What wouldst thou, Mat?"

"Old Rantern, I fear, will give me small scope for fun. I must serve in thy band;—nay, no frowns!—so it shall be: I know thou hast permission to enrol whom thou wilt, enrol then me! 'tis as well for thine own interest as mine:—thou hast the pleasure of my advice and company;—I, a captain for whom I don't care."

"A candid commencement!" said Edward, laughing.

"I will not disgrace thee," replied Mat; "place me, therefore, at once on the list. Number twenty-one, Mat Maybird, (best man in the company,)—give me thy muster-roll, I'll put myself down."

As Mat's desire was complied with, the heavy tolling of the chapel bell broke upon the air.

"Let me introduce thee to thy companions," said Edward; "to-morrow we set out on some errand yet unknown."

"I am content!" cried Mat; "if it be to the antipodes, I'll bear thee company: nor fear but that I shall make myself perfectly happy!"

Returning to the camp, and winding between the street-like avenues among the tents, the two friends reached their own quarter. Mat Maybird was soon introduced to his future brethren in arms, and ere the party had reached the spot devoted to prayer, he was familiar with every one among them.

In the service of their church the king and whole English army reverently joined; that ended, they again dispersed to their several duties.

Edward, having conducted his little band beyond the river, prepared to obey the king's order, and repair to the royal tent. Mat Maybird persisted in accompanying him.

"Thou wilt not be admitted to the royal presence," urged Edward.

"No matter," replied Mat, "I can wait for thee outside: but we must not part."

"Thou wilt wait," remarked Edward, "like a dog for his master."

"No vile comparisons, courteous sir; I go to watch over thee as an anxious parent, not to follow thee about like a four-footed beast."

"A precious parent!" cried Edward, laughing; "thou wilt spoil thy child!"

"No, no, Edward, I will be very careful of thee! and here we are at the abode of majesty: at the doors,—but they have none,—at the entrance hole, then, I will await thy return.—Be careful of thyself, my child!"

With a parental pat on the back from his gay companion, Heringford entered the royal tent, and soon stood before the king. Henry was writing at a table, and rose to greet him as he entered.

"Here is thy commission, young friend," said he; "ye must away by daybreak to-morrow, and hasten to Paris; there see the duke of Orleans, and act as these papers advise." Edward took a packet from the king's hand. "Thou wilt find there," continued Henry, "all thou requirest; now farewell, and Heaven prosper thy mission!—Above all, forget not that thou art chosen to represent the army of the British nation."

Heringford made his obeisance, and retired.

On reaching the open air, Edward found that his companion was no longer in waiting, but perceived him, at a short distance, strolling slowly homewards, singing merrily as he went:—

"The soldier's life's ne'er safe, they say:—
What care I! What care I!
I patter my credos every day:—
Then what care I!

"What care I if we be gay:—
What care I! What care I!
'Tis an excellent part we have to play:
And what care I!"

"Ha! my most venerable parent," cried Edward, as he came up to him; "hath thy paternal tenderness already yielded to impatience? Couldst thou desert thy valued charge?"

"Not I," replied Mat: "but there were sentinels enough to watch over thee: they stared sufficiently at thy old father, and when he also had stared to his heart's content at them, he departed in peace, rather than stay until he should be moved to break both the peace and their heads at the same moment."

"Hadst thou done so, O my parent," said Edward, "I should have been compelled to lock thee up: thou wouldst have been whipped for disturbing the camp."

"Thy words, my dear Edward," replied Mat Maybird, "savour, alas! too little of filial affection!—But whither are we bound?"

"For Paris."

"Is that all?"

"Is it not sufficient?"

"Quite so," replied Mat; "only I had made up my mind that at least we should go to some island in the Atlantic Ocean, or to Russia, or"—

"Why," cried Edward, "what should we do there?"

"I know not; but they talk all over the camp so much of thine embassy, that I never dreamt we were going only to Paris!"

"Here is my tent," said Edward, as they reached their quarters, "thou mayst rest with me."—

"Rest!" interrupted Mat; "talkest thou of rest already! I require food; I am hungry:—I have knocked down five Frenchmen to-day; and thou, too, hast done not a little towards earning

an appetite. No rest yet,—we must eat! Which part of this canvass tenement dost call thy pantry?"

By the willing aid of Mat Maybird, a sufficient quantity of supper was speedily disposed of, and consent given by that worthy to retire to rest.

Edward, who had passed a day of fatigue, would have slept without interruption, had he not been constantly disturbed by the snatches of song and conversation, that mingled with the snores of his newly-found friend, whose good-humoured flow of nonsense even sleep was not able to suppress.

Mat was the first to rise in the morning, and, awakening Heringford, pointed out his morning's work: to wit, a plentiful breakfast that he had succeeded in bringing to light. Having demolished the substance of this entirely to his satisfaction, Mat Maybird sallied out to join his comrades, and, Edward soon following, the party started on their expedition.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE MINISTER—ORLEANS AND BURGUNDY—THE RIOT.

The sun had scarcely risen above the orchards that surround Harfleur, when the little troop of horsemen trotted gaily forth: Edward was gay, for he was fulfilling an honourable duty; the men were gay, for they followed one who had already led them to glory; Mat Maybird was gay, for he never was otherwise; even Curts was pleased, for he looked forward to the speedy arrival of some opportunity that would favour his sinister designs. This latter individual had never been in great favour among the retainers of his master's house; he had been universally regarded as a disagreeable, uncompanionable personage, and shunned accordingly. A mighty change seemed now to have been worked in his disposition: he talked, joked, laughed and betted with the men; nay more, he even abstained from contradicting them, which uncommon self-denial sufficiently showed that he was at no ordinary pains to conciliate their favour. Thus journeying, they arrived at Paris, and halted, towards evening, in a paved courtyard, before a large stone mansion, guarded by sentinels and an

iron gate, the palace of the duke of Orleans; and Edward stood shortly to fulfil his mission before the minister and council of France.

The room in which they met was of moderate size, elaborately adorned with architectural devices. The ceiling was painted, and the walls hung with rich drapery, whilst two painted windows, cast in gothic mould, admitted light from without. The floor of the room was thickly carpeted, and in the centre was a long table, around which were seated the first nobles of France, with papers piled before them. The whole scene was lighted by lamps in various parts of the room. At the head of the table sat the duke of Orleans himself, in robes of office; a young man, with a pensive expression, that might be ascribed to the peculiar circumstances of his position. Among the other nobles were the duc de Berri, the dukes of Bourbon and Alençon, the constable d'Albret, the comte d'Eu and of Vendome, with de Gaucourt, one of the brave commanders that had defended the ford at Harfleur, and who had found means to pass the British lines, in order to convey intelligence to the capital; it was in consequence of this intelligence that a meeting of the council was held, and it was to this council that Edward was now introduced.

After formal preliminaries, Heringford proceeded to make known his errand—once more to offer peace to France on the conditions formerly proposed:—the completed payment of king John's ransom-money; the cession of territory; the exorbitant dower of two millions with the princess Katherine; and other demands, that history has recorded.

"Hast thou aught more to say?" asked the duke of Orleans, when Edward had concluded his enumeration.

"But this," replied Heringford; "the English army is now encamped around Harfleur, and that town is devoted to destruction: if ye reject the terms England offers, it will speedily fall. I am commanded to urge the cabinet of France not to be blind to the danger into which this country is plunged. Your dissensions will paralyze every effort that can be made in self-defence; accept, therefore, the terms again so graciously offered, and save the land from being drenched in blood!"

"We know," replied Orleans, "that Harfleur is besieged; but we know not that it is in any danger: we know that an English army is on our shores; but we know not that we are unable to drive it thence, whilst there is yet chivalry in France. Yet, for

that we love not bloodshed, although the terms thou bringest are beyond all power of compliance, we are willing to accede to less exorbitant demands. The dowry required with our fair princess Katherine, whose beauty and virtue need no dower, is beyond precedent; yet will we so far satisfy the avarice of your king as to give with her six hundred thousand crowns. For the lands your monarch asks, we have already told him the rich provinces we will consent to part with:—hadst thou treated for these, there would have been peace between us."

"I am expressly commanded," replied Heringford, "to make known to ye that the king and people of England will not abate of their demands one crown of money, or one acre of barren land."

"Nobles of France!" cried Orleans, rising, "how say ye to this? Shall we part with one half of our fair native country? Shall we yield up our treasures to whatsoever man hath the audacity first to demand them? Shall we acknowledge the claim of this upstart son of an usurper to the throne of France, and buy off the annoyance of his importunity? Proud, hereditary fellow-nobles of France, shall we do this, or resist the march of the intruder? If those we have heard be the only terms of peace, if we are to be ground in the dust for the sake of peace, my voice is first for war!—War, though it ruin our homes and lay waste our lands; war, though we perish in the struggle!—Better so than to live disgraced!"

A murmur of approbation ran through the room.

"Go," continued Orleans, "these are the sentiments of all: tell thy king, that though England may brook an usurper on her throne, France will oppose him: an army will arise here in a few days, animated by every feeling of patriot chivalry, that shall crush, with overpowering strength, the weak force of the invaders."

"With deep sorrow," replied Edward, "will I bear this defiance: yet think not that in calumniating the generous soul of king Henry thou dost him evil service; his character stands too high in the breasts of his countrymen for thy weak words to excite other feeling than contempt."

With a haughty obeisance Edward left the council chamber; but he had not reached the end of the corridor before he heard steps behind, and the duke of Orleans stood beside him.

"Young man," said he, earnestly, "art thou protected?"

"Protected by the honour of France," replied Heringford, with surprise.

"Hast thou no escort here? I would not have thee hurt.—There is, at this moment, a mob of furious Burgundians at my gates, thirsting for the blood of any with whom I hold converse. Hast thou the means of passing them?"

Before Edward could answer they had reached the open air, and he stood, impressed with silence by the scene before him. The clouds that had been collecting since noon, now formed a dark and impenetrable canopy, which shrouded from sight the lights of heaven, rendering the blackness of night yet blacker still. Looking down upon the steps of the palace into the court-yard, Edward saw, beside his own little band, the retainers of the house of Orleans there stationed in imposing numbers, arrayed in the panoply of war; whilst the cause of this measure, the danger against which this was to protect the house, became evident at a glance.

Without the iron gates might be seen in grim perspective a host of angry faces; torches flared in the darkness, with which their black, lurid vapours mingled, and displayed the force and numbers of the furious multitude. Those nearest the gates shook with frantic vehemence the massive bars, and glared, like demons upon their prey, into the quiet court. Upon these others behind pressed wildly forward,—"Paris and Burgundy!" was the shout, responded to by other voices that seemed to extend to the remotest distance. The red light of the torches, as they were waved in the air, displayed the savage and villanous features of these men; their steel pikes reflected the light in a thousand quarters; axes, cleavers, scythes, every temporary means of working out the horrid task of murder, here glistened above the heads of the rioters. As Orleans appeared with Edward on the steps, a loud yell arose from those near enough to distinguish him, and the shout was taken up by their fellows, until it pierced every corner of Paris.

"Shall we scatter these hounds?" inquired Mat Maybird, as Heringford and the duke descended into the court-yard.

"Young man," said Orleans, "I would not have thy noble form another sacrifice to our dissensions. Go not yet forth: the attempt is madness."

"They dare not attack us without breaking the laws of nations."

"Oh, my young friend," replied Orleans, "dost thou think these men will care for the laws of nations, when their leader hath

set his foot upon the laws of honour, of humanity? Canst thou ask reason from the partisans of a secret and wily assassin?—Oh, my dear father," continued he, with the deepest emotion, "thou, alas! hast known the doom of those who trust the false house of Burgundy!"

As he thus recalled to memory the untimely fate of his parent, the young duke paced the little court with hurried and feeble step. Another yell of execration burst from the populace. "These," exclaimed he, suddenly stopping before Edward, "these are sworn friends of the murderer; trust not thyself among them!"

"Shall English hearts," cried Mat Maybird, "sink before the vile scum of Paris!"

Heringford looked at his men; there was determination in every eye; and he made sign that they should prepare to march. "Come not forth for your lives!" cried an Armagnac, who had obtained a station before the gates.

"A traitor, a traitor!" shouted several fierce voices.

"Down with the wretch that dares favour Orleans!" cried another.

* * * *

We pass over in silence the scene of demon-like cruelty that ensued. Heringford stood appalled, and the duke, as the last groan of his unfortunate friend fell moaning piteously upon his ear, turned aside and wept.

Rendered only the more ravenous by this first taste of blood, the crowd of Burgundians redoubled their shouts; and it seemed as though the factious demon of Ambition laughed with boisterous mirth as the yells of his votaries burst upon his delighted ear. Again and again the torches waved, weapons were flourished in the air;—who would have said they were human faces that looked, with the convulsion of every vice, upon the expected victims!

Orleans cast upon Edward an imploring glance, but the confidence of the English troop seemed still unshaken.

"To the gates!" cried Heringford; "mount, comrades, and keep together! Devils as these men are, slay not one without provocation! We thank thee, my lord duke, for thy generous solicitude: reproach not thyself if we fall: our fate is our own seeking."

The men belonging to Orleans were now ranged before the house, in treble file, with pointed pikes, to keep back the press when the barrier that now afforded protection should have been thrown open. The exulting mob formed a semicircle without, to

make room for the heavy gates to swing upon their hinges, and one advanced from within to make loose the fastenings. There was silence on all sides; even the grating of the bolts, as they were withdrawn, could be distinctly heard: then the gates were pulled open by two of the rioters, and the little troop, galloping forward as a close wedge, was soon surrounded by the throng; its course was impeded—stopped.

"Forward! forward!" cried Edward. "Make way, or we strike!"

"Paris and Burgundy!" was the reply from accumulated voices, as their fierce assailants clung around them.

"Strike, comrades! strike!" cried Heringford; "'tis our only hope! Be not separate, as ye value your lives!"

The struggle was fearful: Edward felt that he had yet advanced but a few yards, and the crowd extended for a mile, as dense as it was here. There was no prospect of effecting a passage; death was before them, and, too late, he lamented his precipitation.

"Fall not as cowards!" cried Edward; "we resist to the last!"

A sheet of lightning cast its light upon the wild throng, and loud thunder rolled through the air. Again the black, pitchy air was lightened; again the elemental strife mingled with the unequal mortal contest.

"Charge, charge once more!" cried Edward; "we pierce this throng, or perish in the endeavour!"

"Peace!" cried a loud, commanding voice.

"Paris and Burgundy!"

The glare of the torches disclosed the form of a horseman, and another broad flash from the raging sky exhibited to the incensed multitude their leader—Burgundy himself.

A loud shout rent the air—"Burgundy! Burgundy!"—

"If Paris love Burgundy, make way for these men to reach me!"

A lane was, with difficulty, made through the dense mass, by which Heringford and his comrades, preserved, as they felt, but for the moment, advanced to where the duke's form was discerned in the heavy light.

"Stay here," cried Burgundy, "and perish, or follow me!"

"We follow," replied Heringford.

"Make way! make way! Way for Burgundy!" and speedily room was given for the party to leave the throng.

(To be continued.)

RURAL DINING.

This world has some places they tell us,
Where pleasure is sure to be found,
And so thought a club of "Good Fellows,"
Who met at the "Hog in the Pound."
A regular care-killing set,
With their pipe and their glass and their song;
And though 'twas but *weekly* they met,
They always in numbers were *strong*.
They hated all work and no play,
So they mutually form'd the design
To have a whole day to be jolly and gay,
And to go in the country to dine.

A doubt where to go had arisen,
Till they heard from their friend Mr. Goff,
That there was a relation of his'n
Kept an inn about thirteen miles off.
No stage ever travell'd that way,
But stages they didn't require,
For some kept their own horse and *shay*,
And the others were willing to hire.
All obstacles having now ceased,
Goff wrote his relation a line,
To get a prime feast, for a dozen at least,
Who would go in the country to dine.

They all started off, on the day,
For this inn, although none of 'em knew it,
And it lay so much out of the way,
They all lost their way getting to it.
Tom Wilson had wager'd a bet
That he the place soonest would reach;
He a borrow'd four-wheeler upset,
And turned his friends into a ditch.
Joe Millington managed to drive
About eight miles out of the line;
And 'twas half after five ere they all did arrive
At the inn in the country to dine.

Here they found *lots of room* for complaint,
But *not half room enough* for their horses;
And their hopes of the dinner grew faint
When they heard of its failure and losses;

For though Mr. Goff sent away
Some soles and some salmon from town,
It didn't arrive till next day,
'Cause the errand-cart chanced to break down.
The plates and the saucers were cold;
But 'twas quite the reverse with the wine;
From the ponds, too, the whole of the ducks had been stol'n,
On which they were chiefly to dine.

There was no one provided to wait;
And to show how their comforts were quash'd,
If they wish'd a clean glass or a plate,
They must wait until some could be wash'd.
The dishes were placed on the board
In a manner both awkward and strange,
The spoons *hadn't got any silver*,
And the *knives couldn't get any change.*
The dessert was so bad that they all
Had a strong inclination to *pine*:
But no one disputes they enjoyed all the *fruits*
Of their trip in the country to dine.

There were beautiful walks round about,
Shady bow'rs, and a prime bowling-green;
But before they had time to *set out*
A precious hard rain had *set in.*
Their prospects were not very fine;
For if to hard drinking they set,
Within they had shocking bad wine,
And *without* it was all "*heavy wet.*"
The wine being some of the worst,
They soon grew the worse for the wine;
And says old Mr. Hall, "I'm not pleased at all
With this trip in the country to dine."

'Twas dark ere they started for town,
And the road, as I've said, was a rum 'un;
They were led through blind lanes, up and down,
Till they *found* themselves *lost* on a common.
They'd met with *short commons* all day,
But they got a *long common* that night;
It rain'd very *heavy*—and they
Didn't find their way home till 'twas *light.*
Thus ended their country jaunt;—
Such jaunts may we always decline;
For while we can sit down with our good friends in town,
Who would go to the country to dine?

J. C.

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. III. WASHINGTON.

Scarcely a volume of travels can be found, embracing any portion of the United States, which does not contain some account of the legislative metropolis of the Union; and it may, therefore, seem to some that I have selected a trite and almost exhausted subject for description in the present sketch; but as there is no spot in the Republic where society exhibits so mixed and varied an aspect, so there is none which affords so excellent an opportunity of studying the American character, both physical and mental, as is here enjoyed. As such, then, it may prove an interesting topic, though, as regards the general aspect and characteristics of the place, nothing could seem to afford a less promising subject.

Washington, whether considered as a small provincial town, or, still more, as the legislative capital of so vast a territory as the United States, possesses but few claims to architectural distinction. In the laying out of the intended metropolis, which was designed to rival, if not to surpass, that of the mother country, so confident were the projectors of its future eminence and magnificence, that, having obtained from the adjoining states of Maryland and Virginia a spot of ground ten miles square, and containing therefore a hundred square miles, they planted the capital and other public buildings in the centre, and commenced building towards that point from the outer edges of the territory ceded;—relying confidently on the hope, that, before many years should elapse, so great would be the influx of population and wealth, that their design would be fulfilled, and the whole of the allotted space occupied by mansions of stately magnificence, and busy streets teeming with the industrious population of a commercial seaport.

Even if the site had possessed natural advantages of the highest order, if the beauty of the scenery and the salubrity of the atmosphere had been a tempting allurement to the man of wealth, and its commercial and maritime position had been sufficiently good to induce the merchant and the manufacturer to make it his resort, this hope would have been highly extravagant. But, as the case really stands, it is almost impossible to conceive that men in their senses could ever imagine that a town of any importance could arise in a spot so inappropriated and unsuited in every respect.

Instead of possessing that free and open communication with the ocean which should have been so important an element of choice, Washington is seated at the head of tide water, on the Potomac, a river of little importance, and of so inconsiderable a depth, that no vessels of large size can approach the city. The climate is far from salubrious, being subject, from its central position, to the southern heat in summer, and the northern cold in winter; the scenery is flat and uninteresting, and the soil marshy and quite unfit for cultivation; so that in these respects it has but little to justify its selection. In truth, Washington was never better described than by one of the foreign ambassadors there some time ago, who, when asked his opinion of the place, declared that it was "a city of magnificent distances;" and there is probably no other in the world where the distance to be traversed in every day life is so great, or which has so little the appearance of a large or important town.

In this, as in all American cities, we were compelled to throw ourselves on the tender mercies of the boarding-house keepers, private lodgings being, in common with every kind of privacy, a luxury as yet unknown in all parts of the Union. There is, indeed, scarcely any feature of society in the United States which will be noticed by the foreigner with more reprobation and regret than the practice, so prevalent among all classes, of abandoning domestic delights, to take up their abode in establishments of this nature, which abound in every city, town, and village of the republic. There are, in truth, some rather cogent reasons for such a course, which must be allowed all due weight;—such as the difficulty of procuring good servants, and the still greater trouble of keeping them for any time when once obtained; for repugnance to servitude of any kind is so firmly implanted in the American breast, that those who desire to indulge in the luxury of white domestics are obliged to put up with such of the Irish emigrants as have been rejected for agricultural employment,—a sentence for which very strong grounds must exist in a country where labour is so scarce. The natives, indeed, carry this repugnance to such a ridiculous extent, that I have often, when asking the simple and very natural question, "Is your master at home?" been met with the reply, (delivered in a tone and with a look which sufficiently conveyed the intended rebuke,) "The *boss* is at home;"—this word having been borrowed from the Dutch, in order to avoid the utterance of a phrase to which they have so

virulent a dislike. Every one knows that the New England servants generally rejoice in the title of "help;" but this is not quite so extravagant as the peculiarity I have just recorded. Economy is, perhaps, the strongest inducement to a boarding-house life; but none of these advantages seem to me at all to compensate for the many evils which accrue, and this more especially to a family of children, from a life of so unsettled and utterly undomestic a nature; of which, if proof were required, it would be only necessary to reside for a very short time in a large boarding-house in any of the transatlantic cities, to become thoroughly convinced. Young married couples make it a constant practice to resort to this mode of settlement, and thus, by allowing to pass by the period when their mutual desire to please would render them willing to make many sacrifices for the sake of domestic comfort, bring upon themselves the misery of seeing, at no very distant period, their children growing up wild, riotous, and ungovernable, and utterly devoid of that retiring modesty and timid reserve which imparts a charm to childhood which can be supplied by no other qualification. Neither are the disadvantageous effects of the system upon the older portion of the community to be overlooked, though they are fewer and of less importance than the corrupting influence which it exercises over the children. In addition to the general indolence which the absence of household duties produces among the ladies, the natural sense of modesty cannot fail to be blunted by a continual public life; and the social affections, restrained for so great a portion of the time by the presence of a promiscuous assemblage, are deprived of that free and uncontrolled exercise which is so indispensable to perfect domestic felicity.

The public buildings are, it may be said, the great and almost the only attractions of Washington; and these, of course, claimed our attention at an early period of our stay. To the capitol, which stands highest in importance and beauty, I bent my steps as soon as we had effected a tolerably comfortable settlement in one of the numerous boarding-houses of the city.

I had been led by my American friends to expect that I should find in this edifice a combination of every architectural beauty; and, although the reality fell short of their description, yet I had no reason to be disappointed at my first view of the exterior of the building. Seated on a gentle rise of ground, at one end of the principal avenue of the city, no architect could have chosen a more judicious position than it occupies to exhibit the excellence of his

design. The building, which consists of a massive centre, surmounted by a dome, and flanked by two wings, which contain the congressional chambers, presents a very pleasing contour to the eye; and although, to the rigid scrutiny of an architect, the dome may appear too large, and too steep in its elevation, instead of possessing that graceful and swelling curve, which forms one of its greatest beauties,—and although the style of the whole be too mixed and undecided in its character,—yet, as I said before, the general contour is pleasing and imposing. One barbarism, however, is especially worthy of reprehension, as detracting much from the beauty of the edifice; I allude to the odious practice of white-washing the outside (with the exception of the dome, which is black) at short intervals of time—a proceeding which gives it that fresh, new appearance, so destructive of beauty in architecture, at least to European taste.

The interior of the capitol is far less faulty, and possesses many attractions, which make a lounge in it one of the most agreeable modes of disposing of a few spare hours. In the rotunda, a large circular hall in the centre, and directly under the great dome, are several interesting national pictures and sculptures; while in either wing may be heard the best speakers of the Union, dilating, with untiring energy, and to an audience of apparently inexhaustible patience, on the points which affect most nearly the safety and welfare of the Republic. The general style of eloquence is not such as is likely to interest any one whose taste has been trained and formed among the orators of either house of the British parliament, being more characterized by cool and cautious statement than warm or animated argument, the speeches often occupying three days in the delivery, and, unless by some of the best speakers, being rather soporific than otherwise in their effect. Messrs. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, are generally considered the best; and though their delivery has not that fine and energetic warmth which is so indispensable to true oratory, and which, by exhibiting the interest of the speaker in his subject, is sure to engross the attention and enchain the minds of his audience, yet they are distinguished for calm and deliberate reasoning, and a careful examination of the merits of the question under discussion. The senate chamber is, as might be imagined, the aristocratic lounge, the rotunda rarely being favoured with a numerous or fashionable audience.

During our stay in Washington I attended one of the levees of the president, Mr. Van Buren; and as at these assemblies are

generally concentrated the *élite* of all portions of the Union, it affords one of the best opportunities of studying the American character in all its incongruities, and of becoming acquainted with some of the personal peculiarities of this singular people, the natives of the northern and southern divisions of which are as far removed in character and appearance as the inhabitants of the most dissimilar countries of Europe. The levee was held in the official residence of the president, a handsome, but unpretending edifice, decorated in a neat and appropriate manner, as the abode of the chief magistrate of a democratic nation. The visitors were severally presented as they arrived, and afterwards were at liberty to promenade through the elegant and extensive saloons. Here, a peculiar feature was presented, which, however grateful to the eye of a republican, had certainly but few charms for an European, and could hardly be considered as adding to the attractions of the scene. Down both sides of the largest room devoted to the promenade, were ranged, in double ranks, and arrayed in by no means the most studied costume, groups of artizans, fresh from the anvil or the workshop, and not always purified from the traces of their recent labours, who, having graciously condescended to forego the privilege to which, as citizens, they were entitled, of presentation, were admitted to regale their eyes, and to make such remarks as to them might seem fit (a privilege which they exercised in a most original and amusing manner) on the gay and motley crowd. It is but fair to say, that these spectators conducted themselves with great propriety and decorum; but it appeared to me that their presence was by no means an improvement to the scene, and in this opinion I think most of my readers will be likely to concur.

Among the visitors, too, were many who would certainly have appeared to far greater advantage in their shops, or on their farms, than in an assembly such as this. Partaking of the very general failing of the American character—an ignorance of their proper sphere, they imagined (or, at least, one might be justified in concluding so from their actions) that they were fitted, in every manner, to grace a court, or to adorn the most polished assemblage; and I know not when I have derived more amusement than from watching the airs and graces of these rustic heroes and their ladies.

Once ensconced in a favourable position in the principal saloon, I had an ample opportunity to observe, without being incommoded

by the moving crowd, the scene before me; and certainly, with the exception of the slight blemishes which I have named, there was much to delight and interest the observer, more especially among the female portion of the assembly. The beauty of the American ladies is so peculiar, and in many particulars so striking and universal, that my attention was at once drawn to the subject, and I immediately began to institute comparisons between the ladies of the United States and our own country.

A stranger, who contented himself with such observations as he could make in the streets on a winter's day, would, no doubt, be inclined to the opinion, that the American women were superior to those of any other country in personal attractions; and he would certainly be justified in such a decision. As far as regards the face alone, nothing can be more perfectly and delicately beautiful than a young lady from the age of fifteen to twenty in the United States. Small and regular features, clear though pallid complexions, dark hazel eyes, finely pencilled eyebrows, dark hair, occasionally fine teeth, and almost always diminutive hands and feet, are certainly no mean elements of female loveliness,—and these are possessed by the great majority of the ladies of America. It is true, that one but rarely meets with the clear, deep blue eye, (that most eloquent of all eyes,) or the delicate roseate flush, which charms the eye in England, and which can hardly be compensated for by any other attractions; but so far as regards symmetry of features, the most fastidious critic will find little to complain of in the ladies of the United States.

But there are other elements of female beauty, which those who are the best judges in such matters are apt to consider of as much, if not of greater, importance than those which I have enumerated. And first, of form. Who that has mingled in English society, be he native or foreigner, but more especially the latter—for we are often blind to the advantages we ourselves possess—can forget the graceful outline, the bold and well-moulded bust, and the accurate proportions of an Englishwoman's figure? Who that has ever dwelt with delight on these, can believe that perfect beauty can exist where they are absent? Yet in America they are rarely, if ever seen. The forms of the women, though pinched to a wasp-like delicacy of waist, have no elegance of outline, and not the slightest grace of movement, even in the young; while among the elderly ladies, (by which I mean, in the American acceptation of the term, all above twenty-five,) the sharp angular projections

which constantly offend the eye are far below the lowest standard of perfection.

The voice, too, is another important element which should be by no means overlooked. How many personal imperfections may be forgotten when redeemed by a soft and gentle voice! and, on the other hand, how easily may the loveliest form and features become distasteful when acccompanied by a wiry or nasal utterance! Yet so it is in America. The voices of the ladies, so far from being soft or sweet, are drawling, nasal, and disagreeable in the highest degree, more especially in New England, but, to a great extent, throughout the whole of the United States, possessing a twang which it were difficult to describe. Among the upper classes this is in some degree wearing away, for the ladies, actuated, I doubt not, by a laudable desire to please, spare no pains to overcome it; but with all below the highest circles it exists in an intolerable degree. One of the most common errors, too, of the American ladies is to pitch the voice in too high a key in general conversation; and the effect of this nasal twang, heightened by an unnatural, screaming tone, is certainly any thing but agreeable to the listener's nerves.

It is rather, however, in those characteristics which belong more closely to the mind that the inferiority of the American to the English woman becomes most evident; and, compared with these, points of mere personal perfection are hardly worth consideration. A want of feeling for the misfortunes of others, and a total absence of liveliness or animation, are general deficiencies.

Of the gentlemen I shall say but little: there is in them much more individual eccentricity than in the other sex; but they are in all cases more cordial, and have much more warmth of character —a point of no little importance to the traveller. In personal appearance they are by no means prepossessing, nor are their manners elegant or refined; but they generally exhibit a genuine and warm-hearted kindness, which tends much to endear them to the passing stranger, whom they are always ready to welcome, and to whom they never fail to extend all the civility in their power.

Such a sketch as I have here given will apply only to the inhabitants of the northern and eastern states, for the southerners are so entirely different in person and character, that it would be vain to enter upon the description here. I shall reserve it, therefore, to some future period, when it may find a more appropriate place in a description of some portion of the southern states.

Besides the president's levees, the houses of the various secretaries of state are constantly open; and parties are given at some of them almost every night. To these, however, a special invitation is required, though it would seem, from an anecdote which was related to me while in Washington, that this ceremony is not always punctiliously attended to by the independent and democratic citizens. Some few years ago, during the session of Congress, a family of high respectability arrived in Washington, on their first visit from one of the north-eastern states; and it happened that an entertainment was to be given on the evening of the same day by Mr. W——, one of the secretaries of state. On the ensuing morning, one of the senators from their native state called and expressed his regret that the news of their arrival had not reached him sooner, as he should have been happy to have procured them an invitation to the party in question: "Oh," replied the lady, "do you consider any thing of the kind necessary? We knew that he was *our* secretary, and that *we* paid him the salary which enables him to give these parties, and so we thought we had a right to go, whether invited or no. So we went, and passed a very pleasant evening, I assure you." Fancy such an idea as this carried out in our own, or any other country of Europe!

Δ.

SONG,

INCIDENTAL TO THE SON OF DION—A TRAGEDY.

When first young Bacchus took the field,
Old Vulcan's forge for him supplied
A lance of steel, a golden shield,
And arms that mortal force defied:
But impious men were bold and strong,
And scorn'd the beardless god to obey;
And—"Not to me these arms belong,"
He said, and threw the gifts away.

With rosy wreaths he crown'd his brow,
Around his jav'lin train'd the vine,
Then pluck'd ripe clusters from the bough,
And press'd their juice, and call'd it wine:
Arm'd with the strong delicious draught,
From realm to realm the conqueror trod;
And men grew pious as they quaff'd—
And shouting, hail'd the rosy god.

C. Verral.

THE PATRIOT MAIDEN.

[*In the time of Louis le Débonnaire the Bretons under Morven rebelled against the yoke of France, and the insurrection was quelled only with the greatest difficulty, after the country had been devastated, its dwellings laid in ashes, and all able to take arms had perished on the battle-field. Throughout this struggle the sinking courage of the patriots was sustained by the high spirit of Morven's daughter.*]

——— A SOUND,
At hand, disturb'd her; looking then around
She saw her father near;—his welcome voice
No longer made the daughter's soul rejoice,
For there was sadness in its tones:—Matilde
Enquired the cause; with anger filled,
Morven replied:—
"Seest not the flush
Upon my brow, Matilde? Oh, blush
For that thou art a Breton girl,
One of a race of slaves! Would I could hurl
France from its place, let Brittany alone
Remain, a little isle, its glory all its own!
But no;—we must be slaves;—all we possess
Is Frankish! Girl, thou blushest! Heaven bless
Thy patriot heart! Thou lovest not to bow
To those thou scorn'st! Hear me then: even now
One of these lofty Franks dared to insult
Thy father; in his pride he did exult
To call him slave and vassal;—for he yields
Tribute, unwilling, for these barren fields
He owns.—Ay, redden, daughter of a slave;
Bow, bow to insult, 'tis thy birthright! Lave
Thy hot brow in the streamlets of Bretagne,
That are not ours; let foreign breezes fan
Its warmth away, but let not treasonous speech
Betray thy feelings:—we are slaves, and each
Must burn in silence!"
Then Matilde,
Goaded by shame, no longer stilled
The voice of energy:—
"'Tis well,"
She cried; "henceforth shall no man tell
Of Breton slavery!—My father, can
These foreign breezes ever fan
The patriot flame to coldness?—No;
On but a spark now let them blow,
And a fire shall burst forth
From South to North,

From East to West, throughout Bretagne,
That shall rage, and appal the daring man
Who speaks of slavery!—Away
With vile submission!—Father, say,
To strangers shall we tribute pay,
We who are better and braver than they?
For freedom, for freedom Bretagne shall fight,
And Heaven, in its justice, maintain our right!
Away, away with slavish chains!
Who tribute asks, we bid him take it!
Right welcome he to all he gains—
For a boon of dishonour our brave ones will make it!
I—I am but a Breton girl;
Then, father, delay not thy flag to unfurl!—
For freedom or death is each maiden's voice;
And shall Morven, then, doubt of the warrior's choice?
Thinks he, where women scorn disgrace,
That men will own a second place
In feelings that are most their own!—
Morven, be bold!—'Tis thou alone
Canst guide!—Cast off the brittle yoke!
Not such as thou the goad should brook!
Be thou our king, and let the cry
Forth to the Frankish monarch fly:—
Justice!—Bretagne, and Liberty!"
The maid was silent, and the blood
Flushed on her brow; erect she stood,
As one scarce human; from behind
Their silken lash
Her dark eyes flash,
And from her face beamed forth a hero's mind.
Roused by the wild appeal, then Morven caught
His child's high feeling:—
"Though the task be fraught,"
He cried, "with danger, that way glory lies;—
Glory be ours!"
At once the mission flies
Throughout Bretagne:—"Rise, for your freedom, rise!
Rise and cast off the yoke!"
The Franks demand
Their usual tribute, this the Breton band
With scorn refuses:—
"Firmly we will stand,"
From heart and soul they cry,
"Though Heaven will each man shall die,
And leave the oppressors deserted lands;
Their tribute—our corpses with blood-stained hands,
That once fought with King Morven for Liberty!"

HAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA SIDE.

In the early part of the present autumn I passed a few days with my friend Frank Graham, at one of our most fashionable watering-places. The weather during the whole of our stay was very unfavourable; but, happily, before we had been in —— four-and-twenty hours, the following incident commenced, and afforded us great amusement for some time.

As we walked along the esplanade, on the morning after our arrival, we were struck with the beauty of two young ladies who were sitting at the window of one of the most elegant houses on the parade. That they were nearly related, their strong likeness to each other plainly indicated; but, at the same time, a difference, however slight, did exist between them, and, by a most fortunate circumstance, the one I most admired was considered by my friend the less lovely of the two. Immediately on our return to the hotel at which we were residing, we inquired of the head waiter, whose business it is to be intimately acquainted with the affairs of every body, who and what our fair ones were: he informed us that, like ourselves, they were spending a short time at ——, and intended to return to London at the end of the week.—Scarcely a word was exchanged during dinner, but as soon as the cloth was removed, and we were left alone, Frank turned to me and said, in a tone of the deepest melancholy—

"Lewis, I'm in love."

"So am I, Frank," replied I, in a similar style, with a sigh by way of accompaniment.

"I sha'nt rest," added he, in a more miserable manner, if possible, than before, "until I've made a declaration of my affection; so I shall write to my charmer immediately, imploring a rendezvous."

Having recommended me to pursue the same course, we proceeded to our task, picturing to ourselves success and happiness, and precluding the possibility of any obstacle or alloy. Just as we were about to sign our names, a doubt as to the policy of so doing presented itself to our minds, and we were much puzzled how to act. Now it happened that two brothers, very intimate friends of ours, were at —— at the time, and living at an hotel very near us; so without dreaming of any injury to them, I suggested the propriety of affixing their names and address to our letters. This plan having been adopted, the billets were sealed and directed, and, through the medium of our good friend, the waiter, reached their place of destination in safety.

When the extraordinary communications arrived, the young ladies were just welcoming to —— their brother, a captain in the infantry, who had that moment arrived from London to pass a day or two with them. That a letter of any kind should be addressed to his fair sisters, in a place where they knew no one, somewhat surprised the young officer; but when he perceived the deep blush with which, as they read, their cheeks became suffused, his countenance assumed an aspect in which alarm and anger were plainly visible. He was, however, saved the trouble of inquiry, by having both epistles placed in his hands. The effect produced upon him when he had finished reading them, is far more easily conceived than described. His first impulse was to take immediate vengeance on the offenders; but he was dissuaded from this course by the entreaties of his sisters, who urged the lateness of the hour, the sad consequences which might arise from his hasty temper; and at length prevailed upon him to defer his intended visit until the following day, secretly hoping that by that time his anger might in some measure be appeased.

The following morning found Captain Arnold at the door of the —— hotel, in a state of the greatest excitement: a restless night had tended to increase, rather than to diminish the anger which had so naturally been kindled within him; the efforts of his family to compose him were vain;—he thought only of revenge.

"Are two persons of the name of Jones living here?" inquired he of the porter by whom the door was opened.

"They are, sir."

"Mr. John and Mr. James Jones, I think."

"The same, sir."

"Be kind enough to show me to their room."

"Certainly, sir; will you give me your card, or name?"

"There is no need; we are strangers to each other;—tell them that a gentleman wishes to see them."

So saying, he followed the attendant up stairs, and waited without the apartment until he might be summoned to enter.

The innocent brothers were at breakfast, pleasurably reflecting on the good which their trip had done them, and regretting that the next day would oblige them to return to town. They were astonished at receiving so early a call, and the more so when they learnt that their visitor had refused to give his name: thinking, however, that some London friend wished to surprise them, they told the waiter "to request the gentleman to walk in." They rose

from their seat as he entered, and perceiving him to be a stranger, stammered out something in which the words, "indebted," "honour," and "visit," were alone audible, motioning him, at the same time, to a seat.

"This is no time," said the captain, "for unmeaning compliments; my business here is soon transacted. You have dared to insult my sisters; you know full well how, and I demand satisfaction. Lieutenant Hammond, my friend, will call upon you in the course of the morning, and you will do me the favour to refer him to some acquaintance of yours, in order to enter into final arrangements."

"But, my dear sir,—"

"I will not hear a word. Nothing can possibly be more conclusive than my evidence. The name,—the address,—the everything." With these words he quitted the room, leaving its occupants in a state of feeling totally indescribable: they were quite ignorant of matters of this kind; and thinking that it would be cowardly to refuse the challenge, although they were innocent, and having, moreover, before their eyes certain unpleasant visions of tall captains and horsewhips in the event of such refusal, they made up their minds to declare to Lieutenant Hammond on his arrival that they should be happy to give his friend the required satisfaction.

In the meantime the unfortunate little men sent notes to Frank and myself respectively, stating that they should feel greatly indebted to us, if we would kindly undertake to confer on their behalf with the second of a man with whom they were about to fight; that they were quite innocent of the imputed charge, but that the conduct of their opponent had been so impetuous and insolent, that they had determined to accept his challenge.

We were vexed that affairs had arrived at such a pitch; but resolving that nothing should happen to our friends beyond alarm, we began to think of some plan which might get them out of the scrape. Having heard from Lieutenant Hammond that Captain Arnold was an admirable shot, we relinquished the idea originally entertained of declaring ourselves the real offenders, and acting as principals instead of seconds, and at length resolved to terminate the proceeding by making an apology, should the other party be willing to accept it; nor do I think we shall be blamed for this determination; for the sacrifice of life to a petty feeling of pride would, it must be confessed, in so trivial a matter have been the height of absurdity.

The eventful morning at length arrived, and with it, at our rooms, the unhappy brothers. They looked so wretched that we were almost moved to confess the truth; but we thought it wiser to refrain. Our opponents were waiting for us on the appointed ground when we arrived. Medical aid had been provided by them, as previously arranged, and every thing seemed ready for business. Now, the thought had never occurred to any of us how Captain Arnold would manage to encounter both parties, and a long discussion was the consequence. I thought this a good opportunity for me to carry my intention of apology into execution, and accordingly walked up to the Captain, and asked whether or not he had demanded an apology of his adversaries. He answered in the affirmative, stating that this was all he required; but they had refused to apologize for an offence they said they had never committed.

"Nor have they," said I, taking Frank Graham by the hand; "we are the real offenders, and offer, what you require, our sincere apologies." I cannot describe the effect produced by this declaration; every one seemed thunderstruck. The captain bowed, and said, that as a man of his word, he was bound to accept the proffered apology, and with his party left the downs, while I with my friends, who were too well pleased with the unexpected confession on my part to reproach me, returned to —— by another road.

Thus ended our adventure. The adoption of our friends' signatures was doubtless an imprudent and thoughtless step; but we trust that we shall be forgiven upon the plea that "reflection is one of those qualities with which lovers are seldom if ever endowed."

LEWIS OLLAPOD.

A FRAGMENT.

WHY, like a shadow, doth our joy depart,
And for so short a space our soul delight?
Why, why doth sorrow rankle in our heart,
Through sunny day-time, and through dreary night?
Oh! is it not that mortal man may know
This scene for sorrow, not for joy, suits best?
For here joy lingereth not; it cannot rest
Its foot on any welcome spot below;
But leaves to sorrow here a sov'reign sway confess'd.
Where then doth it betake itself, oh where
A home congenial can its spirit find?
Is it for ever to our race unkind?
Doth it for ever wander in the air?

A.

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

The study of ecclesiastical antiquities had not till within the last few years received the attention which its importance merited. It had been regarded only as one of the many provinces of antiquarian lore, distinguished by no peculiar interest, hallowed by no peculiar associations. The consequence naturally was that those who pursued it regarded it in a light exclusively secular; they considered it just as legitimate an object of curiosity as the remains of Grecian, or Roman, or Egyptian art, and as nothing more; and thus, instead of being raised to its proper rank, it was desecrated and lowered even by the very persons who made it the object of their study. True it is, that the antiquary valued any little relics he might rescue from the hands of the destroyer; set a high esteem upon bits of stained glass, and monumental brasses, and ancient sculptures; sought eagerly for the treasures of rifled churches, and rejoiced exceedingly when he found them. But true it also is, that this esteem and this value were set upon them because they became his own; and, instead of looking on them as things that had been made holy and set apart for sacred uses, they were to him mere curiosities. Instead of endeavouring, as he ought to have done, to restore them to their original place and purpose, or at least so to employ them that they might promote the same end, he shut them up in the recesses of his cabinets, or made them serve as the ornaments of his museum or his grotto. The effigies of saints and martyrs, through whose rich hues the sunlight once streamed into the hallowed pile, and became mellowed to a dim and holy light, decorated the window of the virtuoso's study; the font did duty as a flower-pot; and the mitred head of some venerable bishop might be seen side by side with an Egyptian mummy and a grinning idol from the Sandwich Islands.

Great reason is there to rejoice that this state of things is now no more. Men no longer look upon churches and monuments as things to be rifled, and plundered, and desecrated at pleasure, but regard them with the reverence that is due to anything, however worthless in itself, which has been taken from the uses of daily life into the service of the sanctuary. There has been no want of zealous observation and indefatigable research into the peculiar characteristics of the

ecclesiastical architecture of different ages, and with this there has been combined a fervent and devotional spirit to direct the information thus acquired into its proper channel. Institutions have been formed at the head-quarters of learning and religion with a view to promote both the study and the end to which the study should be subservient. Their efforts have been attended with success, and thus there has sprung up a revival of more accurate knowledge and better taste, and with them, that which is of more consequence than either, of better feeling.

It would, of course, be impossible, in the present paper, to embrace in its full extent the wide and interesting subject of ecclesiastical architecture, nor is it intended to enter at any length into a detailed history of that branch of it pointed out by our title. Our present design is rather to make some general remarks on the purpose and uses of monumental structures, and subsequently to show the connexion which exists between them and the character of the people among whom they are erected; how the one influences, and in its turn is influenced by, the other.

The feeling which attaches a sacred character to spots rendered famous by illustrious deeds, and to the birth and resting-places of illustrious men, is all but universal. Like the belief in the existence of a God, we find it in every people and country which has any degree of knowledge and enlightenment; and where we find it not, we meet with a moral and a mental darkness. Nor is this to be wondered at as though it were a strange thing, and not easily to be accounted for on the principles by which our minds are ordinarily influenced. There is in all men who are awake to anything beyond the mere wants and cravings of their animal nature, a tendency to worship; an acknowledgment of the existence of something greater, and better, and wiser than they feel themselves to be; and whether it be directed to the illimitable excellence of Divinity which they feel to be working in them and around them, or to such of their fellow-men as are raised above in wisdom, or power, or goodness, it will in either case manifest itself by external honours,—by temples and altars in the one, by monuments and commemorative institutions in the other. It is well when the two are not confused together, and the worship and reverence due to God are not offered to his creatures.

General and pervading as this feeling is, there have, however, been some who have endeavoured to cast it off themselves and to convince others that it is irrational; men who have set at nought

and thrown ridicule on feelings, which, even were they useless, are at least innocent, and have thought that they were trampling on the fetters of superstition, when they were but rending asunder the ties of a pure and holy affection. Of these, some have contented themselves with a sneer at the folly of paying honour to those who are insensible to all earthly things, of enriching with the treasures of art the resting-places of those to whom it is alike indifferent whether they slumber in marble sepulchres, or are cast to the fowls of the air, or are tossed about by the waters of the sea. Others, again, have assumed a loftier tone; have told us that the memory of the good and great needs no monument; that their name and the glory they have earned are their own exceeding great reward; that the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men, and that therefore it is needless to confine our tribute of admiration to a single spot, to give "a local habitation and a name" to that which ought to be beyond the reach of national or local distinction. Yet it may be asked whether this be a sufficient reason to prevent the indulgence of natural and deeply-seated feelings; whether we ought to be deterred from following their dictates by the sneers of a sensual worldliness or rhetorical declaration. It should be remembered that none of the powers or emotions common to our race is without its proper direction; that feelings so universally implanted must have their proper end, must be capable of their due development. We cannot, therefore, do wrong in acting as they prompt us, when there is no prohibition from a higher source. It is not, moreover, so much for the sake of the dead that we erect monuments as for that of the living, that they may serve as external monitors to recal our thoughts to the goodness or the greatness of those to whose memory we have set them up, may bind us in communion with them, and may rouse us to imitate their example. Disguise the matter as we may, discuss and argue on it as long as we please, we cannot do away with the fact that there is an attachment to places pervading all mankind. The name of Shakspeare is known, and loved, and honoured throughout the world, yet the monument and the house at Stratford are not the less the shrine to which the world makes its pilgrimage; the hosts who fought at Marathon have earned a deathless glory in all lands where the lamp of knowledge has been kindled, yet the plain itself where that victory was won will never cease to attract the steps of every wanderer who treads what once was Greece. And as this feeling is natural, so is it likewise productive of many

a noble thought and high endeavour. The heart thrills with an emulation mingled with awe as it contemplates any object associated with the memory of the great ones of the earth, and is chastened and yet ennobled when it finds itself before the resting-place of some departed saint.

Nor ought we wholly to neglect the argument that may be drawn from the effects produced by the desire of obtaining the distinction of monumental glory. A statue in Westminster Abbey has doubtless been to many, as it was to Nelson, an incitement to a courage that despises all dangers, and a fortitude that endures all hardships; and though the moralist may say that the wish proceeds from ambition, and that, therefore, it is not a right motive, yet it may at least be said that there is in it a freedom from that mercenary selfishness which looks to personal aggrandizement as its reward, which should incline us to view it with indulgence, if not with admiration. The love of praise and of posthumous glory is not in itself culpable, provided it be kept in due subordination to higher principles—to the reason and conscience which are given us to guide our conduct.

A question may arise whether churches are fit places for the erection of monuments—whether we should make the building where the living worship the receptacle of the dead. There are, it must be confessed, serious objections to the practice of making the church the actual burying-place. The claims of feeling are not so great as to make us gratify them at the expense of the health and lives of those who come to worship, nor ought the temple of God to be converted into a charnel-house. True, indeed, it is, that there might be something solemn in the thought, that, even as we joined in the service of the sanctuary, we were surrounded by the remains of those who had offered up the same prayers, sang the same praises as ourselves—there might be an useful lesson to the pride of life in the sense of mortality thus impressed on us—we might learn to reflect that in a few short years we shall be as they, and shall have joined the company of the dead. But there are considerations which outweigh these. We are not to purchase occasions for such thoughts, however instructive they may be, by infecting the air of the consecrated house with the taint of death; we may not, to benefit the living, poison the very fountain of life itself. For these reasons, then, it is expedient that the dead should not find their "last long home" within consecrated walls, but though they may be far away, slumbering under

the green turf, yet we may have memorials of them which shall serve the same end—give rise to the same feelings—teach the same lesson." The monumental urn and the storied cenotaph may equally present to us the emblems of our frailness and mortality—may teach us with equal force the nothingness of pride and ambition—may lead us with equal impressiveness to high thoughts and noble deeds—to imitate the courage, the wisdom, and the holiness of the dead.

And, in this respect, there does seem a peculiar fitness in making choice of churches as the place where these memorials shall be erected. For here it is that we are taught the lessons of which they are a practical illustration—here we are led to walk in the path in which they have gone before us—here, and here only, can we derive the hope that they rest in peace, and learn the means by which we may be enabled to join them. It may appear visionary and fanciful, yet it would be but an extension of feelings, whose power is universally acknowledged, were we to intimate our belief, not as a positive dogma, but as a guess at the mysteries of spiritual things, that the thoughts and aspirations thus formed and cherished, the recollections, the hopes, the love, the reverence, with which we regard these memorials of the dead, may, perchance, be no slight link in the chain which connects living believers with exalted saints, and binds them together in a holy and Catholic communion. For if the youthful warrior grows warm as he looks upon the trophies of a conqueror, and feels that he himself could do valiant deeds and subdue worlds—if the poet, as he treads the ground hallowed by solemn associations, is full of lofty thoughts beyond what his lips can give utterance to, and struggles to pour them forth, till at last the fire is kindled, and the travail is over—doubtless no different emotions are excited in the breast of the Christian pilgrim, when his steps lead him to the church where his fathers have worshipped in olden days; where many a time he himself "has trod the accustomed way" with friends who no longer live; or when he sees the stone which tells of men who were great and good in their generation,—saints, martyrs, confessors, a glorious company,—all having trod the right path even in dark and turbulent times, all having walked in holiness of life, all having borne their testimony against the errors and vices of their day, as "voices crying in the wilderness." Doubtless at such a time as this he cannot but feel a fervour in his devotion, an ardour in his zeal, a strength in his resolutions, which other objects

give not; he cannot but acknowledge, even though his own heart be cold, and solitary, and aching, that

> "Their memory rests
> On many a prayer, the more for them endeared;"

that with them are connected holy thoughts and desires which, though weak and feeble in their infancy, may develop themselves into a glorious maturity.

Considering the question in a practical point of view, a broad line of distinction ought to be drawn between monuments which the state erects to commemorate the services of her citizens, and those which spring from individual affection. It seems to us very doubtful whether a church be the proper place for the former; for though it may be right to pay this tribute of admiration to those who have been renowned for their valour, their wisdom, or their eloquence, in order to excite others to emulate them in these respects, yet when we consider that many of these had no claim to our praise in their moral character, and that the vices of the great are written in adamant, while their good deeds are inscribed upon the sand, it is a serious question whether we do not give cause for scandal by placing their monuments within the walls of a sacred edifice. When, for instance, we find in a Christian church costly tributes to the memory of men of whom nothing is known but that they took or defended some important post, in some war, just or unjust, which the country might happen to be engaged in—or fulsome panegyrics on profligate and licentious poets—or absurdly profane praises* of men who did nothing but devote their talents to flatter the follies and frivolities of the day—our feelings of reverence must surely have been strangely blunted by custom if the incongruity does not jar upon our minds as something unseemly and wrong. For characters like these who may deserve to be commemorated because they "have done the state some service" in arms or arts, but who have not so acted as to call for a place within a consecrated church, there should be a state gallery, where their statues might be admitted by the voice of the senate, and where the visitor might admire their respective excellencies without being struck by the impropriety which, in the present system, is so obvious.

* Ex. gra. The epitaph to the memory of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Westminster Abbey, which concludes thus:—

> Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
> Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

With the memorials of private affection the case is widely different. Even if they should, in some instances, be erected to the memory of the unworthy, yet the remembrance of the evil deeds of the unknown soon fades away, and we know nothing more of them than what the tablet records, that they were mortals like ourselves, and were strangers and pilgrims upon earth. And if the epitaph should sometimes tell a lying tale, the deceit is not injurious, it does but lead us to the contemplation of the virtues which are said to have belonged to them, and incline us to view those connected with them with more favourable feelings.

But there is an evil arising from our present system of private monuments, which during the present and preceding centuries has grown to a great height. So long as they were but few in number, they might be admitted without much detriment to the appearance of a church; but with the advancement of wealth and the arts they have increased to such an extent, as to have become positive excrescences and deformities. We can scarcely enter a parish church without finding many traces of injuries arising from this source: windows are blocked up—arches are deprived of their fair proportions—columns are mutilated to afford a space for some ugly tablet, or common-place design. How this evil might be avoided, while we retained the advantages which arise from the use of these memorials, is a question of considerable importance. The subject has been ably treated, and a remedy suggested in an interesting paper, read by Mr. Markland before the Architectural Society at Oxford. It is the work of a man of sound knowledge and good taste, and well deserves a perusal.

The plan which he proposes involves but few difficulties, and would be productive of many beneficial effects. Instead of having our churches filled with monuments which, however interesting to the feelings of sorrowing friends, are yet undeniably destructive of the beauty of the building which contains them, he wishes that the memorials themselves should absolutely conduce to its perfection. A restored chancel—an altar—a stained window of rich and glowing hues—a font—or an eagle reading-desk, with some brief record to tell in whose memory they were placed there, would serve just as well to recall our thoughts from the living to the dead, and from the dead back again to the living, as the monumental group, or the mural tablet; and would, at the same time, remedy the evils which, at present, frequently exist, of meanness and nakedness in the interior decorations of our churches. We should then no

longer see, as we too often do now, neglect and misplaced economy inflicting ruin upon what yet remains, and preventing the addition of anything which would really beautify. A better spirit would arise; the feelings of natural affection would be pressed into the service of devotion; and we should no longer be exposed to the opprobrium of paying greater homage to the pride of man than to the service of God. And beyond this, beyond the influence which any other monument might produce, there would be a moral benefit, which would give a peculiar suitableness to this system. The tomb tells us of mortality, and reminds us that we too must enter into the gates of death; but were we not merely to place the memorials of the dead within the sacred building, but to incorporate them with it, we should be led to think on those of whose departure they tell, not as dead, but as living. Every moment that our eyes fell upon some part of the holy place which was connected with their names, our wandering thoughts would be stayed. As the light streamed through the rich hues of the window and fell upon the hallowed pavement, we should be reminded that the memory of the righteous shines even after death. As the solemn tones of the organ breathed the accents of praise, we should remember that, though dead, they yet speak. No part would be without its own hallowing and endearing associations: and thus even the very stones of the temple would become the emblems of our faith, and hope, and love.

The consideration of the subject, as connected with its influence upon national character, must be deferred till another number.

E. H. P.

SOMETHING ABOUT A WASP.

By Major Calder Campbell.

A breeze—that was not wind, so soft, yet free,
It wandered through my hair—in coolness came
To shed refreshment on my wearied frame,
As 'mid the woods I sought obscurity
One summer day!—It seemëd, then, to me,
That here, where solitude alone could claim
The intruder's fealty, it were rank shame
To scorn the kiss that woo'd me lovingly;
And so I bared my bosom, to let in
The freshness on its burning heat. Just then,
Upon the gentle zephyr borne, a wasp
Entered my breast, and with a buzzing din
Stung me!—Alas! (thought I) how simple men,
By vanity misled, may vilest venom grasp!

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER THE PERUSAL OF A MODERN GREEK POEM, ENTITLED,

Ἑλλας.

Hail, land of mountains, vales, and lucid streams,
Land of the patriot and the poet's dreams!
And do I see thee once again aspire,
In these last days, to strike the sounding lyre,
And claim thy glorious birthright once again,
Thou fertile region of illustrious men!
Immortal land! how many a wreath hast thou
Of ancient days to deck thy shaded brow!
The plain, the vale, the mountain, and the wave,
Still mark the Sage's and the Hero's grave;—
Enduring monuments, that Time defy,
Like the blue roof of thine unclouded sky.
In thee, the poet sang—the patriot stood,
Firm as a rock amid the raging flood;
And dash'd the battle-surges from his home,
Light as the airy spray or glancing foam.
The heaven-taught Sage, amid thy honied bowers,
With Wisdom spent the meditative hours;
And call'd the bright Instructress from the skies,
To make man's shadowy home a paradise!
Thermopylæ is thine;—and Marathon
Still gazes on thee—an unsetting sun;
Platea, too, with its avenging plain,
Still marks the tomb of the barbarian slain.
And Salamis,—that emerald of the sea,
Shines as the beacon-light of liberty!

But Slavery came, and with her withering blast
Swept from thy brow the glories of the past.
Yes! thou wert shrouded—centuries of gloom
Enwrapt thee like the darkness of the tomb.
But still thy spirit lived;—thy lyre unstrung
In the drear cell of Superstition hung,
Till those who crush'd thee heard its notes again,
And Greece arose, resplendent, among men.

Hail, lovely land! arouse thy sleeping fires,
And with thy virtues emulate thy sires;
Then from this glorious island of the sea
Shall we with joy salute thee—wise and free.

D. M.

Sept. 8, 1841.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

ACT II.

Scene III.—*The Bohemian Forest.*

Spiegelberg, Razman, *and* Robbers.

Raz. Are you there?—is it really you? Then let me squeeze thee to pap, dear brother Moritz! Welcome to the Bohemian forests! You have become quite great and strong. You bring a whole troop of recruits with you, most excellent sergeant!

Spie. Yes, brother, yes; fellows of the right sort to boot. Do you not believe that God's manifest blessing is with me? Was I not a poor hungry simpleton, had nothing but this staff, when I went over Jordan?—and now are we eight-and-seventy, chiefly ruined shopkeepers, masters, and clerks, out of the Swabian provinces; that is a body of men for you, brother! capital fellows, I tell you; that steal the buttons from each other's hose, and have plenty, and are heard of forty miles away. There is not a newspaper in which you will not see an article about the cunning Spiegelberg; they have described me from head to foot, so that you would think you saw me. But we lead them a pitiful fool's errand. I went lately into the police office, and said that I had seen the celebrated Spiegelberg, and dictated to a writer who sat there the exact picture of an old worm-doctor. The thing came about that the fellow was taken, examined, and, in his trouble and stupidity, he confessed—devil take me! he confessed—*he was Spiegelberg.* Thunder and storms! I was on the point of giving myself up to the magistrate that the blackguard might not so abuse my name.—As I said, three months after he was hung. I took a good pinch of snuff, as I walked by the gallows, and saw the pseudo-Spiegelberg parade there in his glory;—and while that Spiegelberg hangs, the true Spiegelberg creeps quite quietly out of the trap.

Raz. *(laughing.)* You are the old man still.

Spie. That am I, as you see, body and soul. Fool! I must tell you a joke that I played lately at the Cecilian convent. I came upon the convent in my rambles as it was getting dark; and as I had not yet fired a shot that day—you know I hate that *diem perdidi* like death—I thought the night must be ennobled by a stroke

that would do for the devil's ear. We kept quiet till late at night. It was as still as a mouse. The lights went out. We thought the nuns would now be in bed. Now, I took my comrade Grimm with me, bid the others wait before the door till they should hear my whistle, secured the watchman, took his keys from him, crept in to where the maids were sleeping, stole all their clothes, and threw the bundle out of the door. We went on from cell to cell; took the clothes from one sister after another; at last also from the abbess. Now I whistled, and my fellows without began to storm and halloo as if the last day was come, and with a most beastly tumult rushed into the cells of the sisters!—ha! ha! ha!—you should have seen the hunt; how the poor wretches groped about in the dark for their clothes, and roared most piteously, when they found them gone to the devil—and we all the while like so many thunder-storms—and how, in their fear and consternation, they folded the bed-clothes round them, or crept under the stove like cats—and the pitiful wailing and lamentation—and, at last, the old abbess—you know, brother, that in all the earth there is not a creature I hate so much as a spider and an old woman; and just think of that brown, wrinkled old witch dancing before me, and conjuring me by her maiden modesty, forsooth!—I tell you I got out of the convent the value of more than a thousand thalers, and the fun besides.

RAZ. *(stamping on the ground.)* I wish I had been there!

SPIE. Do you see?—say, is not that a life?—and we keep fresh and strong, and our body is all sound, and swells every hour. I know not whether I have anything magnetic about me, that draws to me all the ragamuffins on the earth, like steel and iron.

RAZ. Magnet, indeed! But I would know what witchcraft you use?

SPIE. Witchcraft? There needs no witchcraft; head must thou have—a certain judgment, but that you do not swallow with your food; for, do you see, I always say, an honest man you can cut out of any willow stump, but for a rogue you must have *grain;* there is also necessary a peculiar national genius—a certain, as I may say, *roguish climate.*

RAZ. Brother, I have heard much of Italy.

SPIE. Yes, yes, we must deny no one his right; Italy also produces its men; and if Germany goes on as it has already started, and altogether rejects the Bible, as it has a brilliant prospect of doing, in time something good may yet come out of Germany; for, I must tell you, climate does not so much,—genius is the great

thing; and for the rest, brother, you know well that a crab will never grow to a pine-apple, even in the garden of paradise; but, as I was saying—where did I leave off?

Raz. At the knack of the art.

Spie. Yes; right. Your first business when you come into a town is to learn from the beadles and town-patrols and turnkeys, who most frequently come under their notice, and these notorious persons seek out; further, nestle yourself in the coffee-houses and inns, and spy out, especially, who cries out the most about the cheapness of the times, the five per cent., the increasing pest of the improved police; who abuses the government most, or is angry with the science of physiognomy, and the like, brother—that is the right sort! Honesty totters there like a hollow-tooth—you need only apply the instrument; or, a better and shorter way, you go and throw down a full purse in the open streets, hide yourself somewhere, and mark well who picks it up. Soon after, you come out, look about, call out, and ask him, in passing—"Have you, sir, seen a purse of gold any where?" If he says yes, then has the devil seen it; but if he denies it,—"Pardon me, sir—I cannot remember—I regret"—*(springing up)*—Brother! triumph, brother! Diogenes! Thou hast found thy man.

Raz. You are a learned practitioner.

Spie. As if I ever doubted about that. Now that you have your man in the net, you must take care that you land him. Look you, my son;—thus have I done: when I have once found the track, I stick to my candidate like a burr, drink brotherhood with him, and, *nota bene*, you must hold him scot-free—it costs a pretty sum, to be sure, but never mind that—you go on, introduce him among gamblers and loose women, entangle him in fights and knavish tricks, till he is a bankrupt in strength, and money, and conscience, and good name,—for, incidentally, I must tell you, you gain nothing unless you destroy both body and soul. Believe me, brother, that I have proved fifty times, that if an honest man is once driven out of his nest, then is the devil master—hark! what bang was that?

Raz. It was thunder—go on.

Spie. There is yet a shorter and better way still—plunder a man out of house and home, till he has not a shirt to his back, and then he comes to you of himself—don't teach me, brother. Ask the fellow there how I got him? I offered him forty ducats, would he bring me the impression of his master's key in wax. The stupid beast does it—brings me the key, and then, devil

take me! will have the gold. "Monsieur," I say, "do you know that I shall now take this key straight to the lieutenant of police, and hire a place of him on the gallows?" Then you should have seen the fellow lift up his eyes, and begin to shake like a wet poodle—"For Heaven's sake, sir, have pity! I will—will—" "What will you? Will you now turn up your hair, and go with me to the devil?" "Oh, with all my heart—with pleasure!" Ha! ha! ha! Poor wretch! we catch mice with bacon—laugh away, Razman. Ha! ha! ha!

RAZ. Yes, yes, I must confess. I will write the lesson in golden letters on the table of my brain. Satan must know his people, that he made you his broker.

SPIE. True, brother; and I think if I bring him ten, he will let me go free. Every publisher gives his collector the tenth copy gratis; why should the devil go so jewishly to work? Razman, I smell powder.

RAZ. I smelt it long ago. Yes, yes, as I told you, Moritz, you will be welcome to the captain with your recruits; he has some brave fellows already.

SPIE. But mine! mine!—pshaw—

RAZ. Yes, they may have pretty fingers; but I tell you, the fame of our captain has led many noble fellows into temptation.

SPIE. You do not say so!

RAZ. Without a joke! and they are not ashamed to serve under him. He murders not for the sake of plunder, as we do; he seemed no longer to care for money, as soon as he could get it in plenty; and even the third part of the booty, which is his by right, he gives away to orphan children; but, should he find a landlord who grinds down his peasants like beasts, or a villain creeping about in gold lace, who wrests the laws, and silvers over the eye of justice, or any fellow of that kind, then is he in his element, and rages most devilishly, as if every hair upon him were a fury.

SPIE. Hum, hum!

RAZ. Lately, we learnt at an inn, that a rich count, from Ratisbon, would pass through, who had just gained a lawsuit of a million through the tricks of his advocate. He happened to sit at table.—"How many of us are there?" he asked me, while he hastily rose up; I saw him bite his under-lip, which he never does but when he is most angry. "Not more than five," I said. "It is enough," he said, threw the money on the table for the host, left the wine untouched, and we made for the road. But the whole time he did not speak a word, walking on one side alone, only from time to

time he asked us if we heard nothing, and told us to lay our ears to the ground. At last the Count came by, the carriage heavily laden; the advocate sat with him inside, and two servants rode by the side;—then you should have seen the man, how he sprang before us to the carriage, a pistol in each hand!—and the voice with which he called out, "Stand!" The coachman, who would not stop, had to dance down from his seat; the Count fired into the air; the horsemen fled. "Thy gold, scoundrel!" he cried, in a voice of thunder; "and art thou the villain that mak'st justice a prostitute?" The advocate trembled so that his teeth chattered—the dagger stuck in his back like a plug in a wine-cask. "I have done my part!" he said, and turned proudly away; "the plunder is your concern." And he disappeared in the forest.

Spie. Hum, hum! Brother, what I told you just now is between ourselves; he need not know it. Do you understand?

Raz. Right, right—I understand.

Spie. You know him, he has such fancies. You understand me?

Raz. I understand, I understand.

Enter Schwarz, *running.*

Raz. Who's there? What's the matter there? Passengers in the forest?

Schwarz. Quick, quick! where are the others? A thousand devils! do you stand there and chatter? Don't you know, then?—do you know nothing at all?—and Roller—

Raz. What then? what then?

Schwarz. Roller is hung, and four others with him!

Raz. Roller! When?—where did you learn it?

Schwarz. Three weeks he was in prison, and we knew nothing about it; his trial went on for three days, and we heard nothing of it; they examined him with the torture where the captain was—the brave fellow confessed nothing. Yesterday the trial was finished, and this morning he travelled extra-post to the devil.

Raz. Curses! Does the captain know it?

Schwarz. Yesterday he learnt it for the first time. He foams like a boar. You know he was always especially fond of Roller; ropes and ladders were brought to the tower; they were of no use; he himself crept in to him in the dress of a capuchin, and would have changed clothes with him; Roller obstinately refused; now he swore an oath that made our blood run cold, that he would kindle for him a funeral pyre, such as had lighted no royal burial, which should burn their backs

brown and blue. I fear for the town. He has for a long time had a pique against it, because it is so shamefully bigoted; and you know if he says, "I will do it," it is as much as if one of us had done it.

RAZ. That is true; I know the captain. If he had given his word to the devil to go to hell, he would not pray if half a pater noster would save him.—But ah! poor Roller!—poor Roller!

SPIE. Memento mori! But that does not move me.—*(Whistles a song.)*

As I pass by the gallows' stone
I wink with my right eye,
And think, you hang there well alone;
Who's fool now, you or I?

RAZ. *(starting up.)* Hark! a shot!

SPIE. Another!

RAZ. Another!—the captain!

SCHWEITZER, ROLLER. *(behind the scenes.)* Hollo ho! Hollo ho!

RAZ. Roller! Roller! Ten devils take me!

SCHWEITZER, ROLLER. *(behind the scenes.)* Razman! Schwarz! Spiegelberg! Razman!

RAZ. Roller! Schweitzer! Lightning, thunder, hail and storms! [*Flies to meet him.*

Enter ROBBER MOOR, *on horseback*, SCHWEITZER, ROLLER, GRIMM, SCHUFTERLE, *troop of* ROBBERS, *(covered with mud and dust.)*

R. MOOR. *(springing from his horse.)* Freedom! Freedom! You are safe, Roller!—Take my horse, Schweitzer, and wash him with wine; *(throws himself on the ground.)* That was in time!

RAZ. *(to Roller.)* Now, by the forge of Pluto! are you come from the rack?

SCHWARZ. Are you his ghost? or am I a fool? or is it really you?

ROLL. *(out of breath.)* It is I; bodily; whole. Where do you think I am come from?

SCHWARZ. Ask a witch! Sentence of death was pronounced upon you.

ROLL. That it was truly, and more. I came straight from the gallows here. Let me only get my breath. Schweitzer will tell you. Give me a glass of brandy!—Are you here, too, Moritz? I thought to have met you somewhere else. Give me another glass of brandy! my bones fall asunder. Oh, my captain! where is my captain?

SCHWARZ. Presently, presently!—but talk, talk! How did you escape? how is it that we have you again? My head swims. From the gallows, say you?

Roll. *(drinks a glass of brandy.)* Ah, that's good! Straight from the gallows, I say. You stand there and gape, and cannot believe it—I was but three steps from the ladder, up which I was to rise into Abraham's bosom—so near—so near—was already sold to the anatomist! I would have given my life for a pinch of snuff. To the captain I owe breath, freedom, and life.

Schweit. It was a joke worth telling. We had the day before learnt through our spies, that if Heaven did not fall in in time, Roller would the next morning—that was to-day—go the way of all flesh. "Up!" said the captain, "what is not a friend worth?—Save him, or save him not, we will at least kindle for him a funeral pyre, such as hath lighted no royal burial, which shall burn their backs brown and blue." The whole band was collected. We sent an express to him, who conveyed to him a little note which he threw into his porridge.

Roll. I despaired of the result.

Schweit. We waited till the passages were clear. The whole town was gone after the spectacle; horsemen, and footmen, and carriages, jostled one another. "Now," said the captain, "burn, burn!" The fellows flew like darts, and fired the town in three-and-thirty points at once, threw firebrands near the powder-magazine, into the churches and barns. Morbleu! in less than a quarter of an hour the north-east wind, which must also have a spite against the town, came excellently to our help, and blew the flames up to the highest gable. We, in the mean time, went down street after street like furies—"Fire! Fire!" through the whole town—howling—screaming—tumult—the fire-bells began to ring—bang went the powder-magazine into the air, as if the earth had burst in two, and shivered the heaven, and sunk hell ten thousand fathoms deep.

Roll. And now my followers looked back—there lay the town like Gomorrha and Sodom; the whole horizon was fire, brimstone, and smoke; forty mountains echoed round the noise of the infernal game; a panic terror struck all to the ground. Now I used the point of time, and rushed like the wind (I was unfettered, so nearly was it all over)—while my guards looking back, were stupified like Lot's wife—rushed off, tore through the crowds, away! Sixty paces off I cast away my clothes, threw myself into the river, and swam under the water till I believed that I was out of sight. My captain was ready prepared with horses and clothes—and here I am. Moor! Moor! may you soon get into trouble, that I may return like for like!

RAZ. A beastly wish, for which you deserve hanging—but it was a thundering stroke.

ROLL. It was help in need—*you* cannot value it. You should have been with a rope round your neck, travelling to the grave with a living body, as I was, with the sacramental forms and hangman's ceremonies; and with each step that the timid foot went forwards, nearer, and fearfully nearer, the cursed machine, where I should be lodged, in the shining of the morning sun; and the leering hangman's servants, and the horrid music—it grates in my ears yet—and the screeching of the hungry ravens, who were hanging upon my predecessor, and all, all—and besides, the foretaste of the blessedness that awaited me. Brother, brother, and all at once to be free!—it was a blow as if the rafters of heaven's vault were sprung. Hark, fellows! I tell you, if one of you should jump out of a burning oven into ice-cold water, you would not feel the change so much as I did, when I reached the other bank.

SPIE. *(laughs.)* Poor wretch! It's all over now! *(drinks.)* Here's to a happy regeneration.

ROLL. *(throws his glass away.)* No, by all the treasures of Mammon! I would not bear it a second time. To die is something more than a harlequin's leap; and the fear of death is still worse.

SPIE. And the powder-magazine—do you mark now, Razman?—that made the air stink so of brimstone an hour ago, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was being aired under the firmament—it was a master-stroke, captain! I envy thee.

SCHWEIT. I wish the town joy of trying to put to death my comrade. What, the devil! shall we make a conscience of letting our comrade take leave of the town? And, besides, our fellows have found somewhat of which to plunder the old emperor. Say, what have you taken?

ONE OF THE BAND. I have, during the tumult, crept into the church of St. Stephen, and stolen the border of the altar-cloth.

SCHWEIT. Thou hast well done—what matters plundering a church? They bear it to the Creator, who laughs at their trumpery, and let his creatures hunger. And you, Spangeler, where did you cast your net?

A SECOND. I and Buegel have plundered a merchant's shop, and have proofs of it with us.

A THIRD. Two gold watches have I stolen, and a dozen silver spoons!

SCHWEIT. Good, good! We have made a pretty work of it; and

if they will defend themselves from the fire, they must ruin the town with water. Do you know, Schufterle, how many are dead?

SCHUF. Three-and-eighty, they say. The tower alone shivered sixty of them to dust.

R. MOOR. *(seriously.)* Roller, you have been dearly paid.

SCHUF. Pshaw! pshaw! what matters that? Indeed, if they had been men—but they were little children, and mothers taking care of them—withered old men who could not find the door—patients whining after the doctor, who, in his gravity trot, was gone after the hunt. All who had light legs were gone after the comedy, and only the dregs of the town remained behind to keep house.

R. MOOR. Oh, the poor worms! Sick men, sayest thou, old men and children?

SCHUF. Yes, the devil! and women in childbed as well—poor poets, who had not a shoe to put on, and all the rest of the pack, that are not worth the trouble of talking about. As I by chance passed the barracks, I heard a noise within; I looked in, and I saw by the light that it was a child, yet fresh and sound, that lay on the ground under the table. Poor beast, said I, you will be cold here, and threw it into the flames.

R. MOOR. Truly, Schufterle? And may those flames burn in thy bosom till eternity grows grey! Away, monster! Let me never more see thee among my band! Do you murmur? Do you consider? Who considers, when I command? Away with him, I say. There are yet more among ye, who are ripe for my wrath. I know thee, Spiegelberg. But I will come among ye presently, and hold a fearful muster. *(They go away trembling.)*

R. MOOR. *(alone, going violently up and down.)* Hear them not, Avenger in heaven! What can I do? What can I do, when thy pestilence, thy famine, thy floods, consume the righteous with the wicked? Who can command the flames, that they shall not rage through the blessed corn, if they shall destroy the hornet's nests? Oh! shame upon the murder of children! the murder of women! the murder of the sick! How doth this deed vex me! It hath poisoned my fairest work. There stands the boy, shamed and scorned before the eye of Heaven, who presumed to play with the club of Jupiter, and threw down pigmies, when he would have dashed Titans to pieces. Go, go! thou art not the man to sway the avenging sword of a higher tribunal; thou sinkest at the first grasp. Here I abjure the bold plan, and go, to creep into any cleft of the earth, where the day may not look upon my shame.

(Going hastily.)

Enter ROBBERS, *hastily.*

ROBBERS. Look to yourself, captain! There is danger! Whole crowds of Bohemian horsemen are trooping in the wood—the infernal beadle must have blabbed to them.

Enter more ROBBERS.

ROBBERS. Captain, captain! They have traced us—some thousands are surrounding us in the forest.

Enter more ROBBERS.

ROBBERS. Woe, woe, woe! We are caught, tried, condemned! Many thousand hussars, dragoons, and huntsmen are upon the heights, and besiege all the outlets. [*Exit* MOOR.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHWARZ, SCHUFTERLE, SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, ROBBERS.

SCHWEIT. Have we shaken them out of their nest? Rejoice, Roller! I have long wished to have a fight with the *ration* men. Where is the captain? Is the whole troop together? Have we powder enough?

RAZ. Powder is plenty. But we are eighty in all, and scarcely one to their twenty.

SCHWEIT. So much the better! and let there be fifty against my big nail. Brother, brother! there is no difficulty. They may set their lives at ten kreuzers; fight we not for neck and freedom? We will rush upon them like a deluge, and fire upon their heads like lightning. Where the devil is the captain?

SPIE. He leaves us in this necessity. Can we, then, no more escape?

SCHWEIT. Escape?

SPIE. Oh! why did I not stay in Jerusalem!

SCHWEIT. I wish you had stuck in the drain, you faint-heart! With naked nuns you can brag enough; but if you see two soldiers, coward!—Show thyself now, or they shall sew thee in a boar-skin, and worry thee with dogs.

RAZ. The captain, the captain!

Enter R. MOOR.

R. MOOR. *(aside.)* I have fully determined; now must they fight like desperados. *(Aloud.)* Children, now is the time! We are lost, or we must fight like wounded bears.

SCHWEIT. Lead us on, captain! We follow thee to the jaws of death.

R. Moor. Load all the arms! There is no want of powder?

Schweit. *(springing up.)* Powder enough to blow the earth up to the moon!

Raz. Each man has five pairs of pistols loaded, and three rifles.

R. Moor. Good, good! And now a part must climb the trees, or hide themselves in the thickets, and fire upon them from behind.

Schweit. You may go there, Spiegelberg.

R. Moor. We will fall upon them in the flank, like furies!

Schweit. There will I be!

R. Moor. At the same time, every man must let his whistle ring through the forest, that our numbers may seem greater; also all the dogs must be let loose, and set upon them, that they may be separated, and scattered, and rush into your fire. We three, Roller, Schweitzer, and I, fight in the attack.

Schweit. Masterly, excellent!—We will thunder upon them, so that they shall not know where the blows come from. Only let us begin.

[Schufterle *beckons* Schweitzer, *who takes the* Captain *aside, and speaks softly with him.*]

R. Moor. Hush!

Schweit. I pray thee—

R. Moor. Away! He may thank his shame, it has saved him. He shall not die, if I and my Schweitzer die, and my Roller. Let him take off the clothes, and I will say he is a traveller that I have robbed. Be quiet, Schweitzer! I swear, he shall yet be hung.

Enter Monk.

Monk. (*aside.*) Is this the dragon's nest?—By your leave, sirs! I am a servant of the church, and without there stand seventeen hundred, who guard each hair of my head as I sleep.

Schweit. Bravo! bravo! That was well spoken to keep one's stomach warm.

R. Moor. Hush, comrade!—Say shortly, sir monk, what hast thou to do here?

Monk. I am sent by the high authority that pronounces over life and death.—Ye thieves—ye murderers—ye villains—poisonous otter's brood, who creep in darkness, and hide in secresy—refuse of humanity—brood of hell—a precious banquet for the ravens and worms—a colony for the gallows and the wheel!—

Schweit. Dog! leave off abusing, or—

[*He puts his gun to his face.*

R. Moor. Shame, Schweitzer! You spoil his ideas—he has

learnt his sermon so bravely out of book. Go on, sir—" for the gallows and the wheel."

Monk. And thou, their captain!—duke of robbers—king of knaves—great mogul of all the villains under the sun!—Like that first direful ringleader, who fanned a thousand legions of guiltless angels into the flame of rebellion, and dragged them down with him into the pit of damnation. The mourning cry of the bereaved mother howls after thy footsteps, thou suckest up blood as water, men weigh not a breath against thy murdering sword.—

R. Moor. True, true! Go on.

Monk. What! true, true! is that thine answer?

R. Moor. How, sir? Thou hast not yet finished. Go on; what more wilt thou say?

Monk. Horrible wretch! out of my sight! Doth not the blood of the murdered Count cleave to thy cursed fingers? Hast thou not broken into the sanctuary, and with thievish hands stolen the holy vessels of the sacrament? How! hast thou not cast firebrands into our godly town? and thrown down the powder-magazine upon the heads of good Christians? (*clasping his hands.*) Fearful, fearful wickedness, that stinketh up to heaven, and armeth the last judgment, till it break rushing down! Ripe for reward, ready for the trumpet's sounding!

R. Moor. Masterly spoken hitherto! but to the point! What message doth the worthy magistrate send me by you?

Monk. What thou art not worthy to receive.—Look round you, murderer! Wherever thine eye can see, art thou shut in by our horsemen; here is no more room for escape. Sooner shall cherries grow upon this oak; sooner shall this fir-tree bear peaches, than ye shall turn your backs upon this oak and this fir-tree uninjured.

R. Moor. Do you hear, Schweitzer?—But go on.

Monk. Hear then, how graciously, how compassionately, justice deals with the wicked! Wilt thou kneel before the cross, and beg for mercy and forbearance? see, then will sternness itself become compassion to thee, and justice be a loving mother; she shuts her eyes to the half of thy crimes, and is satisfied—think now—is satisfied with the rack.

Schweit. Have you heard, captain? Shall I go and squeeze the sheep-dog's throat, till the red juice spurts out of the pores of his skin?

Roll. Captain! Storms! Thunder and hell! Captain!—how he bites his under-lip! Shall I throw this fellow up and down under the firmament like a nine-pin?

SCHWEIT. Me, me! Let me kneel, fall down before thee! Grant me the delight of grinding him to pap! [MONK *shrieks.*

R. MOOR. Away from him! Let no one dare to touch him!—*(To* MONK, *drawing his sword.)* Look you, sir monk! here stand nine-and-seventy, whose captain I am, and of whom none know how to move at the sign and the command, or to dance after cannon-music; and without there stand seventeen hundred, grown grey under arms.—But hear now! thus speaks Moor, the murdering captain. It is true, I have slain the Count, I have burned, and plundered the church, I have cast firebrands into your bigoted town, and thrown down the powder-magazine upon the heads of good Christians; but that is not all. I have done yet more. *(Stretching out his right hand,)* Mark you these four costly rings that I bear on each finger. Go thou away, and tell word for word to the lord of the tribunal over life and death, what thou hast seen and heard.—This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I cast down, while hunting, at the feet of his prince. He had flattered himself up from the mob to a first favourite; the fall of his neighbour was his ladder to rank—the tears of orphans raised him up.—This diamond I drew from a minister of finance, who sold offices and seats of honour to the highest bidder, and thrust the mourning patriots from his door. This agate I took from a priest, to the honour of thy sort, as he regretted in the open chancel, that the Inquisition was falling. I could tell thee more tales of my rings, if I did not already repent the few words that I have wasted upon thee.

MONK. Oh! Pharaoh, Pharaoh!

R. MOOR. Do you hear him? Did you mark that sigh? Doth he not stand there as if he would pray down fire from heaven upon this troop of Korah, judge with a shrug of his shoulder, and damn with a christian "Alas!" Can a man, then, be so blind? He hath the hundred eyes of Argus to spy out the faults of his brother; can he be so blind towards himself? They thunder out of their clouds about gentleness and patience, and bring to God human sacrifices, as to a fiery-armed Moloch.—They preach love to their neighbours, and curse the aged blind from their doors — storm against ambition, and have for their golden clasps laid waste Peru, and yoked the heathen to their chariots like beasts of burden. They rack their brains, how it was possible that nature could have created an Iscariot, and not the worst among them would betray the triune God for ten pieces of silver. Oh! ye pharisees! ye falsifiers of the truth! Ye tremble

not to kneel before the cross and the altar, flay your backs with scourges, and torment your flesh with fasts; ye think with these pitiful jugglings to raise a blue mist before Him whom yet ye fools call Omniscient, just as we the most bitterly mock the great, when we flatter them that they hate flattery; ye boast of nobility and exemplary conduct, and the God who sees through your hearts, would rage against the Creator, if it were not even he who had made the monster of the Nile.—Take him from my eyes.

Monk. Can a villain be so proud!

R. Moor. Not enough. Now will I speak proudly. Go, and say to the reverend tribunal that rules over life and death—I am no thief who hath conspired with sleep and midnight, and who doth great things on the ladder. What I have done I shall, without doubt, one day read in the book of heaven, but on its pitiful ministers will I waste no more words. Tell them my work is recompense—vengeance is my business. [*He turns his back on him.*

Monk. Then thou wilt not have forbearance and mercy? Good—with thee I have done. *(Turns to the band.)* Hear ye, then, what justice informs you by me. Deliver up bound this condemned miscreant, and the punishment of your wickedness shall be left to the last account; the holy church will receive you as lost sheep into her motherly lap, with renewed love, and the road to honour shall stand open to you all. *(With a triumphant laugh,)* Now, now! How likes your majesty that? Quick, then! Bind him, and be free.

R. Moor. Do you hear? do you hear? are ye in doubt? He offers ye freedom, and ye are really prisoners. He sends ye life, and that is no vain prattle, for ye are truly judged. He offers ye honour and place, and what can your fate be, even if ye conquer, but shame, and curses, and persecution? He tells ye of reconciliation with Heaven, and ye are truly damned; there is not a hair on one of you that goes not down to hell. Do ye still ponder? Do ye still waver? Is it so hard to choose betwixt heaven and hell? Help them, sir monk!

Monk. *(aside.)* Is the fellow mad?—Do you fear that this is a trick to take you alive? Read yourselves; here is the general pardon, signed. Can you yet doubt?

R. Moor. Look, look! What more can ye desire?—signed with his own hand. It is mercy beyond all bounds.—Or do you fear that they will break their word, as ye have heard men keep not their word with traitors?—Oh, be without fear! Policy would constrain them to keep their word, even if they had given it to Satan. Who would in future believe them? How could

they ever make a second use of it? I will swear they mean it truly. They know that it is I who have roused and embittered you, and they count you guiltless. Me alone they would have: I alone must pay the penalty. Is it not so, sir monk?

MONK. *(aside.)* Is it the devil that speaks in him? Yes, truly, truly, it is so—the fellow makes me tremble.

R. MOOR. How, no answer yet? Think you indeed to break through them with arms? Look around you, look around you! you will think so no longer; that were now childish confidence.—Or do ye flatter yourselves to fall as heroes, because ye see that I rejoice in the tumult?—Oh, believe it not! Ye are not Moor! Ye are thieves! Wretched workmen in my great plan, contemptible as the rope in the hand of the hangman! Thieves cannot fall as heroes fall. Life is gain to a thief, for something fearful comes after. Thieves have a right to tremble before death. Hear how their horns are sounding! see how their sabres are glittering around! How! yet undetermined? are ye mad? are ye insane? It is unpardonable! I thank you not for my life. I am ashamed of your sacrifice.

MONK. *(extremely astonished.)* I shall go mad. I shall run away. Has one ever heard anything like it?

R. MOOR. Or do you fear that I shall stab myself, and through self-murder destroy the compact that treats only of the living? No, children! that is a vain fear. Here I cast away my dagger, and my pistols, and this phial of poison, that yet would be welcome to me. I am so wretched that I have lost the power even over my own life. What! yet undetermined? Or do you believe that I should defend myself if ye would bind me? Look! here I bind my right hand to this bough of oak; I am quite defenceless, a child might cast me down. Who is the first to leave his captain in his necessity?

ROLL. *(in the greatest emotion.)* Not if hell girded us round ninefold! *(Waves his sword.)* Who is no dog, save the captain.

SCHWEIT. *(tears up the pardon, and throws it in the* MONK'S *face.)* Pardon in our bullets! Away, rascal! tell the senate that sent you, you found no traitors in Moor's band. Save, save the captain!

ALL. *(shouting.)* Save, save, save the captain!

R. MOOR. *(joyfully.)* Now are we free,—comrades! I feel an army in my wrist. Death or freedom! At least they shall find none living. [*They sound to the attack. Exeunt with drawn swords.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—
CHAP. XI. Contains an Adventure, important in its Results, as will hereafter be made apparent—An Anti-Plot Alliance is formed—And the Deceiver is deceived 219
CHAP. XII. Doubt and Danger 225
CHAP. XIII. The Visionary 229
THE DREAM 232
THE ROSE 234
OUR SCHOOL DAYS 235
TRANSLATED FRAGMENT OF ERINNA'S ODE TO FORTITUDE 239
SALUQUIA—THE MOOR'S BRIDE; a Dramatic Sketch. By "PUCK." . . 240
SONG 244
SOMETHING ABOUT A CHILD AND A SERPENT. By MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL . . . . . *ib.*
PATRIOTISM 245
THE MOON 250
NUGIGERULUS.—No. III. 251
CANZONET. By H. G. ADAMS 253
ODE TO BEAUTY 254
FLOWERS ON A MAIDEN'S BIER 255
RANDOM SKETCHES, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. IV. Niagara 256
THE WEEPING WILLOW 260
THE BRIDAL GARLANDS 261
HORACE.—Lib. IV. Ode VII. 262
THE ROBBERS; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act III. Scene 1, 2. 263

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,
154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

CONTAINS AN ADVENTURE, IMPORTANT IN ITS RESULTS, AS WILL HEREAFTER BE MADE APPARENT — AN ANTI-PLOT ALLIANCE IS FORMED — AND THE DECEIVER IS DECEIVED.

As Edward and his men, guided by the Duke of Burgundy, were about to leave the scene of peril, not a few of the rioters, separating from the main throng, seemed inclined to become their savage escort. Meanwhile, the sounds of strife were audible from around the palace gates, and through the lurid torchlight might be discovered the partisans of Orleans vainly endeavouring to defend, against the infuriated multitude, their master's house. The broad flashes of lightning, that with loud thunder-claps still followed one another, revealed the scene with yet more terrible distinctness. Unable to close the gates once opened, the men of Orleans were yielding before the murderous pressure of the crowd, as, with wild gesture, they pushed forwards towards their prey. Some flung lighted torches into the house; but they burnt harmlessly among the stones, or, falling among the combatants themselves, did more frightful execution. Rising on his horse's stirrups, Burgundy pointed out the scene to those around him:—"Burgundy! Burgundy!" he shouted; "on, men of Paris! Orleans is ours! Let not a foe escape!—Burgundy! Burgundy!" With savage exultation, he watched the effect of his words: those who had been

inclined to secede joined their fellows in a new assault, with frightful yells and shouts, that drowned even the thunder's voice.

"I can bear this no more!" cried Mat Maybird; "Edward! captain! canst thou look idly on? — To the rescue! to the rescue!" and in an instant his sword gleamed through the air, and Burgundy, by a stunning blow, was felled to earth. "Orleans! Orleans!" cried Mat Maybird. Edward and his men, equally indignant, took up the cry, and threw themselves upon the multitude, already dispirited by its leader's fall. The diminished band before the palace regained their drooping courage, and, with a successful charge, forced the panic-stricken populace from the court-yard; the massive gates were closed once more, and then the band of Englishmen, fighting their way through the slight resistance that was offered, succeeded in extricating themselves from their dangerous position.

We pause to explain. The impetuous boldness of Mat Maybird prevented the development of Burgundy's design, when first he interfered with his furious supporters in Edward's favour. Conscientious or generous motives it would be folly to assign to the assassin duke. In all probability, as, at that time, he was meditating a treacherous alliance with England against his country, for the better execution of his private resentment, he thought the murder of an English ambassador by the Burgundian mob would do but little towards advancing his designs; and considered, perhaps, that having bound Edward to his cause by a debt of gratitude, he would become a favourable instrument for advocating, at the court of King Henry, his treasonous proposals. If these were his intentions, we have seen how suddenly they were frustrated.

It was now near midnight; the steeds of the gallant band were weary with prolonged exertion, and the storm, which raged with increased fury, warned them to seek rest. But where? If, at this late hour, any inns were open, these would afford no security to the strangers; so excited were the people, that they were certain of encountering a storm within more violent even than that which now raged around them. Under these circumstances, and trusting, in a great measure, to chance for a night's protection, the little party rode slowly on through the less-frequented streets, and halted, at length, in a spacious square. Before them was a noble mansion, evidently deserted. The doors were half forced from their hinges, the windows broken; there was no light visible

within. The stables, at the side, were vacant; and here, without delay, the troop dismounted, to provide for their horses during the night,—corn, as well as provision for themselves, having been brought with them in case of emergency.

Leaving one man, to be relieved in turn by his companions, as a guard without, Edward was followed by his friends into the deserted house. A torch, almost burnt out, was flickering on the marble floor of the lofty hall, and barely disclosed the desolation of the scene. Rich shattered furniture, fragments of weapons, torn cloaks and caps, were strewn around; and there were marks of blood. Catching up a torch that, with many others, was mingled with the wreck, and lighting it by the expiring flame, Heringford led the way up a staircase protected by broken ballustrades, and covered with fragments of antique sculpture that had adorned it, to the rooms above. There was ruin everywhere—tapestry torn, and tattered carpets; bloodstains still. The havoc evidently was recent; the house belonged to some distinguished person who had incurred the vengeance of the rioters. Barring the windows, so that, should the rabble pass again that way, the gleams of light might not be seen, the party prepared to take their meal; in silence, for the sight of ruin always impresses us with awe. The storm attained its height; the thunder pealed through the sky, and the wind howled without and within the deserted house, banging to and fro the broken doors. Ever and anon, they fancied they heard the roar of the rioters approaching, and grasped their arms in readiness for another fray;—it was but the distant wind that swept on towards them; and the house rocked, and the torches flared in the blast, that pierced even to them as it past over. The men grew mirthful over their meal; silence was dismal in such a place; the forced jest went round, and laughter still more forced. Superstition was common in those times, and a dim sensation of awe oppressed them all. They pledged each other in the ale-cup, they cheered their captain, they sang of their ladye loves; and Curts, who was loudest in his mirth, pledged a cup to Mat Maybird. At this moment, an impetuous gust of wind forced open, with a loud clap, a pair of folding doors at the extreme end of the room: the men rose in astonishment and awe. On the threshold stood, thus suddenly revealed, the figure of a man, in rich attire, bloodstained and torn, his face deathly pale, his hair matted with blood: extending his hands, he advanced a few paces, and then sank senseless to the ground.

Conquering with an effort the superstitious terror that the sudden apparition and its attendant circumstances were so calculated to call forth, Edward hastened to the stranger's aid. Judging from his dress and countenance, he was, without doubt, a person of rank, probably the owner of the house, whom the rioters had left for dead. He was above the middle age, and his face, now pale and disfigured with the clotted blood, wore an expression grave, yet pleasing.

Surgical attendance was, in those days, a boon but sparingly bestowed upon the English army: it was furnished, indeed, with but one person of that profession, who was bound to provide twelve assistants. Under these circumstances every practised soldier was, by necessity, expert in the more common operations, and the wounds of the stranger, numerous though slight, were soon skilfully closed. The men formed with their cloaks a rude couch, and, having refreshed the fainting man with wine, they left him to rest until morning.

At an early hour Heringford was by his side, and, shading the sleeper's eyes from the rays of the morning sun, watched until he should awaken. His strength recruited by a peaceful sleep, towards noon the stranger aroused, but half conscious of the scene in which he was placed; he looked inquiringly at Edward; Mat Maybird, however, who had gained undisputed possession of the victualling department, would allow no word of explanation until he had tasted food. He was then informed, so far as they tended to explain his present position, of the events of the previous night, and remained some time with folded hands, apparently occupied with prayer and thanksgiving: this done, Heringford asked whom it had been their fortune to assist.

His name was De Vermont: his house had been attacked by the mob on their way to the mansion of Orleans, his servants overpowered, he himself left for dead in his oratory. The provocation was, that he had come from Harfleur, with De Gancourt, for the purpose of communicating with the Duke of Orleans, against whom Burgundy had incensed the rabble of Paris. The noisy mirth of Edward's men had aroused him from his trance: he thought the rioters still near, but they were not French voices; rising, he tottered to the doors at which he had been discovered, and, that he might see the strangers, held them partly open, when the wind tore them suddenly from his enfeebled grasp. His wounds being slight, De Vermont requested that he might be

assisted in reaching the neighbouring house of a friend, where he might await the restoration of his strength, before returning to his family in Harfleur. His desire was complied with, and, carefully concealed in a rude litter from the public gaze, he was carried whither he directed.

By this time evening was drawing on, and it became necessary that Edward and his party should spend another night in Paris. But little occurred worthy of mention, save that the friendship of Curts for Mat Maybird seemed hourly on the increase. Mat himself was discomposed at so much affection.

"What," said he to Edward, "can that evil-eyed man find to admire in me?—I am not honoured by his preference."

"Mat," replied Heringford, "I must employ thee here as a friend. There is some design afoot which I cannot fathom. Curts is an assassin, lying in wait to murder me—"

"Is it so?" said Mat Maybird; "I guessed he was some such character. I'll countermine him though! Trust to me, Edward! But there is more—"

"Thou shalt know all," said Edward, and then proceeded to relate his first meeting with Curts, the recognition by Willie Bats, with Willie's tale of the castle plots that had driven him from Ellerton. The attack upon Bruton, the reappearance of Curts in Bruton's house, the success with which he gained his victim's confidence, were then detailed. The knowledge possessed by his enemies of the extent of Edward's information, the meeting with Sir Richard Ellerton in the by-street at London, the behaviour of Curts in that interview, with the manner in which the latter had tracked his steps in France, brought the eventful story, so far as Curts was concerned, down to the period of the present plots.

"Very well," said Mat, when he had done; "there is now a storm brewing, but no matter. Give me thy hand;—here stand I, Mat Maybird, and with thee, friend Edward, do I now ally myself, by art or force to plague, punish, and expose the very respectable individuals that, for unknown causes, are plotting against thee: plot for plot shall they have, and scheme for scheme. In this hour let them tremble, for an alliance is ratified that bodes them little good!" Thus speaking, the light-hearted Mat Maybird rubbed his hands in glee at prospect of the sport in which he was thenceforward to be engaged.

Morning once more arrived, and the little band was on the alert: Mat Maybird, of course, produced a breakfast, and, by

sunrise, the whole party was winding along the banks of the Seine, with the houses and spires of Paris at their back. Mat rode with Curts behind the rest, engaged in conversation of apparently absorbing interest.

Once more entering the camp, Edward lost no time in representing to the king the result of his mission, and thereupon, returning to his own quarters, sought conference with his new ally. Mat Maybird was seated within the tent in luxurious ease, solacing himself with a jug of ale and a plentiful supper by his side.

"Late for supper, captain," said he; "hast no mercy on my stomach's patience? Here's to thy health!" and having drained a cup of ale, Mat smacked his lips and continued:—"Talking of healths, dost thou remember, Edward, when Curts pledged me,—he drank to my speedy advancement:—canst guess what that advancement was?"

"To the post of purveyor in ordinary to the troop?"

"To the post of captain of the troop, in place of Edward Heringford deceased. He has been dinning my praise into the men's ears, but has failed in shaking their fidelity. I guessed his design and scraped acquaintance with him; pretended a dire enmity against thee, my most hateful Edward; professed ambition for the rank thou holdest; and brought my speech down to his own level of villany."

"And what said he then?"

"At first he contradicted every thing bluntly enough; by degrees, however, I succeeded in blinding him, and he laid his schemes before me; thinks he has obtained my cooperation in lulling thy suspicions, perhaps my hand to execute the crime which he now seeks daily to commit."

"Then," cried Edward, "he stands exposed: we have proof of his villany!"

"Patience! patience!" interrupted Mat Maybird; "we have him now at the mouth of a net; let him enter and get thoroughly entangled in it before we scare him by our movements. He spoke of other murders, of other murderers, and of a deeper plot: his friends are coming over to assist.—There is much more to be discovered."

Edward thought of Bruton.—"Thou art right," said he, "there is another victim; and if thou canst discover what tie unites us in this danger, if thou canst discover the dark hidden motive to all these plots, canst thou make known the secret on

which I have made my happiness depend,—confirm the dark suspicions in my mind, or prove them false,—then—"

"Then," added Mat, "thou wilt no doubt be greatly delighted: provided always that thou art right in believing that the removal of this mystery will remove the bar between thee and the blue-eyed Kate Westrill."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

DOUBT AND DANGER.

The next morning brought Bruton to Edward's tent, a visiter that was most warmly greeted. He came to congratulate his young friend on his success:—

"But not alone for that purpose," added he. "Edward, when we first met my heart was drawn towards thee; as I watched thy bright career my love has ripened: thou art fatherless, motherless—let me call thee son; be father to thee!"

Edward grasped his kind patron's hand in silent gratitude.

"I am a soldier, Edward," continued Bruton; "perhaps a little too blunt. I cannot discourse sentiment of the love I bear thee—I can say only it is honest. And, now we understand each other, and as I have heard in parts of some mystery in thy life, as a first proof of confidence—tell me thy tale."

Edward readily complied, and his youthful days were recalled, their actions made known to his friend without a single reservation. As he spoke of the dying words of old Heringford, from which he learnt that he was not his father, Bruton sat in deep reflection, nor appeared to listen to another word. When Edward had ended:—

"Hast thou any clue," inquired he, "by which to trace out thy parents when opportunity shall offer?"

"None," replied Heringford; then, remembering the counterplot against Curts, "I have indeed," he added, "a slight chance which a few days will determine. Of this it is not yet time I should inform thee."

Bruton scarcely heeded the latter part of the answer.

"And Sir Richard Ellerton thy foe!" muttered he, musing; "thine age?"

Edward told him.

"Strange—strange if it should be so!—and yet—impossible! Edward, note not my manner; I am forgetting myself, and dream wild dreams of things that cannot be.—Rely, however, upon me in all thy difficulties."

With these words Bruton once more relapsed into thought, then suddenly parted from Edward with an emotion he was at a loss to understand.

The consequence of this interview was long and serious thought on the part of Heringford, which left him more perplexed than ever, and with increased anxiety he now looked forward to the result of Mat Maybird's contrivances.

Once more the burning sun sank to rest, and many a sick and weary soldier hailed the coolness of the evening breeze: for there was infection in the camp, and death was constantly before the eyes of the English. Each night closed for the last time on some whose earthly race here was ended; but this night, this fearful night, afforded the largest harvest to the angel of Death. In the battle each man was prepared for his end, on the bed of sickness yet more so, but to-night the strong and the hardy, the weak and the sickly, those ready for and those who dreamed not of death, were to pass away without a warning. Hundreds were to perish in their sleep, or to wake only in the agony of despair.

Heringford and his friend perceived the danger; they roused their men, and fled for security, awaking the troops in their course. Woe, then, to him whose slumbers were not broken! The sound of rushing waters was above all; the river, foaming and dashing against the walls of Harfleur, rose and extended widely and more widely over the plain. The townsmen, repulsed in the sally, had borrowed aid of a foe whom no swords, no threats, no artillery could harm—the river had been stopped in its course through the town, and its waters now overwhelmed the English camp stationed by its side. Heringford had looked on death and danger, but he shuddered as he heard the cries of those no strength could rescue, and fled from the rising waters that gurgled over the corpses of the brave. The two divisions of the camp had retreated, each to the hill upon its own side, and looked down now in dismay upon the lake, vast and swelling, that dashed between, mocking the distress of the divided forces. The river, heightened now in its whole course, poured continually a fresh stream into the accumulating mass. That was indeed a terrible—a fearful night; and the morning sun, as it rose, was reflected from the great sheet of water,

beneath which the dead reposed, and it poured its light upon a camp bowed down with sorrow and affliction.

Then came a time for action. Canals were dug to carry off the new-made lake, and prevent a recurrence of the calamity: the ground was drained, and presented a sad spectacle of ruin. The remains of tents, horses, the bodies of the unhappy men, were exposed; and sorrowful indeed was the task of removing these. At length this duty also was completed, and the surviving warriors chanted a solemn mass over the graves of their comrades thus suddenly opened to receive them. It was a solemn and impressive thing to see thousands of stern natures, on bended knee, deploring, with the truest emotions, the untimely fate of their companions, interceding earnestly for those to whom Azrael had left no time for a late repentance, giving pious thanks for their own deliverance, and praying for that protection which alone can be a true defence;—it was a solemn sight, and, to those that took part in the ceremony, it was of the most painful character. It was long before any of the soldiers recovered from the impression which that scene made: many of them bore it to their dying day.

Meanwhile, the infection had not ceased, the men of Harfleur made daily sallies, and the English fell. Vigorous measures were indispensable; and it was at this crisis that the Duke of Clarence proposed undermining the town. The scheme was adopted, and carried out without delay; the men belonging to Clarence's division of the army (including Edward's band, with Curts and Mat Maybird) relieving each other at the work.

At expense of time and labour, the mine progressed, and a considerable excavation was made, when one morning, shortly before the time at which Edward's band usually took their share of labour, Mat Maybird, with mysterious looks, led Heringford aside.

"All is arranged," said he; "the blow is impending, and we shall soon have stirring times: the plots, Edward, are growing warm; let us see who will come off singed."

"What has happened?"

"Capital fun!" cried Mat, with undisguised delight; "capital fun! Canst guess who is in the camp? Sir Richard Ellerton—Sir Richard and Andrew Westrill! Say, shall we not have fun?"

"Fun!" cried Edward; "if thou canst extract fun out of this, then art thou indeed a merry dog!"

"Blind! blind fellow! dost not see? Look! These men are

all congregated together to entrap thee, and—place themselves in our nets. Not Curts alone; we have them all;"

"I trust it may be so," replied Edward; "but I fear, Mat, that my troubles are not so soon to be ended."

"That was the bell!" cried Mat Maybird; "our men go to their work—croak not, but follow me."

Mat led the way into the mine, where the men were already assembled, working in the torch-light. Placing himself in the shadow of a huge block of earth, he motioned Edward to station himself by his side, and watch what he should see.

Almost opposite to them, and lower down, beneath a torch fastened in the wall, were two men, muffled, indeed, but easily to be recognized. Sir Richard Ellerton,—his face half shadowed by an overhanging bonnet from the light above, his cloak now wrapped closely around him, now flung open to admit the breeze,—spending his time in restless change of attitude, stood beside Andrew Westrill, who, with looks of apparent unconcern, was seated on a block of stone. Curts, at work with the men, looked back from time to time, expecting Edward: at length, finding he did not, and probably would not, come, he laid aside his tools, and advanced towards his associates.

"Hast brought my money?" was his greeting question.

"Thy work," replied Sir Richard, "is not yet done."

Edward started at the tone; it was so hoarse and sepulchral, its calmness so evidently forced.

"My work is sure," replied Curts; "be my payment as certain, and I am well content."

"Be speedy, too," said Sir Richard, in the same tone of struggling calmness. "The air of Harfleur breathes curses in my ears. I cannot tarry here!"

"Then, why remain?" asked Westrill.

"I must, Andrew—I must see his blood—my own eyes must be assured!—and he ye call Bruton—" The man trembled.

"Let us concert some scheme," said Westrill; "chance is but a slippery friend to trust."

"Not now," said Sir Richard; "this place may have ears, and time brings thought. Let us meet again, but soon."

"To night," said Curts.

"An hour before midnight," suggested Westrill, "in the chapel by the royal tent."

"A chapel!" muttered Sir Richard.

"Ay," replied Curts; "but the moon shineth not now, and there is no tomb to frighten thee.—It is understood?"—

"I will be there," said Sir Richard.

Immediately, Curts had returned to his former labour, and Andrew Westrill had glided from the spot, leaving Sir Richard Ellerton to follow, his face pale as ashes, his step unsteady, and his hands, as he convulsively clenched his fists, death-cold and clammy.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THE VISIONARY.

From this point events crowd so fast upon each other, that brevity becomes indispensable.

Mat Maybird, rejoining Curts with apparent unconcern, was informed of the appointed meeting, was invited, and promised to attend. He purposed, too, to perform his promise, although certainly after a manner of his own; having concerted with Heringford to be present and unseen, disappointing the conspirators to render another meeting necessary, at which Bruton should himself be made a witness of the villany of his favoured retainer.

That night, accordingly, before the appointed time, Edward and Mat Maybird entered the little chapel. It was a square stone building, almost destitute of ornament; the windows at each side were in the deep recesses of the wall, and there was at the end a larger painted window, with, beneath it, the altar and crucifix. On each side of the broad centre aisle the roof was supported by a few plain pillars.

Bowing as they passed the shrine, with an inward prayer, Heringford and Maybird stationed themselves in a recess, and awaited silently the arrival of those they expected.

Curts was the first to appear, bearing a shaded lantern, and advancing slowly to the altar he seated himself upon its steps. Sir Richard and Andrew Westrill came not long after: Andrew leaned carelessly against the altar rails, while Sir Richard gave vent to his agitation in nervously pacing the aisle.

"Is the other coming?" asked Westrill, after some time of silence.

"He promised," replied Curts.

"And has performed," muttered Mat, in a tone louder than prudence dictated, but which fortunately was not heard.

"Another!" cried Sir Richard; "do ye know the danger of many friends in guilt?—each one another sea of angry passions on which our fortunes may be wrecked. Just Heavens!" muttered he; "ye will prevail at last!—and I shall be dragged before the world,—branded a villain,—murderer,—black and foul!—This youth, even this youth, will join in the laugh of derision at him who would have struggled against Fate! He too—I cannot bear the thought!"

The calm that came over the speaker as he pronounced these last words, sudden and chilling as it was, contrasted powerfully with his previous violence;—he stood motionless as a statue. Curts and Westrill looked on with a smile of contempt.

"Shall I slay them both?" continued Sir Richard, in the same unnaturally calm and deliberate tone; "shall they both die? My brain is crushing under a fearful load—will that remove it? —Oh that I were pure and innocent, as once I must have been! Could I only call to mind those days!—but no: I have spent a life in crime, repentance comes too late!" Again his violence overcame him. "They shall die," said he, "for the wrongs that through them I suffer; I will ease myself of the weary load, though in doing so I but gain another and a heavier burden! Aid me, spirits of hell!—I am resolved!"

"Our friend is late," observed Curts.

"What needed a new ally?" asked Andrew Westrill.

"Much.—Thou remember'st Maybird of Ellerton?"

"Maybird! We are undone!—He is sworn friend to Heringford."

"Wrong," replied Curts, "quite wrong! I know his character; he cares for none better than himself, and hath now an eye to the captaincy:—he greedily devoured my baits and is pledged to our conspiracy:—but I have not let him know too much."

"Better he had remained ignorant of all," replied Andrew; "be careful, Curts, lest he overreach thee! This Maybird, from a child, was apt at mischief: I would not have him play his pranks on us."

"Am I a fool," said Curts, "that I cannot tell a rogue at sight? No; thou art wrong, Westrill; Mat Maybird is ours, both heart and soul."

"Why is he absent then?"

"His absence vouches for his faith: were he false he would not risk suspicion. Either he cannot leave unobserved, or he hath forgotten his promise. He is a mad-brained fellow, and the latter is very likely."

"Seest thou that?" cried Sir Richard suddenly. "There! there! within the sacred pale of the altar!—Aroint thee, spirit! Air, air thou art, and canst not harm firm flesh and blood!—Blood!—why holdest thou thy finger up at me? I tremble not at the name, no, nor at the sight, of blood! To thy grave, Beatrice! to thy coffin and pursue me not!" The vision-haunted criminal was fearfully excited as he thus spoke, with glassy eyes fixed upon vacancy. "It is no evil spirit," continued he, "that dares tread that hallowed spot.—Beatrice! leave me!—leave me, or I die!" The superstitious and conscience-stricken knight pressed his hands before his eyes, as if to behold no more the horrible illusion.

"Dreams!" exclaimed Curts. "Be manful!"

Sir Richard would have answered, but his eyes were once more fixed upon the altar: — "Ha!" cried he, "I see a braver sight! —My victims stand there,—look! look! within the rails,—and blood-hounds without are struggling to get at them!—On, on, hounds! On! give me good omen," shouted he, "and bathe your fangs in their proud blood!—Well done! another rush and ye destroy the barrier! Forward! forward!—Perdition! themselves perish by their own blows! I will get at them! I will overleap the bar!" and rushing wildly forward he fell senseless to the ground.

"Thus it ever ends," said Curts, angrily.

"Let us leave him to recover," said Westrill; "we must meet again,—but no more chapels!"

Pushing aside with his foot, with contemptuous petulance, the body of the visionary that blocked his way, Curts, followed by Andrew Westrill, left the scene of meeting; and Mat Maybird and Heringford, having allowed time for the villains to depart, emerged from their place of concealment. At the sound of footsteps Sir Richard was aroused, and, half rising, supported himself on one arm, as he watched them passing out of the chapel. His glassy eyes were fixed upon Edward's face, and when he found himself again alone he relapsed into his former insensibility.

(To be continued.)

THE DREAM.

I DREAMT I stood in silent thought
Within an ancient fane,
Where all with solemn awe was fraught—
High arch—and tinted pane.
'Twas eve, and o'er the western sky
There streamed a purple glory:
The snow-capped mountains seemed to vie
In radiance with their canopy;
While in the east the summits high
With pines were grey and hoary.
Yet not within that sacred shrine
Those rays might in full splendour shine,
But mellowed to a calmness holy;
Piercing through storied windows dight,
It was a "dim religious light,"
And filled the soul with sacred awe,
Like that which painters love to draw
Around the Virgin Mother, meek and lowly.
And while the eye, with dazzled sight,
Drank in that flood of mystic light,
There stole sweet sounds upon the ear,
Like those in yon bright fires,
What time from each harmonious sphere
The Angel-bands sweet music hear
Borne from invisible lyres.
And holy strains they were, whose tones
Might wake the dull and lifeless stones
Their full response to give.
With sweet accord their accents rung—
Those words in which our fathers sung,
Which we now sing, and live.
And while my soul was tranced, and fraught
With wonder and with solemn thought,
I saw a priest-like form:
In spotless white that man was clad,
Yet was his visage pale and sad,
And worn with care, like one whose mind
Is troubled with the tempest-wind,
And fury of the storm.
Yet once methought a smile there played
E'en o'er those features sad and staid,
Such as might beam o'er martyr's face,
When led by Heaven-vouchsafed grace
To seek his crown, and die.

I said his face was pale—and there
Was many a trace of holy care
And vigil late, and anxious prayer,
And thoughts of things on high.
* * * * * *
As o'er the sea when moonlight softly smiles,
And pours its tremulous light o'er many a wave,
Our fancy loves to think on those bright isles
Beyond the darkness and beyond the grave,
And image in its solemn deeps
Bright vales, rich plains, and rugged steeps,
Till in its bosom still there seem to lie
Things not to all reveal'd;
So, 'neath his lofty brow and placid eye,
Were mysteries conceal'd.
They told of thoughts too high for earthly ken,
Of hopes too frail to bear the scorn of men,
Of purpose stern, and pure unquenchèd zeal,
Such as a lonely monk might feel,
Imprisoned in his solitary cell,
Bound there for aye to dwell,
And hold communion with his own meek heart,
While all around might awe and holy fear impart.
* * * * *
We stood,—but spoke no word;
Nought but those solemn strains around were heard.
I felt as though a charm had bound me—
As though there were a spell around me;
A silent, voiceless ecstasy.
And he, the Saint-like One, was calm
As though he bore a martyr's palm,
When, all at once, those strains were closed,
And all that sacred fane in silence still reposed.
Yet soon there came the sound
Of murmuring streamlets rushing by,
And meeting waters' melody.
Now louder rushed it o'er the ground,
With mighty sound of solemn dread,
Such as might rouse the imprisoned dead
From their sepulchral grave;
Or such as comes when tempest-blast
Hath o'er the earth destroying past,
Roused from its ocean-cave.
The waters rose around us; still
We heard their dashing stream;
And o'er us came a deadening chill,
Like that which in a dreary dream
Benumbs the enthralled will.

It seemed as though we, too, should sink
Beneath that torrent fierce;
And then my soul began to sink,
And pains my heart to pierce.
I feared; but *he* whom now I saw,
With holy reverential awe,
Stood firm, unshrinking, undismayed;
No tempest-blast, no torrent-flood,
No falling stars, no sun of blood,
Could make his soul afraid.
I sought to gain his strength
And fearless calm of heart;
Nor sought I it in vain: at length
He deigned his source of comfort to impart.
"Fear not," he said; "thou art within the Shrine—
The Ark which ne'er shall perish or decay;
Here rest, and, trusting to the word divine,
Fear not these waves, for they shall pass away;
But TRUTH shall rest secure
In her own light divine, for ever to endure."

II

THE ROSE.

(From the German of Herder.)

"ALL the flowers of earth I see perish around me, and yet it is ever me that men call the withering, the quickly-fading Rose. Ungrateful men! do I not make my brief existence pleasant as may be? do I not even after death leave an offering of sweet perfume; medicines and salves, too, full of strength and refreshment? Yet do I ever hear ye sing and say, 'Alas! the withering, the quickly-fading Rose!'"

Thus complained the Queen of Flowers, on her throne, perhaps in the first consciousness of departing beauty. A maiden stood by and heard her; thus she replied: "Sweetest, be not angry with us; call not that ingratitude which is nobler love, the language of tender affection. All the flowers around us, we see them die, and look upon this as the flowers' fate; thee only, their queen, do we desire; thee we judge worthy of immortality. When our hopes perish, O leave us then the plaint that compassionates ourselves in thee. All the beauty, the youth, and joy of life, we compare with thee; and, while their bloom decays as thine does, do we ever sing and say, "Alas! the withering, the quickly-fading Rose!"

OUR SCHOOL DAYS.

" Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—VIRGIL.

" When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one that treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."—MOORE.

THAT the days spent at school are the happiest of life, is a notion which, on my first leaving my parental roof, my master endeavoured, with all the sagacity of age, to impress upon my mind. Even at that time I felt anything but a firm belief in the axiom; and the experience of a few weeks led me to reject it altogether as a mere cheat, formed without consideration, and based upon a fallacy. To a little boy at school, who is suffering what he fancies the greatest hardships in life, this proverb affords but slight comfort. For my own part, I was bullied by big boys all day, except when the masters took their turn; in short, I scarcely knew which to dread most—the play-hours, wherein I had to endure the lot of the unfortunate monkey, whose allowance, if we may trust the saying, is remarkable for a superabundance of kicks, with an accompanying paucity of small coppers; or the hours devoted to teaching and caning on the part of the master, learning and being caned on that of the boys.

If I was industrious, I was sure of a thrashing from some big bully, for " mugging," instead of playing at cricket; if I was idle, I was equally sure of a caning from the master, for not " mugging." If I saw a big boy stealing apples, I was either flogged for not attempting to prevent the illegal appropriation; or, in the classical language of school, " got my precious young head broke," with the friendly intention of impressing on my memory the necessity of giving such sights in future " an understanding, but no tongue." Nor did night close my misfortunes, for it was often my fate to go, tired and bruised, in a November frost, to a bed " flowing " not " with milk and honey," but with snow, carried up

stairs by some facetious wag, who would crown the joke by singing, as I got into the uncomfortable bed,

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea."

Neither was this all, for very frequently, as I was conning over the "quis te mihi casus ademit" of the Latin Grammar, which I had to say in the morning, I found an apt illustration of the passage, in the spontaneous departure of my upper bed-clothes. Add to this the misery of early rising, and I am sure the most bigoted "laudator temporis acti" will pardon my scepticism with respect to the all-excelling felicity of scholastic life. In this manner does almost every boy regard the axiom, and it is natural that he should do so.

But, when the schoolboy has grown to manhood, and a few of the more weighty cares of life have come upon him; when he has emerged from the antechamber of life, and has gone forth into the troubled ocean of the world; when he is called upon by business to mix with spirits deadened by use, and hearts grown callous by time,—he sighs as he remembers his school days; when his young mind was filled with the bright anticipations of the future; when he knew no ambition beyond reaching the head of his class, or excelling his companions at their games; when his intercourse was with hearts as light and happy as his own, and his friendships unalloyed with that suspicious caution which his after years have taught him to assume. Then does he look back with regret, and almost smiles as he perceives how exact a model of the world was the little school with which he mingled: the same passions, the same feelings, the same characters, he sees in one as in the other, with this only difference, that he sees them in the world more strongly marked, more hardened, and more irreclaimable, presenting to his view the same faults, but without their redeeming qualities—

"The weeds of vice, without the flower."

The boy who at school used to speculate in knives, marbles, bats, and balls, is but an embryo of that sordid character we meet in after life, whose soul is absorbed in gain, but whose vice is now unsoftened by those traits of goodness which are ever the companions of the young. The bully of the school is but a picture in miniature of that restless tyrant whom we still see domineering, proud, and malicious. The boy who used to fag is not wanting either; we see him in the poor and industrious plodder, who

appears to be for ever rolling his gigantic stone to the summit of the hill, yet never nearer to the end of his labour. The idle boy we still see sauntering through life, with no fixed purpose, no steadiness of character. In short, we may trace out in the world all and each of the characters of school, if we will only exercise our faculties of observation. And yet there is something sad in the recollections of our school days. The past is ever a melancholy theme, and few can recall its bright hours without betraying those deep, though transient, emotions, which tell us how near and dear to our tenderest feelings are the years that are gone. But how much more sad is it to call back to our view those days which linked us to so many blissful associations? Who can remember the friendships of early life without a sigh, to think how death, separation, and estrangement, have severed them? Who can recall its bright hopes without a tear, as he sees them daily vanishing beneath the influence of cold reality? But sadder and sadder yet is it to call up once more the old familiar faces, beaming with happiness, supplied by the gladsome hearts which had then felt no check, experienced no disappointment, broken beneath no care! Alas! how changed may they be now! Where are now the hands we clasped in the brotherhood of youth? They may be cold in death, or withheld by estrangement. Where are the eyes that used to be bright and smiling? They may be sunken by anguish and misery, or turned away from us for ever. Where are the voices that used to echo in our ears, in the joyous tones of mirth and hilarity? They may be hushed for ever in death, or they may be whispering low the accents of despair.

Even the schoolmaster and the school-house,—so full of reminiscences, so linked with the past,—even these are changed. The master has grown old, and has but slight recollection of us; others have filled our places and taken our tasks, and we are forgotten. Time, too, hath left his footprints on his outward appearance, as upon his heart—his hair has grown more grey, his brow more wrinkled, his temper more irritable. The school-house, too, is changed. We may find our name carved in rude letters on some old desk or form, but others are beside it whose sounds are unknown to us. We may find our old seat, and our former cupboard, but they are occupied by others now. The play-ground is not what it was. There may be still the remains of our garden and the scene of our games, but the one has run wild, and, as we look once more upon the other, the faces which, rosy with health and exercise, are

turned towards us, are new and strange. Truly may we say, "Our own place knoweth us no more." Alas! how impossible is it to go back in life! We may call back the scenes, the companions, the sports, and the occupations of the past, but the feelings of those days are gone from us for ever. The world, with its chilling influence, has swept them away; and we see in the old school-house an emblem—apt and perfect—of our own changed hearts. The place and the heart are the same, but their occupants, how different! We have still our games, our occupations; but they are not, as they were, unalloyed: love, ambition, and business, are the games of manhood; but with how changed feelings do we engage in them, from those with which we joined in the sports of boyhood! We have still our successes, but they warm us not as of old; we have still our companions, but they are not those happy hearts we once were mated with; we have still friends, but, as we look round our circle, we cannot help remembering with a sigh the boon companions, free of heart, joyous, and unwarped by disappointment, that are gone, we know not whither; and the tales that yet remain treasured in our minds, when the lips that told them are silent in death, and many of the ears that heard them closed for ever.

Of our own familiar friends, how few traces have we! The grave may tell a melancholy tale of some; others may be waiting, with broken hearts, for its repose, and longing for

"The sleep that brings no wildering dreams, no voices from the past:"—

some may be passing on the stormy ocean; others enduring the privations of the battle-field: some may have risen in the world, and have forgotten us; others may be struggling with adversity, and weighed down by care: some may have the household treasures of an affectionate wife, and fair, happy children, sporting beside their hearths; others may be blighted in heart, and mourning, sad, and lonely, the bursting of that bright bubble of their love which time never can restore. In short, they have mingled with the world, and we see them no more. Or if we do meet them in our journey through life, how different is the greeting of manhood from the cordial grasp which spoke the welcome of our boyish days! Time has changed us and them, not more in the outward semblance than in "that within which passeth show;" and the warmth of early friendship has been chilled by the blasts of the world. All is changed, ourselves and them, and our relations to each other;

and we meet coldly, formally, and reservedly, those who were once the mirrors of our own hearts.

Of my own school-mates, I have met but few, and they are changed—alas! how changed!—but a few yet remain; and it is to them I would look for that friendship which endears the evening of life—to them I would dedicate these remarks; and it is my most fervent prayer that the links which bind us may never be broken: may our hearts still cling together in the darker paths of our way of life as firmly and as fondly as now, when, grey-haired and feeble-kneed, we indulge, as we totter to the grave, in the reminiscences of the past, and exclaim with the poet—

"Ah! happy years—once more who would not be a boy?"

C. H. H.

TRANSLATED FRAGMENT OF ERINNA'S* ODE TO FORTITUDE.

Mars' proudest daughter! thou who flashest now,
Bright, with the golden mitre on thy brow!
High queen of war! whose glorious destinies
Upon thy nod await,
As on the Olympian throne thou dost arise,
Renowned and all serene, in guidance meet
Of thine irrefragable sway, where beat
All storms, nor shake its fate!

Thou rulest on the earth, all to constrain
Beneath the yoke of thine almighty rein,
And ocean's heaving breasts, while tempests run,
Beneath its curb incline;
And cities proud, and Time,—that mightiest one,
That shaketh all, all customs doth unbind,
And swatheth thrones in his strong, changeful wind!—
Doth bring no change for thine!

Oh! meet for thee, with warlike sons that throng
Round thee, their beauteous mother, standing strong
In lineaments of bravery, to unfold
Thy glory, ever new;
And multiplying aye these brave hearts bold,
Till Ceres' golden broods that cluster still,
All earth with brightest multitudes to fill,
Seem sterile, near, and few.

* * * *

H. B. M.

---

* A Greek poetess, contemporary with Sappho, with whom she shared the title of the "Tenth Muse." Of all her works, the above Fragment alone remains.

SALUQUIA—THE MOOR'S BRIDE.*

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY "PUCK."

MEN.		WOMEN.
Brafama, *the Bridegroom.*		Saluquia, *the Bride.*
Don Pedro,	*Christians.*	Lucia.
Don Alvaro Rodriguez,		*Attendants.*
Moors.—Christians.		

The scene is in Portugal. The time about the year 1219.

Scene I.—*A Forest.* Don Pedro *and* Don Alvaro Rodriguez *with a troop of Christians in the Moorish dress.*

Pedro. Keep close, and be silent as the grave. I and Don Alvaro will watch for the arrival of Brafama and his party; and when we shout, "Down with the bridegroom!" rush out, and kill every man of them. Hush! I hear a noise. *(The men retire into the forest, and their two leaders stand on the watch. In a short time Brafama and his attendants pass by. Don Pedro shouts,* "Down with the bridegroom!" *and his men rush out. The Moors call out,* "An ambush!" *and draw their swords.)*

Alvaro. *(attacking Brafama.)* Yield thee, Moor! for thou shalt not see thy bride to-day.

Brafama. Yield thou, vile misbeliever! or thou shalt find a Moor who fighteth for his bride is a fearful foe. *(They fight, and all the Moors are killed. Brafama is wounded, and falls to the ground.)*

Pedro. Leave Brafama on this bank, and let us hasten to Arouche. When we approach I will ride forward, and call out that we conduct Brafama; they will open the gates for us, and we shall take the town easily. If they resist, spare them not; and

* During the wars of Alfonzo II. with the Mahommedans, the important town of Arouche, on the eastern bank of the Guadiana, was recovered in the following singular manner; and from that day the town was known by the name of *Moura*, or the female Moor.

the man shall have Saluquia for his bride who shall first plant our flag upon the turrets. On then, quickly. [*Exeunt.*

BRAFAMA. *(alone.)* Why will ye not kill me, barbarians? Death were nothing to the thought that makes me forget all my agony. Saluquia! Saluquia! my poor bride. Would that thou hadst died before this day. I am fainting—dying; and she, my love, will fall into—the murderers' power. Heaven! Alla! mercy—save her—save her—kill her if thou wilt—send forth thy lightning, and wither her—but save her—from—wretches—Alla!—*(Dies.)*

SCENE II.—*The walls of Arouche. A canopy is erected, beneath which are* SALUQUIA, LUCIA, *and attendants.*

SALUQUIA. Is there no sign yet of his appearance?

LUCIA. I see nothing.

SALUQUIA. I am weary with watching. Why doth he linger so long? My Lucia, doth not all seem lovely to thee? The blooming flowers, the soft blue sky, the sweet singing of the birds, and the breezes that are laden with the perfume of many blossoms. But, oh! thou knowest not their beauty; for thou hast not yet learnt to see in all the fairest beauties of this world the image of the loved one—to hear in all the tones of nature the echo of one voice.

LUCIA. How know you that, mistress? I may have entered the fairy region of Cupid's kingdom, and learnt to view all beautiful things in his rose-coloured mirror.

SALUQUIA. Is it so, really? Dost thou, too, love? O then thou canst understand how very, very happy I am now, when my whole soul is filled with hope, and I expect each moment to fly into the arms of my beloved.

AN ATTENDANT. A troop of horsemen are approaching.

SALUQUIA. Ha! hearest thou that, my Lucia? Look; they come, they come! See! Canst thou not distinguish his form? I cannot see it yet. You may know him by his beauty. Strange that I cannot see him; he ought to be the foremost. Methinks I could outstrip the swiftest steed to fly to meet him.

(Horsemen are seen approaching. One rides before the rest, and calls out) Open wide the gates! We bring Brafama the brave! Brafama, the happy bridegroom!

SALUQUIA. It is he! It is he! Open the gates. Still I

cannot distinguish him! *(The gates are opened, and the horsemen enter the fortress.)* Why doth he still tarry? Why doth he not rush into the arms that are open to receive him,—to the heart that is beating with love for him? Ha! what shriek was that?

A Moor *(comes running.)* Fly! fly for your lives. Christians, in the dress of Moors, have taken the town.

Saluquia. And Brafama?—

Moor. Is murdered by these men. They laid in wait for him, and have massacred all his attendants.

Saluquia. *(falls on the neck of her attendant.)* Lucia! Lucia! *(They remain silent for some time.)*

Lucia. Mistress, dear mistress, let us fly while there is yet time.

Saluquia. Whither? Why should I fly? Why should I seek for life? Life! there is no life more, for he who was the life of all things is departed—murdered. Oh! is there no Heaven to look upon these monsters, that they are suffered thus to curse the earth?

Enter another Moor. Fly, Saluquia, for thy life, and what is dearer than thy life? The leader of these men hath promised that thou shalt be the bride of him who shall first plant their flag upon the walls.

Saluquia. Ha! Brafama, this is a sad wedding day. Thou art in the chill embrace of death, and in that cold bridal bed I'll join thee. Oh, if thou art in heaven, thou shalt not look upon thy bride, and see her faithless to thy memory. Nor wilt thou suffer it, that I should be the prize of lawless ruffians. No; thou wilt with thy eloquence, for thy voice was sweet and moving, call forth ten thousand angels to my rescue—thyself the fairest of them all.

1st Moor. I know not now whether it is possible to escape, for the enemy hold the gates; but if thou wilt go with us, we'll fight for thee till death.

2d Moor. Aye! that we will.

1st Moor. Follow us then, instantly.

Saluquia. Stay! I thank ye from my heart, but here I remain. Here came the tidings to me of the death of him who was far more to me than life, or all the world. It is fit that on this spot I show his murderers, that though they have torn him from my living arms, they cannot tear me from my love for him—they cannot bid me live when he is dead.

LUCIA. Wilt thou let them kill thee then? Oh, mistress! do not so. Live; save thyself for our sakes, who love thee.

SALUQUIA. Why should I save myself, if I could do so, to wander up and down this dreary world, poor, friendless, unknown, without a resting place, and without hope. Lucia, we might together have borne much woe and agony; I cannot tell the suffering that we could not have borne, if yet that blessed light of hope were quenched not. But my hope lies in the grave; and how now should I endure, or why should I endure all this, when all is dark before me; when the fire that was the warmth of life no longer burns, and there is not a power in this world can kindle it again?

LUCIA. What wilt thou do then?

SALUQUIA. Let them come, and they shall see that woman's love is fearless as it is faithful. Hear them! the cries of the murdered tell their approach. And these men tell us that they fight for faith, and for religion. In truth, their God must be a Moloch, if it is thus they serve him.

[*Soldiers having ascended the walls rush towards the spot where Saluquia is standing. She stands erect before them, with uplifted arms, and exclaims, in a loud, firm voice,* "Stand back!" *The soldiers, struck with astonishment, stand still.*

SALUQUIA. Stand back! Are ye men, who rush thus with your swords upon a woman? Are ye Christians, who make it a sport to murder basely a bridegroom on his marriage day, and then hold out the bride for a brave prize to him, who, in his manly strength, and with his iron weapons, first should overcome a weak and helpless woman? Oh! ye are a proud set, ye sons of women, who can make women your foes, and conquer them with arms. But look ye, *(turning to her attendants,)* though we are weak in body, and have not strength of wrist to wrestle with oppressing men, God hath implanted in our hearts a firm and noble constancy and resolution, before which men, with all their boasted pride, must quail. Mark! A woman's weakness, and a woman's strength, are both alike her love. *To* him she loves she's yielding as a blade of grass, and he may turn her where he will with but a word. *For* him she loves, a lion is not stronger. Strong in faith; strong in hope; strong to endure; strong to resist; and strong to die. [*She throws herself headlong from the walls.*

SONG.

Clear is the sound of a fast-flowing rill,
As it ripples in murmurs along;
Clear as they echo from valley to hill,
Are the notes of the nightingale's song:
The tune of the flutt'ring sky-lark is clear,
As he hovers above the still grove,
But clearer by far to my listening ear
Is the sweet voice of her that I love.

Bright is the crest of the wave in its play,
As in sunshine it leaps from the deep;
Bright is the glance of the ev'ning star's ray,
As it lulls the dark earth to its sleep.
The dew on the opening bud is bright,
When the sun shines in glory above;
But brighter by far, and more radiant with light,
Are the dear smiles of her that I love.

Sweet as 'tis wafted by every breeze,
Is the rose, or the hawthorn's perfume;
Sweet is the scent of the bright orange-trees,
As in beauty and glory they bloom.
The music of evening bells is sweet,
And sweet is the coo of the dove;
But sweeter by far, in some quiet retreat,
Are the soft vows of her that I love.

Tyro.

SOMETHING ABOUT A CHILD AND A SERPENT.

By Major Calder Campbell.

Dipping her sweeter face in the sweet flowers,
That gathered round a little garden seat,
A fair young child—scarce weanèd—frail of feet,
And faltering of tongue, crouched from the showers
That fell, one April day. You could not meet
In all this wide world's range, 'mid Beauty's bowers,
A fairer girl; and, as I longed to greet
With kisses fond her laughing mouth, stole out
From clumped violets, a loathly worm—
A thing of venom!—Ne'er before had doubt
Of danger struck that child,—but now her form
Shrivell'd with inward fear:—her fingers small
Fast twisting on her breast, she 'gan to pray,—
"*Our Father!*"—and the serpent glode away!
But from that hour she felt the curse of Adam's fall!

PATRIOTISM.

What word more familiar to our ears? Now-a-days everybody is a patriot. We have patriots in South America, whose sole occupation is to play at revolutions; patriots in North America, whose only business it is to disturb all peaceably disposed subjects of the Queen; patriots in England; patriots in France; patriots in every habitable land, from the snows of Nova Zembla to the newly-discovered regions of the Antarctic pole. Every party in every state has "the real interests of the people" at heart; the contented placeman, the ambitious demagogue, both are true patriots. So abused is the name, that we might well-nigh fear that the substance has ceased to exist. Yet something there still is in the name of patriot, which finds an echo in the human breast. What mind does not kindle at the thought of

"Those who at Marathon and Leuctra bled?"

What man is there living who feels no sympathy with the misfortunes or the glories of his native land? What then is patriotism? whence its origin? whither its ultimate tendency? To answer the first of these questions; to explain the combination and mutual action of feelings by which it is produced; would require a space, which the limits of an essay cannot afford, and an acquaintance with the philosophy of the mind, to which the writer has no pretensions. None, we may venture to assert, who are capable of sympathy with the nobler motives by which man is actuated, could for a moment believe that its spring is to be found in his selfish passions, or deny its power in calling into life the highest sentiments, which still lie dormant in his soul. That self-interest, excited by the consciousness that the welfare of the individual is involved in that of the society, of which he is a unit, may be the real source of many actions, commonly attributed to patriotic feeling, it is possible to believe; where, however, the sufferings of each individual preponderate over the advantage obtained by him, as a member of a body politic, the motive supposed necessarily ceases to operate. Did such principles mainly actuate the views of men, the world would never have had cause to admire the heroine of Saragossa, or have seen the military despotism of France perish amid the flames of Moscow.

In the earliest ages of which any tradition remains to us, the sentiment of patriotism, in its present form, can hardly be said to

have existed. But its root was even then striking downwards. In the first stage of civilization, under a patriarchal form of government, it was confined within the narrow limits of a tribe, comprising perhaps at the most a few hundred warriors. Such it is seen to this day among the Bedouins of Arabia. To their ideas, to wage war on a neighbouring tribe, on men observing the same customs, speaking the same language, acknowledging the same religion, appears no breach of the law of nature. Such, within the last century, it still remained among the highland clans, the extent of whose patriotism was limited to sympathy with those who bore the same name, and displayed the same tartan. In this stage of its existence we see it closely allied to the affection naturally attendant on alliance by blood, yet exhibiting the same essential features which characterise it at the present day. If this theory be founded in truth, the origin of the sentiment is to be found in the natural bonds of consanguinity diverging by gradual degrees into the more extended society of patriarchal life, and swelling, as more complicated systems of political combination obtain, into a community of feeling, embracing in its circle not families or tribes, but nations and kingdoms. In the republics of ancient Greece, an intermediate state of its progress comes under our observation. What more brilliant examples of unsullied patriotism than those recorded in the annals of the polished citizens of Athens, or the rugged warriors of Sparta? Yet, however energetic in its action, it was limited in its sphere. Neither the bond of the common Hellenic blood, nor even the closer ties of Doric or Ionic descent, were sufficiently powerful to check strife and bloodshed on the most trivial occasions, or to impart to it the heinous character of civil war. Even the unanimous resolution with which Greece joined in repelling the attacks of the Persian monarchy, was less the result of patriotic feeling than of a sense of common danger to their lives and liberties, acting on a people of free and determined spirit, and in fact ceased to exist, when the immediate necessity had passed away.

To trace fully a similar growth of the patriotic sentiment in the early history of Europe, and to point out how in each nation of modern times it has been gradually developed, would be a task of no small research. Had we, however, no records of the state of our own land and the neighbouring continent in the centuries immediately succeeding the destruction of the western empire, the analogy of the other two great regions of the earth, Africa and

America, would lead us to conclude that a division into tribes unconnected with one another by any common bond of sympathy, and necessarily unacquainted with the feeling of patriotism, as it now exists, must have heen universally prevalent. That such was the case, history leaves no room to doubt. The early annals of every state of modern Europe abound with accounts of internal wars and dissensions, totally inconsistent with the existence of a real patriotic spirit. The feuds of the Saxon heptarchy in England, and the prolonged contests under the early Frankish dynastics, prove the truth of the inference as regards two principal powers of Europe. Gradually, and through a long series of years, has patriotism been perfected among each people; tribes before either hostile or united by a precarious bond of alliance, are now bound together in a brotherhood, to sever which, by open strife and mutual bloodshed, is accounted a violation of the very law of nature.

If, then, such be the nature, origin, and progress of patriotism, we cannot surely err in viewing it as a divinely appointed means for nourishing in the mind of man sentiments the best calculated to exalt his nature, and raise him above the most debasing of passions—utter selfishness. Love of self, with nations as with individuals, is the great antagonist passion to all that is good and noble; the mainspring of revolutions, the chief cause of the misery by which earth is desolated. But in national as in personal character, there exist opposite and contending elements of good and evil; the latter perhaps in man's natural state the stronger, the former not altogether subdued; and to those passions which tend to render self-gratification under any form the great object of action, are opposed sentiments of benevolence towards our fellow-creatures, and veneration for that which is truly excellent, which, when developed to their full extent, constitute the only antidote to the evils which are inherent in man's nature. Whatever, therefore, tends to draw him forth from the contemplation of self-interest, and lead him to view himself as united to other men, by common fraternity, and to sacrifice his individual good to advance the general weal, contributes to the strengthening of all the diviner sentiments of his soul. Hence, in this system of progressive patriotism, implanted in the nature of man, we have a powerful principle opposed to the moral evils which his fall from a state of innocence has entailed on him. It is not indeed *the* great antidote to the moral poison, infused into the veins of human nature; this is to be found in revelation, and in it alone. To attempt to substitute patriotism, even in its noblest form and most extended sense, in the place of

religious belief, would be to take away that which gives to patriotism its firmest foundation and loftiest object. But where divine knowledge has not penetrated, or has not as yet been embodied in the ruling motives of the mass of men, we have in love of country a powerful instrument for confirming the better principles of which our nature is capable. If we admit, then, that it is so effective an agent in working for the good of the human race, and if it be true that it has in past ages been strengthening and cementing nations, once divided, in inseparable union, are we to suppose that its energy has ceased to operate? Or is it not more consistent with the analogy of the past, to suppose that, as heretofore it has gradually, with the increase of civilization, become wider in its sphere, and constituted a principle of union between people once distinct in race and in feeling, so it may hereafter embrace a wider circle in operation, and unite, as in one country, nations now distinct? It may be deemed an improbable fancy that kingdoms, so widely differing in language, in religion, in sentiment, as are now found in Europe, should ever be truly bound by a common feeling of sympathy, as real and as firm as that which now unites the members of each several state. Yet how rapidly, even in our own land, has this effect been produced. Not many centuries have elapsed since England and Scotland stood opposed on the field of battle—since the prosperity of the one was the destruction of the other; yet who now could deny, that the glories and the success of the one meet with an echo in the heart of the other people? It would be no easy task to discover a reason why a similar change should not be seen in the future aspect of Europe. It is certainly no mark of wisdom to hazard conjectures as to the existing signs of the times. Among the many conflicting opinions and opposite theories daily presented to us, we are apt to fall into a confusion and uncertainty of mental vision, to which, in steadily contemplating the past through the glass of history, we are less exposed. In fact, it requires a mind of no ordinary discernment, amid the whirl of present events, to distinguish the true from the false; the real from the unreal. Yet, aware of this difficulty, we may venture to assert, that there seem to exist, even in all the disputes and bickerings by which the peace of Europe has been disturbed, traces of a general *European* feeling and community of sentiment, a strong aversion among the noblest spirits of every nation, to see a return of hostile feeling among states, so bound together by a common civilization, and a common religion. This, so far as it exists, is the extension of patriotism over a wider sphere.

It must be, however, observed, that the gradual enlargement of the circle in which it acts, does not destroy its operation within the smaller extent to which it was once confined; it is, in fact, the earliest form of the sentiment; the sympathy derived from alliance by blood, loses no part of its influence in the latter stages of civilization, while the intermediate states in which it is seen are still observed to retain a powerful influence over the mind. The native of Scotland may rejoice in the prosperity of the country at large; may read with pride of its successes in war and peace; yet doubtless he may, with no diminution of this general patriotic spirit, experience a deeper interest in all that concerns his own particular division of the nation. In a yet narrower sphere, though the hostility which once subsisted between the various clans of the Scottish highlands has long given way to a general unanimity of feeling, yet who will deny that the descendant of any race among them may still feel a peculiar pleasure in the thought of the honours and glories acquired by those of his own name? Should, then, a similar process take place throughout the nations of Europe, we may conceive a sympathy common to every nation in the position held by Europe in the world generally, as co-existent with such a love of country as is prevalent in the present age. The time may come, when the native of England shall point with pride to honours acquired by her old antagonist, France, as a member of the great European family, united by civilization and religion, even as now he would to the laurels gained by his compatriots of Scotland or Ireland, a time when the very notion of an European war shall be held in abhorrence, as a species of fratricide.

But must this process, which has continued gradually to develope itself since the commencement of the world, stop even at this supposed result? May not the principles which form the essence of the spirit of patriotism, arrived at their full maturity, display themselves in the form of universal philanthropy? May not the world become the "patria" of every member of the human race? May not the very idea of war between man and man be held a crime, which nothing but the strongest necessity could justify? That such a golden age will ever arrive, it would be presumptuous to assert; nay, sound reasons must be given against the probability of such a consummation of the fortunes of mankind; but the lessons of the past surely lead us to conclude that in the nature of things, such a result might, in the course of future ages, be developed.

G. S. W.

THE MOON.

On her path the Queen of Night
Sadly strays—her orb, how pale!
Bathing in her silvery light,
Mountain, steep, and woodland vale.
Silent, beautiful, and bright—
E'en the glittering stars grow pale—
Never mortal eye hath seen
One so fair as Night's sweet queen.

In the dark and midnight sky,
Lovely Cynthia's revels wake,
While in sleep dull mortals lie,
Not a sound her spells to break;
Closed is every weary eye,
Peaceful is the unruffled lake;
Then amid her court is seen,
All-excelling, Night's fair queen.

There, athwart the boundless space,
Dances many a youthful star,
Each displaying heavenly grace,—
Nought is there their joy to mar;
While their queen unveils her face,
Seated in her silver car,
Never mortal eye hath seen
Court like that of Night's fair queen.

Oft to her the lover's prayer
Breathed from out his aching breast,
Wafted through the midnight air,
Rises till his heart is blest;
Oft to her the child of care
Sadly pours his fond request.
Never mortal eye hath seen
One so kind as Night's sweet queen.

Till, from far in eastern way,
Rising from Tithonus' bed,
Comes the rosy-finger'd Day,
Tinging all things with her red;
Slowly Cynthia glides away,
By her starry handmaid's led.
Never mortal eye hath seen
One so chaste as Night's fair queen.

C. H. H.

NUGIGERULUS. No. III.

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics who themselves are sore.

The author having observed, that in most dedications and complimentary discourses, all notice of the above praiseworthy body of men is avoided; or if mentioned, that they are only pointed out to the trespassers on the grounds of literature as scarecrows and hidden pitfalls; and perceiving, too, that the majority of writers stand in unreasonable awe of them, undertakes to write in their behalf, asking only in recompense that he shall receive the like good turn from them. He ventures to recommend them to the public as deserving the same treatment which storks find in Holland—who are held sacred by the intelligent and grateful natives, for cleansing their streets of carrion and offal, which they cannot better get rid of than by exposure in public places; a plan to which the authors of the present day have much recourse. And as the owner of every house would be deemed ungrateful, sacrilegious, and accurst, did he not set apart a portion of his roof for their convenience and comfort; so it seems that every book should be delivered over to the secular arm of disapprobation which does not reserve a benignant reception and open range for the movements of a critic. He, too, should be deemed impertinent and bold who should dare to make allusion to their unengaging appearance, and morbid attachment to what is corrupt, rather than commend them for being the preservers of the moral health of a great city. Now, since the field of panegyric, though considerably trodden, is still full of ugly obstacles, which meet one at every step and turn, to the imminent jeopardy of limb or reputation, it will be necessary to lay hold of something which may keep us upright, and enable us to preserve our footing. After much thought and laborious exercise of invention, the author has endeavoured to set before his readers a few of the many characteristics which that eminent class of men possesses. There are, indeed, some of a humorous vein, who will say, that in every trade men serve a time of apprenticeship,

but that the professor of criticism is self-taught, self-appointed, and receives his diploma from himself. But such a strain would be discordant in an eulogy like the present; we will, therefore, pass it by, and explain that a great portion of this standing army of critics have been themselves authors, and are consequently entitled to the privileges, as they have the advantages, of deserters; and are well qualified to judge, from personal experience and intercourse, of the power, numbers, errors, and failures of their opponents. Since they are intimately acquainted with the whole system of literary tactics, they can counteract the movements of the enemy; and their valour is greatly increased by the knowledge that were they overcome, they could expect no mercy at the hands of their conquerors. Their adversaries, the authors, are a body in the pay of the public; they are generally promoted according to the external bravery of their decorations and accoutrements, and, like other warriors, they continually complain of being badly paid by their masters. Both parties pretend to be in the service of the public, following the received and laudable custom of two nations at war, who always assert that they serve Justice. But our present object is to carry the reader, if he be willing to go, into the opposite camp, and make him note their array. The deserters occupy a considerable portion of it, and always claim the honour of leading the van in the day of battle. They are principally armed with heavily-loaded weapons, called *Objections*, *Refutations*, and *Reviews;* with which they lay fiercely and indiscriminately about them. The rest of the army is composed of warriors less solidly furnished with darts and javelins, known by the name of *Pamphlets*, *Pleas*, *Few Remarks*, &c., and of some light troops, who harass the enemy with offensive missiles, called *sarcasm* and *satire:* the object of these latter is principally to terrify their antagonists by feigned attacks and loud shouts. They adopt no shields or defensive armour, which would indeed be useless against a foe in such heavy mail that he is unable to turn himself. It is their custom to engage, if possible, hand to hand, so as to prevent to their foes the use of their huge and unwieldy weapons; and, though they are active and alert, they rarely make much impression on the thick covering of the authors. Both sides use trumpeters, with long titles, to go forth with their faces towards the spectator-public, and proclaim their defiance, with the cause of the combat: they generally appear in a curiously worked garment, covered with variegated and complex hieroglyphics: they are called in the world, *Title-pages*, and are always attended by two or

more squires, called *Prefaces*, and *Dedications*. The same variety of disposition may be observed in these gentry as in mankind: a modest herald wears a plain, unembroidered garment, proclaims his employer's title quietly, and praises the world who is standing by: a pompous herald gives his master's titles at full length, and is attended by a gigantic squire; he does not praise the public much, but appeals to the authority of Mr. So-and-so's opinion, of whose words and approbation he generally carries a copy in his hand.

But to leave metaphors, in which the author is not at home, and return to the panegyric, which we had dropped, criticism is the purifying principle which cleanses away the accumulated filth of human ideas. Critics are the besoms which sweep down the dusty cobwebs spun from modern brains; they are the self-acting pruning-knives, which cut away the excrescences and ramifications of modern exuberance. What would mankind do without them? They alone are willing to stem the dirty tide and influx of corrupted sentiment; they alone will wallow in the mud of grossness, to investigate its nature and proclaim its danger; and they alone, cased in their own impenetrability, will venture a collision against the hard rocks of stupidity. Do not men who sacrifice so many sensitive feelings to the welfare of their fellows deserve their admiration and this panegyric? And let those who complain of their splenetic and virulent nature, remember, that those who are engaged in mud and dirt must wear a dress suitable to their employment.

A CANZONET.

By H. G. Adams.

Oh, light be thy slumbers!
And fair be the forms that around thee
Are flitting;
May soft flowing numbers
Of harps tuned to love still surround thee!
'Tis fitting
That beauty like thine should, awake or asleep,
With music and loveliness company keep.

Oh, calm be thy waking!
And laden the hours that glide by thee
With gladness;
May pain, or heart-aching,
Sweet maiden, mine! never come nigh thee,
Nor sadness;
For joy and serenity should not depart
From one with so pure and so gentle a heart.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Bright essence, co-eternal with the spring
Of all existence, who from every work,
The first, if first had been,
Of the Eternal shin'st in glory forth,
Nature's fair bride!—Now, poised on trembling wing,
My muse would soar,
Thee, soul-enthralling vanquisher, to sing,
To thy mysterious shrine, with zealous warmth, to bring
One tribute more!

Where shall I seek thee?—In the busy crowd
Of human intercourse and human forms,
In man's degraded passion-storms,
Eternal, dwellest thou?—
Ay, even there!
In every soul once hast thou raised a throne,
But man is proud,
Contracted hearts contain one governant alone,
Furies cast down thy seat, each to erect his own.

But round its ruins thou dost linger,
Nature asks, and thou dost bring her,
Bound by some unbroken tie,
Still each man a votary.
Thou art not fled by this we know,
When the repentant tear-drops flow,
Then, in each refreshing stream,
Bright once more, thy glories beam;
Thou art there!

Thou dwell'st in man:—the widow's son,
Whose arm her sinking age supports,
Whose love her broken voice delights to tell,
Thou dwell'st in him!—
The faithful husband, careful sire,
Whom works of love nor cloy nor tire,
He who gaily can outrun
Care with mirth, and peace hath won,
In these, and more than these, joy-bearer, dost thou dwell.

Thou dwell'st in form of womankind,
There to be honoured most;
But in her mind, her spotless mind,
Thy sweetest graces are entwined.
Goddess, that trophy be thy proudest boast!
There, if no idle vanity obscure
The hidden charmer's simple lure,
Still let me worship thee, there, there whence once I stole
Thy picture for the chamber of my soul.

Nor in life and love alone,
Goddess, is thy presence known :—
See the lap of earth abounding
With the Autumn's brilliant store,
Hear the streamlet's song resounding
By its rough and pebbly shore;
And the tinted landscape varied
With alternate hill and dale ;—
Thine, thine is all we see, thy breath is on the gale.

Crag upon crag is heaped on high
In wild confusion,
Forth from their sable den the sheeted lightnings fly,
From rock to rock the peal reverberates ;—
The foaming cataract, with rival roar,
Dashes from cliff to crag into the dell,
Urging the nascent stream o'er bounds it shunn'd before ;—
There, too, in majesty, there dost thou dwell ;
I own thee even there.

Nor upon earth alone
Art thou ;—
Heaven also decks thy throne,
Stars gem thy brow !
Thou sportest in the moon's pale light,
In sun-beams laughest with delight,
Thy garb, the glorious rainbow's pride ;
And sweetly thou smilest at even-tide,
From the sunset's golden clouds.

Eternal ! to thy praise,
Let man's imperfect lays
Fondly ascend !
To thee, whom Heaven bestowed,
Whence aye our pleasure flowed,
And, flowing, still shall flow, in current without end !
Praised be the gen'rous hand that raised for thee
A home on ev'ry spot, that all may see
The shadow of their god, beneath its pow'r may bend.

HAL.

FLOWERS ON A MAIDEN'S BIER.

(From the German of Jean Paul Richter.)

STREW over her flowers, ye blooming friends of her youth! Brought ye not flowers to deck her cradle? Bring them, then, now, for the bier is the cradle of heaven!

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. IV. NIAGARA.

It may appear to many, and I confess that I am not myself free from the impression, that he who attempts to describe this unrivalled scene, which has already so often employed the pens of the most distinguished writers of their class, is guilty of unpardonable presumption in thus attempting to occupy ground which has been so often and so ably filled. Happily, however, modesty is rarely considered a necessary quality in a writer, however indispensable it may be to the character of a man; and thus, taking advantage of this happy exemption from the only troublesome virtue with which mankind are blessed, I shall without hesitation, enter upon the oft-recounted theme, and endeavour to impart to the reader who has thus far kindly and patiently accompanied me on my heterogeneous wanderings, some few of the sensations which filled my own breast when gazing upon this, the greatest wonder of the western world.

Every one knows that Niagara Falls are in North America, but every one does not know the exact position which they occupy in that varied and extensive division of the globe. The river which here discharges itself over the lofty precipice into a lower channel, has its source in the wildest and most uncivilized regions of the continent, close to the shores of Hudson's Bay, where the Indian yet pursues his game and sits beside his humble wigwam, unmolested except by the occasional visits of the fur trappers and traders. Thence taking its course through the great chain of the North American Lakes, it passes along for upwards of a thousand miles, and after rushing over the cataract at Niagara, discharges itself, as the mighty St. Lawrence, into the Atlantic. Thus the accumulated body of water from a vast series of inland seas (for the term may be, without exaggeration, employed,) is devoted to the supply of this tremendous cascade, and we have therefore no reason to wonder at its magnitude, when we consider the mighty means which are continually at work for its support.

It is not unfrequently the case that the traveller who bends his steps towards any peculiar point of picturesque beauty, has his

appetite for the attractions of nature so palled and satiated by the many features of interest which are presented on his route, that on arriving at the object of his search, its romantic charms, of however high a nature they may be, are lessened in his eyes by the constant habit of visual gratification. On the occasion in question, this was happily not the case, for the route from Saratoga Springs, where I had been spending a few of the summer months, was not sufficiently interesting to excite any very lively sentiments of admiration, and I was thus fully prepared to drink in all their freshness the beauties of the magnificent scene.

Never, were I to live for a thousand years, can I forget the scene which lay before me as I reached the brink of the precipice on the American side of the Falls; the point which was then to me the most easily accessible, and which my impatient eagerness therefore prompted me to select for a first view, though there are many other positions which are far superior in the prospect which they afford. The sun was just beginning to shed its enlivening beams on the whole, tinging the deep and turbulent masses of water with the most resplendent green the eye of man ever beheld, while the pearly foam, dashing and sparkling in the sunbeam, seemed like a precious store of diamonds and pearls, scattered at random over the emerald mass, almost tempting the beholder to imagine that the depths of the ocean, and the inmost recesses of the earth, had contributed to swell the splendours of the majestic scene, by casting their richest treasures on Niagara's shrine, a tribute to her unequalled and inimitable magnificence.

Standing as I did on the limits of the precipice, with the venerable banks denuded of their primeval forests, and their place supplied by all the concomitants of civilized and active life, the scene was awful and sublime; but I could not help reverting, in my mind, to the period when these beetling cliffs were crowned with the elm and the oak of ten centuries' uninterrupted growth; and when the wild Indian roved in the trackless woods, free and unrestrained as the waftings of the forest breeze; and endeavouring to imagine what must then have been the spot;—how appalling, and yet how beautiful, alike impossible for the imagination to grasp, or for the pen to pourtray in the cold and formal terms of descriptive composition. The busy haunts, which now resound with all the hum of traffic and the clamour of machinery, were then only tenanted by the beast of prey, or the Indian, his equal in courage and ferocity; and the vast lakes, whose bosom now

bears the inland fleet of an important nation, then sustained only the birch canoe of the painted savage, yet ignorant of the existence of the race which was to exterminate his people from the lands of their fathers, and to drive them, by murder and treachery, to an ignominious and untimely end.

I will not try to describe the Falls; it would be sacrilege to venture on the attempt, for any language would seem cold for the purpose to one who has luxuriated in the magnificent reality. I strive only to impart to my reader the sentiments which I myself experienced, and to leave it to his imagination to conceive what must have been the majesty of the scenery which could call forth emotions such as these.

Few now leave the Falls without passing beneath the sheet of water; but, until of late, this adventure was hardly free from a greater degree of risk than most persons were willing to encounter, and even now it is a feat which requires some degree of personal courage to achieve. From this reason we have had very few descriptions (I do not myself remember more than one) of the trip beneath the aqueous canopy, and a sketch of it may not therefore be uninteresting to the reader.

Having been careful to select a fine clear day for my enterprise, for upon the brilliancy of the weather depends much of the enjoyment to be derived, I repaired to the house of the guide, (without whose assistance it would be rash in the extreme to make the attempt,) in order to prepare for the subaqueous excursion. The dress which is used for this purpose has much to recommend it on the score of utility, though it possesses but little attraction to the eye; but this latter point is not of the slightest consequence, as it is almost always impossible to see at all in the stupendous cavern. The garments consisted of a bright yellow flannel shirt, with drawers of the same brilliant and resplendent hue, short black canvass trowsers, beneath which the lower garment shone in all its brightness, a yellow oil-cloth frock, with a hood for the head, and heavy cow-hide boots. Immediately after assuming this fascinating costume, which would make an Adonis hideous, I began with the guide to descend the circular stairs which lead to the bottom of the cliff, and had begun to congratulate myself on having escaped in my unseemly guise beyond the reach of mortal ken, when, to my horror, on arriving at the commencement of the path along the rocks, I encountered a large party of ladies, some of them acquaintances, but many of them utter strangers; who having

by chance heard that some one was going under the Falls, had preceded me in the descent, and were now waiting to feast their eyes upon my attractive apparel, and to endeavour to ascertain how ugly a human being could be made by the assumption of such a hideous guise as that in which I had then the pleasure to be clothed. I do not believe that I ever on any other occasion wished for the absence of any of the fair sex; but certainly in that instance I should have welcomed any thing which would have relieved me from the necessity of passing beneath the satirical and humorous review to which I was then subjected.

As soon as we reached the opening of the cavern, which was formed by the descending sheet, all our care and skill were requisite to avoid being carried away by the tremendous gust of wind and spray which issued from its mouth. More than once was I tempted to give up the enterprise in despair, but curiosity and the love of adventure carried me on, and in a few moments, after a hard struggle against the wind, which was so powerful as entirely to deprive me of my breath, I passed the entrance, and found myself in comparative security and comfort. The path upon which we stood was formed by the breaking away of portions of the slaty rock; but it was no where above six, and in some parts only four inches wide, the view beneath terminating, about fifty feet below, in an awful looking bed of sharp and jutting rocks, covered with the foam of the falling torrent, while above the cliff often overhung in such a degree as to threaten every moment to fall and bury the daring intruder in its ruins. Under these auspices, stunned by the deafening roar of the torrent, and almost blinded, except at short intervals, by the spray, our progress was by no means pleasant till we reached Termination Rock, the furthest point to which any one has yet passed; and there we paused for a few moments, the spray being so far diminished in quantity and force as to give me some opportunity of looking around me, and observing the novel and peculiar beauties of the scene. Above and behind rose the grey and massive cliff, towering to a height of two hundred feet above the spot on which I stood, forming a canopy of the most sublime and majestic description; while from the edge of this rocky mass fell a curtain, which, at the top of the deepest emerald, gradually passed through the gradation of a pale and delicate amber to spotless whiteness, and terminated in a spray of the most exquisite texture. The sun sending its mellowed and softened rays through the moving mass,

formed a thousand little rainbows amid the dancing spray; and it was with difficulty that I could at last prevail upon myself, after passing nearly an hour gazing on the scene, to listen to the suggestions of the guide, and to tear myself from a spot more enchanting than anything the most vivid imagination can conceive. Never have I seen anything so awful and so beautiful as the external aspect of the mighty cataract; but this sublimity and this beauty are fully equalled, though in a different style, by the unrivalled cavern beneath.

To those who have never visited the spot, my expressions may appear strained and exaggerated, and I could readily forgive them for the belief. He who has not seen Niagara has failed to witness one of the most stupendous exhibitions of the majesty and might of the great Creator of the universe; while he who has luxuriated amid its beauties, and trembled at its terrific sublimity, has received a new standard of perfection, at the head of which he will place this magnificent scene, unrivalled by any other monument of the immensity of Nature's works in any portion of the yet discovered globe.

Δ.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

In mournful sadness o'er the wave
The Weeping Willow seems to bend,
As quivering o'er the untimely grave
That shelters some departed friend.

And though the balmy breath of Spring
Puts forth anew the verdant leaf,
Still to each bough there seems to cling
The memory of enduring grief.

Still o'er the stream it loves to stay,
In silent solitude to weep,
That each unbidden tear may stray
Unseen into its kindred deep.

So mourns in vain the blighted heart
O'er joys that never can return;
No solace Pleasure can impart—
Its only joy is still to mourn.

So weeps *unseen* the tearful eye
O'er griefs it cannot *all* conceal,
Nor needs the world's cold sympathy,
For sorrows that it cannot feel.

φ. ρ.

THE BRIDAL GARLANDS.

A LITTLE cottage; its thatched roof tinted by the mellow moss, and overshadowed by a spreading tree; a rippling brook before it, that, as it meanders through the daisy-clad turf, murmurs in unison with the hum of the spinning-wheel, at which the old dame sits, beside her cottage door. Evening, and the moon shines palely forth, pale before the stray sunbeams that yet hover around earth, unwilling to desert a spot so fair. The soft light of the evening star is planted in the sky, as a maiden sits by the brook-side weaving garlands. Passing fair and lovely is that maiden as she thus sits, untutored ringlets mingling with the flowers strown around her on the grassy bank in sweet confusion.

"What, ho! my gentle Lilia!" said a manly voice; "what holds thee so busy on our bridal eve?"

Lilia looked fondly up at the youth who now stood by her side.

"Garlands for the morrow," was her reply; "love and flowers, as thou knowest, Erie, hold ever company together."

"Idle, Lilia!" replied the youth; "is not thy labour vain? Night, and these flowers fade."

"Fade, Erie!" said the maiden; "woven, too, by the hand of love, with yon bright planet smiling o'er the task! Fade, Erie! No; I will place them here upon their kindred turf, there to pass the night through, and the dews shall fall from heaven upon them and refresh them; the moon shall bathe them in heavenly light, and the first beams of morning that kiss them shall cause these half-closed roses to open forth all their beauties to greet our bridal day."

"Sweet prophetess!" murmured Erie; "but a boding cloud is in the west. Look at it, Lilia! I wager thee a kiss that these flowers bloom not on the morrow."

"And I," said Lilia, "accept the challenge: be it thy doom to kiss me if they fade."

* * * *

With the curtain of night came storms, yet the sun rose in a cloudless sky. Early in the morning Erie stood beside the brook, and saw that the garlands were destroyed. Then he rejoiced, and with a light foot bounded towards the cottage door; entering hastily—

"Lilia! Lilia!" he cried, "thou art vanquished; my prophetess! our bridal flowers are faded;—all, Lilia, all!"

Yes, *all:*—for Lilia too was dead!

Awe-stricken stood Eric by her side, and, as he bent over her in silent anguish, a tear-drop fell upon her pale cheek, that, rolling inwards, clung to the maiden's eye-lash, and made her seem as though she wept in death.

Solemnly knelt the trembling lover by Lilia's side, and kissed the lips of the cold corpse.

HAL.

HORACE.—LIB. IV. ODE VII.

THE snows have fled: new verdure to the plain,
And foliage to the forest, comes again:
The face of earth is chang'd: the rivers cease
T' o'erflow their banks, and pass along in peace.
The Graces now with beauteous forms advance,
And with the Nymphs lead off the joyous dance.
Hark to the words the passing year doth say,
And the fleet hour that hurries on the day;—
"Hope not to be immortal, for thy bloom
Must fade like ours and wither in the tomb."
Soft Zephyrs melt the frost; the Summer's heat
Tramples the Spring beneath his burning feet.
Then, fruits-bestowing Autumn doth appear,
And soon again doth Winter close the year.
But the oft-changing moons restore again
The mighty losses which the heavens sustain.
But man, when once he enters the dark grave,
Where sleep the rich, the pious, and the brave,
Can feel no more spring's balmy breath, but must
Remain, his soul a shade, his body dust.
Who knows, or who with confidence can say,
That Heaven will add to-morrow to to-day?
The wealth thou leavest to thine heir, e'en he
Must one day leave reluctantly like thee.
When thou, whate'er thou art, hast breathed thy last,
And Minos' sentence o'er thee hath been past,
Thy birth, thy wisdom, profit thee no more,
Nor can affection's self thy life restore.

C. H. H.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Garden.*

Amelia, *playing on a lute, and singing:—*

Bright with an angel's brightness, pure and deep,
More beautiful than aught of earth was he;
Mild as the sunbeam, when its soft beams sleep,
In summer, on the blue and glassy sea.

With him—beneath the shelter of his arm—
The holy night around us, and above!
Two hearts, with but one mighty feeling warm,
Borne upwards to the glorious heaven of love.

Two living fires that in one flame unite;
Two harps in one sweet note of music blending;
Two spirits wrapt within a cloud of light,
In high and solemn harmony ascending.

Soul to its kindred soul—they run—they fly—
They faint, they tremble with excess of bliss;
The cold earth melts around them, and the sky;
For what has earth to do with hours like this?

He is away. The music is departed;
The fire is quenched; the sunshine is grown dim;
He is away, and to the broken-hearted,
Life is but one long weary thought of him.

Enter Francis.

Fran. Here again already, self-willed enthusiast? You have left the banquet, and spoiled the pleasure of the guests.

Amel. Shame on these guilty pleasures! The death-song must yet ring in your ears that sounded as your father was carried to his grave.

Fran. Will you, then, mourn for ever? Let the dead sleep, and let the living be happy. I come—

Amel. And when go you again?

Fran. Alas! No such dark, proud looks. You trouble me, Amelia. I come to tell you—

AMEL. I must then hear that Francis von Moor is become "My Lord?"

FRAN. Right; that is what I would talk to you about. Maximilian is gone to sleep in the tomb of his fathers. I am lord; but I would be so entirely, Amelia. You know what you have been to our house—you have been regarded as Moor's daughter; his love for you survived even death. This you will never forget?

AMEL. Never, never. Who could so carelessly drown the thought of that in banqueting?

FRAN. The love of my father you must pay to his sons; and Charles is dead—are you astonished? does it stagger you? Yes, truly, the thought is so flatteringly high, that it stuns even the pride of a woman. Francis treads underfoot the hopes of the noblest ladies; Francis comes, and offers to a poor and, but for him, helpless orphan, his heart, his hand; and with them all his gold, and all his castles and forests. Francis,—the envied, the feared,—declares himself voluntarily Amelia's slave.

AMEL. Why doth not the lightning blast the lawless tongue that pours forth words of wickedness! Thou hast murdered my beloved, and shall Amelia call thee husband!

FRAN. Not so violent, most gracious princess! Indeed, Francis does not cringe before thee like a cooing Seladon: truly, he has not learnt, like a languishing shepherd of Arcadia, to sigh out his love-lament to the echo of the grottoes and rocks. Francis speaks, and if no one answers, then will he *command.*

AMEL. Thou worm, command? command me? And if one should laugh to scorn your command?

FRAN. That will you not. I know means that can easily bow down the pride of a conceited, obstinate girl—cloisters and walls!

AMEL. Bravo! excellent! And, in cloisters and walls, for ever spared thy basilisk look, and leisure enough to think and ponder upon Charles. Welcome with thy cloisters! come, come with thy walls!

FRAN. Ha! is it so? Take care! Now hast thou taught me the art by which I may torment thee. These eternal fancies about Charles, shall my gaze scourge out of thy head like a fiery-haired fury. The bugbear, Francis, shall, in the picture of thy darling, lurk in the back-ground. I will drag thee into the chapel by the hair of thy head, and, sword in hand, I will force from thy soul the marriage oath; and thy proud shame will I with yet greater pride conquer.

AMEL. *(strikes him on the mouth.)* Take that first, for thy dowry.

FRAN. Ha! that shall be paid tenfold, and again tenfold. Not my wife—*honour* shalt thou not have—my mistress shalt thou be, that the honest peasants' wives may point the finger at thee, if thou darest to enter the streets! Gnash with thy teeth; spit fire and death out of thine eyes,—the rage of a woman delights me,—makes thee only the more beautiful and desirable. Come—this resistance will but grace my triumph. Now directly shalt thou go with me, *(forcing her away.)*

AMEL. *(falls on his neck.)* Pardon me, Francis! *(As he will embrace her, she steps hastily back, and draws a dagger from his side.)* Dost thou see, wretch, what I can now bring thee to? I am a woman: but a raging woman. Dare it once—this steel shall pierce through thy lascivious heart; and the spirit of my uncle will guide my hand thereto. Curses on this place.

[*She drives him out.*

AMEL. Ah! how well I am—now I can breathe freely—I felt strong as the prancing horse, fierce as the tigress spoiled of her young. In a cloister, said he? Thanks to thee for this thought. Now hath betrayed love found a home—the cloister—the cross of the Redeemer is the asylum for betrayed love. *(Going.)*

Enter HERMAN, *fearfully.*

HER. Lady Amelia! Lady Amelia!

AMEL. Unfortunate! Why do you disturb me?

HER. This weight must from my soul, or it will press me down to hell. *(Throws himself down before her.)* Pardon, pardon! I have much injured you, Lady Amelia!

AMEL. Stand up! Go! I will hear nothing. *(Going.)*

HER. *(holding her back.)* No! Stay! By God, by the eternal God, you shall know all!

AMEL. Not a word more—I forgive you—go in peace. *(Going.)*

HER. Hear but one word—it will give you back all your rest.

AMEL. *(looks at him, wondering.)* What, friend! Who in heaven or earth can give me back my rest again?

HER. That can a single word from my lips—hear me!

AMEL. *(takes his hand with pity.)* Good man, can a word from thy lips burst the bolts of eternity?

HER. *(stands up.)* Charles still lives!

AMEL. *(shrinking.)* Unhappy!

HER. Yet one word—your uncle—

AMEL. *(starting towards him.)* You lie—

HER. Your uncle—

AMEL. Charles still lives!

HER. And your uncle—

AMEL. Charles still lives!

HER. Also your uncle. Betray me not. [*Exit.*

AMEL. *(stands for a long time as if stupified, then turns wildly, and rushes after him.)* Charles still lives!

SCENE II.—*On the Banks of the Danube.*

The ROBBERS *encamped on a hillock under some trees, the horses grazing beneath.*

R. MOOR. Here I must lie, *(throws himself down.)* My limbs are paralyzed, my tongue is dry as a potsherd. *(Schweitzer goes away unnoticed.)* I would ask you to fetch me a draught of water from that spring, but you are all wearied to death.

SCHWARZ. All our wine, too, is drunken.

R. MOOR. Look how beautifully the corn stands! The vines almost break with their burdens. The vines are full of promise.

GRIMM. It is a fruitful year.

R. MOOR. You think so? And so would the labour of one man in this world be rewarded. One? But the hail may fall in the night, and beat it all to the ground.

SCHWARZ. That is very possible. It may all be beaten down a few hours before the harvest.

R. MOOR. So I say. It will be all beaten down. Why should man succeed in that which he hath in common with the ants, if he fail in that which likens him to the Deity? Or is this the end of his destination?

SCHWARZ. I know not.

R. MOOR. Thou hast well said; and yet better done if thou hast never desired to know. Brother! I have seen men, their gigantic projects, and their paltry cares; their godlike plans, and their petty actions; their strange race after happiness! One trusts to the speed of his horse, another to the nostril of his ass, a third to his own legs. This checquered lottery of life, wherein so many set their innocence, so many their heaven, to gain a prize; and at last there was no prize there. It is a spectacle, brother, that brings tears into thine eyes, though it tickle thy midriff to laughter.

SCHWARZ. How beautifully the sun is setting!

R. Moor. *(gazing earnestly.)* So dies a hero!—worthy of being adored.

Grimm. You seem much moved.

R. Moor. When I was yet a boy, it was my darling thought so to live, and so to die. *(Bitterly,)* It was a boyish thought.

Grimm. I hope it was.

R. Moor. *(pulls his hat over his brow.)* There was a time—leave me, comrades.

Schwarz. Moor! Moor! What, the devil! How he changes colour!

Grimm. All the devils! what's the matter with him? Is he ill?

R. Moor. There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayer.

Grimm. Are you mad? Will you let yourself be overcome by your boyish recollections?

R. Moor. *(lays his head on Grimm's breast.)* Brother! brother!

Grimm. What! Be not a child—I pray thee—

R. Moor. O that I were a child again!

Grimm. Fie! fie!

Schwarz. Cheer up. Look at this beautiful country—the lovely evening.

R. Moor. Yes, friends, this world is very fair.

Schwarz. Now! that was well said.

R. Moor. This earth is beautiful.

Grimm. Right, right—

R. Moor. *(sinking back.)* And I, so hateful on this fair world—and I, a monster on this beautiful earth!

Grimm. Alas! alas!

R. Moor. Mine innocence! mine innocence! The whole world goeth forth to sun itself in the peaceful beams of spring—why must I alone suck hell out of the joys of heaven? That all should be so happy, so united, through the spirit of Peace! The whole world *one* family; and *one* Father above—but not my Father. I alone am the outcast; I alone am not reckoned in the ranks of the innocent—the sweet name of child is not for me—never will mine eye meet the melting gaze of the loved one—never, never shall I feel the embrace of the bosom friend. *(Starting wildly.)* Surrounded by murderers—encircled by hissing vipers—fettered to vice by bands of iron—staggering on the frail reed of sin into the grave of damnation—in the midst of the blooming and happy world, a howling Abbadona.

Schwarz. Strange! I have never seen him thus.

R. Moor. *(with emotion.)* Oh that I might return to my mother's womb! that I might be born a beggar!—No, I would no more, oh Heaven! than that I might be one of those daily labourers. Oh! I would labour till the blood streamed from my temples—to purchase the pleasure of one short sleep—the blessedness of one tear.

Grimm, *(to the others.)* Patience, the fit will soon be over.

R. Moor. There was a time when they flowed so freely! Oh! those days of peace—oh! home of my father—ye green happy valleys—oh! ye Elysian scenes of my childhood, will ye never return? never with your priceless breezes cool my burning brow? —Mourn with me, nature!—ye will never return, never with your priceless breezes cool my burning brow.—Gone! gone! irrecoverably!—

Enter Schweitzer, *with water in his hat.*

Schweit. Drink, captain; here is water enough, and cold as ice.

Schwarz. You bleed; what have you been doing?

Schweit. Fool! a joke which had nearly cost me two legs and a neck. As I stretched over the sand-bank to the river, all the dirt rolled from under me, and I fell down ten German feet.—There I lay, and as I was gathering my five senses together, I found the clearest water possible in the gravel. This is enough for one dance, thought I; the captain will like this well.

R. Moor. *(gives back the hat, and wipes the dirt from his face.)* Otherwise we cannot see these scars that the Bohemian horsemen have marked upon your forehead.—Your water was good, Schweitzer,—these scars become you well.

Schweit. Pshaw! there's room for thirty yet.

R. Moor. Yes, my lads—it was a hot day—and but one man lost. My Roller died a glorious death. A monument of marble would have been raised over his bones if he had not died for me. This must suffice. *(wiping his eyes.)* How many of the enemy remained on the field?

Schweit. A hundred and sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, and about forty huntsmen; three hundred in all.

R. Moor. Three hundred for one! Each of you hath a claim on this head! *(uncovers his head.)* Here I raise my dagger! As my soul liveth, *I will never leave you!*

Schweit. Swear not! You know not but that you may yet be happy, and repent.

R. Moor. *By the bones of my Roller, I will never leave you!*

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOS. *(aside.)* They said I should meet him about here. Hollo! what faces are those? Can it be—If these are them—They are! they are!—I will speak to them.

SCHWEIT. Look! Who goes there?

KOS. Pardon, Sirs. I know not whether I am right or wrong?

R. MOOR. And who must we be if you are right?

KOS. Men!

SCHWEIT. We have shown that, captain?

KOS. I seek men who can look death in the face, and let danger play around them like a tame serpent; who value freedom more than honour and life; whose mere name, welcome to the poor and oppressed, makes the bravest quake, and the tyrant pale.

SCHWEIT. *(to the Captain.)* The fellow pleases me. Hark, good friend! you have found your men.

KOS. So I think; and, I will hope, soon my brothers. Can you direct me to my right man? for I seek your captain, the great Count Von Moor.

SCHWEIT. *(gives him his hand warmly.)* Dear youth! we are friends.

R. MOOR. *(advancing.)* Know you then the captain?

KOS. Thou art he! *(Stares long at him.)* In this countenance —who could see thee, and look for another? I have ever wished to see the man of the withering eye, as he sat on the ruins of Carthage: now I wish it no longer.

R. MOOR. What brings thee to me?

KOS. Oh, captain, my more than dreadful fate. I have suffered shipwreck on the stormy sea of this world; I have seen the hopes of my life sink into the ground; and for me there is only left the racking memory of their pleasure, which would drive me mad, did I not seek to stifle it by other activity.

R. MOOR. Another murmurer against the Deity! Go on.

KOS. I became a soldier: misfortune still pursued me. I made a voyage to the East Indies, and my ship was shivered against the rocks. Nothing but defeated plans! At last I heard, far and wide, of your deeds,—the INCENDIARY, as they called you,—and I have journeyed here thirty miles, with the fixed determination of serving under you, if you will take my services. I beg, worthy captain, you will not refuse me.

SCHWEIT. *(springing up.)* Hurra! hurra! Our Roller is ten hundred times supplied: another brother for our band.

R. Moor. What is your name?

Kos. Kosinsky.

R. Moor. What! Kosinsky! But knowest thou that thou art a careless boy, and triflest over the great step of thy life like a thoughtless maiden. Here thou wilt not throw balls and play ninepins, as thou mayest fancy.

Kos. I know what you would say. I am four-and-twenty years old; but I have seen swords glitter, and heard bullets whiz.

R. Moor. So young, sir? And hast thou learnt thy fencing for this, to knock down poor travellers for a dollar, or to stab women in the back? Go, go! Thou hast run away from thy nurse, because she has threatened thee with the rod.

Schweit. What the deuce, captain! what are you thinking of? Will you send away this Hercules? Does he not look just as if he would drive the marshal of Saxony over the Ganges with a spoon?

R. Moor. Because thy follies miscarry, dost thou come to be a villain and an assassin? Murder, boy; understandest thou that word? Thou mayest sleep quietly if thou hast beaten down a poppy head; but to bear murder on the soul—

Kos. Any murder that you may bid me do, I will answer for.

R. Moor. What! art thou so bold? Wilt thou undertake to catch a man with flatteries? How knowest thou that I have not wicked dreams, or that I shall not lie pale upon my death-bed? How much hast thou already done, for which thou hast thought to answer?

Kos. Truly, little yet; but this journey to you, noble count.

R. Moor. Hath the tutor put into thy hands the story of Robin, (they should chain such incautious fellows to the galleys,) and infected thy childish fancy with the mad desire to become a great man? Art thou tickled with a desire after name and honour? But wouldest thou buy immortality with murder? Mark thou, ambitious youth! for the murderer there blooms no laurel; for the bandit's victory there is no triumph;—but curses, danger, death, and shame. Seest thou the scaffold there on the hill?

Kos. What should he fear who fears not death?

R. Moor. Brave!—capital! Thou hast worked well at school; thou hast learnt thy Seneca by heart. But, dear friend, with sentences like those thou wilt not persuade suffering nature,—never therewith wilt thou blunt the arrows of pain. Think well, my son, *(taking his hand;)* think: I advise thee as a father. Before thou springest, learn the depths of the abyss. If thou canst yet grasp one joy in the world, the moment may come when thou mayest—

awaken; and then—it may be too late. Thou dost step here out of the pale of humanity; thou must either be a greater man, or thou art a devil. Yet again, my son!—if one spark of hope glimmer for thee any where else, leave this fearful band, where only despair enters, when undirected by a higher wisdom. One may be deceived, believe me; one may take that for strength of spirit, which yet, at the end, is but despair. Believe *me—me!* and hasten away.

Kos. No; I go no more now. If my prayers do not move you, hear the story of my misfortune. You will then yourself force the sword into my hand; you will—lay down on the ground and listen!

R. Moor. I will hear thee.

Kos. Know, then, I am a Bohemian nobleman, and became, through the early death of my father, lord of considerable possessions. The place where my domains were situated was a paradise, for it contained an angel—a maiden, adorned with all the charms of blooming virtue, and chaste as the light of heaven! But to whom am I speaking? It passes over your ears. *You* have never loved,—have never been loved.

Schweit. Softly, softly! The captain is as red as fire.

R. Moor. Stop. I will hear thee at another time, in the morning, or—when I have seen blood.

Kos. Blood, blood! Hear me further, and I will tell thee of blood that shall fill thy whole soul. She was of citizen parentage, a German, but her look melted away the prejudices of nobility. With the most timid modesty she took the pledge-ring from my hand, and the next day I was to lead to the altar my Amelia. *(Moor starts.)* Intoxicated with the blessedness that awaited me, while I was dressing for the marriage, I was summoned by an express to the court. I went; they showed me letters, apparently written by me, full of treasonable contents. I blushed for the villany. They took my sword from me, and cast me into prison: all my senses were gone.

Schweit. And in the mean time—go on, I smell roast meat already.

Kos. Here I lay a month, and I know not what happened to me. I was tormented for my Amelia, who would suffer death each moment for my sake. At last the prime minister appeared, —congratulated me on the discovery of my innocence,—read me the letter of freedom, and returned me my sword. Now, to fly in triumph to my castle, to the arms of my Amelia;—she was gone!

In the midnight she had been taken away, no one knew whither, and since then no one had seen her. Woe! It struck me like lightning. I flew to the town,—to the court; all eyes were turned upon me; no one could give me any information. At last I saw her through a secret window of the palace,—she threw me a note.

Schweit. Did I not say so?

Kos. Hell! death and devils! thus it was. They had given her the choice, whether she would see me die, or be the mistress of the prince. In the struggle between honour and love she determined for the latter, and *(laughing)* I was saved.

Schweit. What did you do then?

Kos. There I stood, as if struck by a thousand thunderbolts. Blood was my first thought, blood was my last. Foaming at the mouth, I run home, pick out a double-edged sword, and rush with it to the minister's house, for he, he only, had been the hellish pander. They must have marked me in the streets, for when I entered, all the chambers were closed. I seek; I ask: He is gone to the prince, is the answer. I go there; they know nothing of him. I go back, burst open the doors, find him; there spring five or six servants from behind, and wrest my sword from me.

Schweit. *(stamping.)* And he didn't fight? and you gained nothing?

Kos. I was seized, accused, tried;—mark you,—I was, out of *particular mercy*, disgracefully banished; my goods went as a present to the minister; my Amelia remains in the clutches of the tiger, her life spent in sighing and mourning, whilst my revenge fasts, and must cringe under the yoke of despotism.

Schweit. *(sharpening his sword.)* That's water for our mill, captain! That's fuel for us!

R. Moor, *(who has been walking up and down in violent agitation, springs up. To the robbers.)* I must see her. Up,—assemble. You remain, Kosinsky. Get together quickly.

Robbers. What? where?

R. Moor. Where? who asks where? *(Hastily to Schweitzer.)* Traitor, wilt thou hold me back? But by the hopes of heaven—

Schweit. I a traitor?—Go to hell, and I'll follow you.

R. Moor. *(Falls on his neck.)* Brother! you follow me. She weeps,—she weeps; she mourns out her life. Up, quick, all. To France! In eight days we must be there. [*Exeunt.*

(To be continued.)

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1841.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—
CHAP. XIV. Relieves Bruton of a pleasant Delusion with regard to the faithful Philip 275
CHAP. XV. Edward hears of Kate Westrill—The Conspiracy matured—The Persecutor and his Victims 277
CHAP. XVI. Explains why Mat Maybird knocks Curts on the Head 282
THE LANGUAGE OF TIME 286
FABLES FROM LESSING. The Lion and the Hare.—The Nightingale and the Lark 287
THE ORIGIN OF SERPENT WORSHIP 288
ZANHAR AND NIANG. Characteristic Poem of the Natives of Madagascar. (From Herder's "Stimmen der Völker.") 293
THE VILLAGE STREAM . . . . . *ib.*
LIBERALITY OF MIND 294
THE DISAPPOINTED BEAUTY 299
UNLUCKY DAYS. Characteristic Poem of the Natives of Madagascar. (From Herder's "Stimmen der Völker.") 300
RANDOM SKETCHES, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. V. New York 301
SONNET 306
THE DEATH OF ROSABEL 307
THE SETTING SUN 309
NUGIGERULUS.—No. IV. 310
SONG 315
THE ROBBERS; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act IV. Scene 1, 2, 3, 4 316

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,
154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1841.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

RELIEVES BRUTON OF A PLEASANT DELUSION WITH REGARD TO THE FAITHFUL PHILIP.

ANOTHER day; — were we to give rein to a moralizing mood, what a paragraph might we not write on the sad thoughts those words, at times, awaken: — another day! Another day; and morning came: the bright sun smiled upon the world, and millions of eyes were once more directed towards it: some men, on their knees, humbly adored it as a God; others, more happy, looked upon its face with joyful admiration as a daily monument of its Creator's mercy;—to all who perceived its beams it brought a renewal of daily labour and social intercourse, hateful to those whose works had made them fear to meet their fellows, instilling joy into those that formed the nobler part of creation.

Heringford and Mat Maybird early left their tent, the cool breeze of morning was upon their cheeks, and the troubles of the past were scattered from memory as they enjoyed the fresh beauties of awakened Nature. As they walked through the avenues of the camp, on each side the inhabitants of the tents were in activity, some polishing and cleaning their arms, others tending the horses, others again busily preparing the morning meal: here a soldier at his task, lightened its tediousness by the hum of a merry martial song, or perhaps celebrated the charms of his English sweetheart:

there a little knot was composed of laughing men, enjoying the narration of their companions' adventures; archers were stringing their bows at the tent door,—few, very few, were sleeping,—these too, the shrill sound of the clarion, floating through the air, quickly awakened.

"Joy to our errand," said Mat Maybird; "what will thy friend Bruton say now to his faithful Philip! Lo and behold the object of our search!—Unfold! unfold!"

As Mat spoke these words Bruton advanced towards them, and, after rough and soldier-like morning greetings, invited them to his tent.

"Ye have business with me," said he, when they were together; "I see it in your looks: Master Maybird's glances are quite portentous."

"Truly they are," replied Mat; "verily this is a mischief-making generation! I know a knight without honour, a domestic without a conscience, and a brother without a heart: — of this trio I know a tale."

"Concerns it me?" asked Bruton, smiling.

"The knight," said Mat, "is Sir Richard Ellerton."

A flush rose in Bruton's face as he turned to Edward with an appealing glance.

"The domestic," continued Mat, "is thy faithful Philip; the brother is an acquaintance of Heringford and myself: the tale shall be told thee."

Mat Maybird then commenced the recital of the plot so happily detected, interrupted by frequent exclamations of anger and surprise on Bruton's part.

"They meet again," exclaimed he, when Mat had finished; "they meet again, say'st thou?—I will be present. Thou hast done us good service, Maybird;—there is more in this than common aid:—are my hopes true?" Stopping short thus suddenly, Bruton gazed in Edward's face, then turned away with undisguised emotion.

"Curts was with me before sunrise," said Mat Maybird; "I then excused, to his perfect satisfaction, my late neglect. Be with us before ten to-night, and I will conduct thee to the place of meeting."

Bruton assented, and Mat, obedient to a sign from Edward, immediately disappeared. When he was gone Heringford spoke on the engrossing subject of his thoughts:—

"Bruton—father, thou wouldst have me call thee,—wherefore conceal from me the cause of thine emotion? hast thou hopes, wherefore should I not share them? Thou hast suspicion of my birth, its knowledge may call up in my mind forgotten words, or things, or signs, that may add strength to a chain of probability: turn my thoughts into some channel, guide me from this turbulent ocean of uncertainty—"

"It must not be," said Bruton; "if I be right," he continued, taking Edward by the hand, and speaking in a kind, sad tone, "if I be right, the knowledge of thy birth can entail upon thee only sorrow and misery.—But it cannot be!"

"Strange things," urged Heringford, "may yet be true."

"No, Edward," replied Bruton, "it is better to live as a peasant's son, than to inherit nobility and wretchedness."

"My birth, then, is noble?" asked Edward, catching at the hint.

"If thou art he, my day-dreams would declare thee," replied Bruton; "thy family is indeed noble: nor shall Sir Richard Ellerton, with all his villanous crew, succeed in utterly destroying it."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

EDWARD HEARS OF KATE WESTRILL — THE CONSPIRACY MATURED — THE PERSECUTOR AND HIS VICTIMS.

THE darkness of night was stealing over the land, the stars lit their lamps in the sky one by one, until the whole firmament was closely studded; sleep was upon the host,—but not over all: among the few who watched were those now chiefly implicated in our story, those who were this night to weave a web of crime and iniquity, and those who hoped that by them that fabric would be destroyed; the persecutor and the persecuted, the instruments of villany and those that observed their plans, there slept not one of these.

At the appointed hour Bruton arrived at Edward's tent; his step was slow, his voice and manner sad, he appeared in every action like one entering upon a painful task, from which he was determined not to retreat. Few words were exchanged as he and

Edward commenced their walk towards the place of meeting. Mat Maybird had informed them of the spot, for it was not thought prudent that he should run the risk of being seen in company with the intended victims.

Leaving the camp behind them, Heringford and his companion wound by a narrow path round the base of one of the hills, and arrived, after a short walk, at one of those cottages that had been deserted on the arrival of the invaders, and laid in ruins; the orchard, belonging to this untenanted dwelling, was the appointed spot in which the conspiracy was to be matured. Passing into the cot, and shrouding themselves in the shadow of the door, the two friends remained there in silence.

Mat Maybird arrived soon after, and seated himself beneath a tree near to the door-way, according to a pre-concerted arrangement, that the rest, assembling around him, might be within hearing distance from those listening to the conversation. Mat coughed, and, being answered in a low tone from within the cottage, felt that all was as it should be, and, attempting no farther intercourse, began to sing as though for his own especial recreation in the dreary solitude.

Curts and Westrill soon appeared at the orchard gate, in close conversation: Mat rightly guessed that they were talking of himself.

"Welcome," cried he, "Andrew the suspicious!—art not satisfied with this morning's explanation of last night's truancy? Shall I quote authorities once more?"

"Quite satisfied, Maybird," replied Westrill, "I and Curts have arrived at our conclusion."

"Amen, then, will I answer to it. Sit down, good friends, here is a pleasant bank, on which I have been dreaming love by starlight this half-hour past. Truly, Andrew, I rejoice to see thee, as an old friend should! Stands Ellerton still by the old brook? and is Kate pretty as ever? How is thy father? Let me hear the news of the village."

"My father is dead," replied Westrill, in a tone of stoical indifference.

"Indeed!" said Mat, "is sweet Kate, then, alone in the house?"

"By this time," said Andrew, "I hope not. I left her in the loving hands of a friend of mine, with full power to urge his suit as might seem most convenient. What noise was that?"

This question was excited by a shuffling sound within the house: Edward's passion had, in fact, prompted him to rush from his hiding-place, and punish the heartless brother; an impulse Bruton scarcely could restrain.

"I heard nothing," said Mat; "think'st thou Kate may easily be won?"

"No help," replied Andrew, "if I give her away: am not I her guardian?"

"This Heringford loves her."

"If his love end with his life 'twill be but of short duration."

Curts laughed. Mat also smiled, moved by a directly opposite feeling.

"What is Sir Richard's quarrel with these men?" asked Mat, carelessly.

"I cannot say."

Sir Richard Ellerton, at this moment, entered the orchard; his manner was calmer than usual, but the calmness was that of desperation. Advancing towards his accomplices, he entered at once upon the point at issue:—

"Ye are all here," said he; "arrange, then, quickly: two men—ye know them both—must die! Of him ye call Bruton, who slays him? when, and how?"

"He walks late," replied Curts; "from his next walk he shall not return: leave that to me."

"Enough," replied Sir Richard, in a hurried voice; "what proof do ye offer of his death?"

"All thou requirest."

"None but the most positive," said Sir Richard; "hear me, Curts, I must behold his corpse!"

"Thou shalt."

"I do, I do!" cried the unhappy knight; "I see it there, bleeding upon the grass! Hell, with thy darkness shroud these stars, that I may not behold the form! See! see how the blood streams from the wound—it flows towards me!" and the conscience-stricken wretch started back. "I cannot avoid it,—it toucheth me! creeps over my whole body! cold—cold—chilly cold—life's warmth is fled, it numbs my heart! I shall die! Mercy, O mercy!"—suddenly he was silent; then, seizing the arm of Mat Maybird, which quivered at the murderer's touch, he continued softly: "Look! look there—at that white form gliding

among the trees! that is Beatrice—she was once my wife—she wears a shroud! There, look at this infant, it seems scarcely born! —look at it—it lieth at my feet! Dost thou not see? I often see it there, and, as I lay my head on my pillow, I fancy it is the pillow with which I saw it smothered. There! there! behold another form—it is Esther! But I mind not these, I am calm."

Even Curts grew pale at the ghastly countenance of the visionary, and at the forms his conscience conjured up.

"I am calm," continued Sir Richard, as his wild manner contradicted the assertion, "I am not easily affrighted. My brain! my brain! the weight is crushing it; but I care not! To business: the young man—Heringford—who compasses his death?"

The speaker trembled like an aspen, as, with slow and difficult utterance, the words fell from his lips.

"Maybird can manage him," said Curts.

"Very true," replied Mat, "I could from a boy, except when he was obstinate."

"Thou mayst poison his cup," said Westrill, "or strike in some unguarded moment: but I leave not all to thee."

"Nor I," said Curts, "should other chances offer. Remember the captaincy, Maybird."

"Look above us," interrupted Sir Richard, "what do ye see?"

"The face of heaven," replied Mat.

"Heaven!" cried the guilty wretch, "talk not to me of heaven—there is no such place! But see the stars; seest thou there, that in each of these millions of bright specks there is a grinning face, and from each one comes a voice to my ear, crying, 'Thou shalt not prevail!' I hear it, but I heed it not; prevail I will!"

"Prevail thou shalt!" said Curts; "Maybird shall soon make for himself a vacant post."

"When it is vacant, may I fill it, Amen!" replied Mat; "our business is ended, is it not?"

"It is," replied Sir Richard, "we will part; but, mark me, I must see your work when it is done; then shall the hire be paid."

Curts and Westrill now left together, and Mat also retired; Sir Richard Ellerton remained alone, standing motionless in the orchard, pale and rigid.

A hand upon his shoulder startled him; he looked up, and Bruton was by his side.

"Avaunt, spirit!" cried he, "I know that thou too wilt soon join my daily company; wait but thy time! Avaunt thee!"

"Touch me," replied Bruton, in a mournful tone; "touch me, and thou wilt find that I am no creation of thy tormented brain. Richard Benstone, for I will not concede thee a title to which thou hast no right, Richard Benstone, with friendly voice I entreat thee to stay this persecution; I have heard thy plans."

"If thou art flesh and blood," replied Sir Richard, "dost know the peril of standing before me in that hateful form? I have a dagger here;" and, with glaring eyes, he half unsheathed it.

"There let it remain," replied Bruton; "thy conscience is not dead; I know the torments thou endurest."

"They are my doom," replied the miserable creature, "I regard them not!"

"But return to the broad road of honour and justice," urged Bruton; "return and be happy; thou art most guilty, but for the repentant there is mercy in heaven."

"Hast taken," replied Sir Richard, "with the name of Bruton the office of preacher? For thyself, why meanly conceal thy name, since thou canst not elude my vengeance?"

"Benstone," replied Bruton, "thou art unjust: none better than thou can say wherefore I conceal my name; thou knowest that I fear thee not. Restrained by a sacred promise to her whom most I ever loved on earth"—here Bruton faltered—"bound by that vow to respect thy life and honour, how could I keep faith without shunning thee? Now I am discovered; but now another cause leads me to remain unavowed;—Tell me, Benstone, I adjure thee by thy feelings as a man, who is young Heringford?"

"That shalt thou never know," replied Sir Richard, "save that he is my victim."

"He is not," replied Bruton; "thy plans are known."

"Then must they otherwise be executed! Thou art unarmed: see here!" a dagger gleamed in his hand; "we are alone—we cannot live together—here let one perish!"

The weapon was lifted to strike, when Heringford stayed the arm of the exulting murderer:—

"Both here!" cried he; "both! then will I myself complete my vengeance!"

His frantic struggles were in vain; he was soon overpowered by the intended victims, and firmly held.

"He must not be harmed," said Bruton, "we defend ourselves, but must not injure him. Richard Benstone, wilt thou promise to remit thy hate?"

"No!" thundered the defeated villain, "no! but I will swear—interrupt me not—hear, ye souls of the murdered that haunt my path, I swear that I will think only of ruining these two men! By the starry skies; by the grass-clad earth; by heaven, which is not; and by the hell which each day I feel, I swear that no opportunity shall be lost for completing my revenge! I have sworn—am firm—ye shall not ever foil me!"

As the speaker ended, he clenched his fists and firmly set his teeth; every muscle in his face worked in a paroxysm of rage.

Edward and Bruton looked at each other in anxious doubt. Taking advantage of the unguarded moment, and endowed by passion with superhuman strength, the prisoner suddenly shook off their hold, and, bounding over the orchard palings, hurried fleetly away. Edward turned to pursue.

"Follow him not," said Bruton, mournfully; "leave him to his path; our task is before us, to parry his attacks. I am bound, and let me adjure thee, also, not to return them."

"The promise extends not to his accomplices?" asked Edward.

"No," replied Bruton, "but in bringing them to justice we cast infamy on their employer; that I may not, will not do."

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

EXPLAINS WHY MAT MAYBIRD KNOCKS CURTS UPON THE HEAD.

Leaving the scene of these dark plots, Bruton and Edward separated, their roads lying in opposite directions. Heringford soon came up to Mat Maybird, who had loitered for the purpose of allowing him to do so.

"Well, Edward," said he, "is it not invigorating to foil so many plots?"

"Ah, Mat," replied Edward, "would that my heart were now as light as thine; but every word that I have heard this night has added heaviness."

"Dost thou moralize on the broken bonds of friendship; and grieve that I, thy bosom friend, should have consented to poison thee for hire?"

"I think of Ellerton," said Edward; "of poor Kate left unprotected, left to the persecution of the brutal Spenton—I cannot endure the thought! Maybird, I feel madness coming over me!"

"Poor little Kate!" responded Maybird, who sincerely felt for an old favourite.

"Kate! Kate!" cried Edward, in frantic impatience; "Oh that I were with thee!—this moment!—I cannot endure the delay! She may be dead—murdered—and I here. I know not what may happen to her ere I can return! Maybird, I must leave this place—I must learn my fate—an hour's delay may make our misery; I start at once for England!"

"It would be cruel in me," said Mat, "to persuade thee otherwise. It is thy duty, Edward, but how to be performed?"

"At once we must see the king."

"Henry will think thee craven."

"I care not, so I but reach Ellerton. Come at once to the royal tent! No obstacles! I regard them not—away!"

Dawn was breaking; the first rays of light were just streaking with red the eastern horizon, but King Henry was ready to receive his untimely visitors.

With impetuous vehemence Edward urged his suit, and was triumphant. The delay of but one day more, and the whole army would return: winter approached, and it was thought expedient to close the campaign with the capture of Harfleur: and that capture was now to be effected. The mine had progressed, but the men of Harfleur no sooner discovered the operations of the enemy than they expressed their utter fearlessness by lending assistance in the labour. They also dug to meet the English, and a subterranean passage had been speedily excavated, in which daily struggles took place, accompanied with fearful loss of life, and with advantage to neither side. This day was appointed for a final struggle.

The loud blast of the trumpet was heard almost ere Edward and Mat Maybird had joined their band; and it was echoed in each quarter of the camp.

"To arms! to arms!" cried Heringford; "courage, to the fray!"

Clarion, drum, and trumpet, poured forth a lively peal as the soldiers marched from each quarter of the camp, headed by their respective leaders. None that could stir forth that day remained behind, for high hopes of conquest were in the breast of every

man: even sick and wounded men begged to assist in the fight that should put a glorious end to the campaign, and hasten their return to the pleasant homes, and friends, and families, they had left in merrie England. On, onward, with slow step, the British army marched; the mine was reached—entered. There stood the men of Harfleur ready to receive them. The mine was narrow; but a few men could stand abreast; few, therefore of each army were enabled to meet one another.

"Forward!" cried Clarence; "force them back into the town!"

With rapid rush the torrent of English poured upon the narrow front of their antagonists; the foremost on each side fell, but the French yielded not an inch of ground.

"On! push on!" cried the king, who had forced his way into the mine; "press on! For England and St. George!"

But the voices of the French leaders were heard with equal animation.

"Preserve your credit, men of Harfleur!" shouted De Gaucourt. "St. Denis! for France!"

The attack, renewed on each side with equal force, afforded advantage to neither.

Heringford and his men, entangled in the press, could do no more than lend their aid in urging forwards; but the numbers each moment were dwindling before them, and soon it would be their turn to face the perilous and fatal danger.

De Vermont was among the French leaders; Edward recognised him: "For France! la France!" cried he: "drive back these English marauders!"

The contest had lasted an hour, and there was no sign of concession on either side: the tide of men swayed backwards and forwards, as, by turns, each forced the other back, and the foremost men trampled on the thickly strewn corpses of their companions, a heap which they too would soon be fated to swell. Still the fight continued; the dead were replaced by those behind them, and the men that waited without the mine gradually entered to supply the places of their slaughtered comrades.

A crash, a heavy crash, is heard, and fearful shrieks smothered in an instant. A large fragment of the roof, long shaken by continued strife, had given way, and fallen upon the English beneath it. They were crushed and buried, in many cases before life was extinct, under the heap of broken earth: over it their companions walked, to fill up the dreadful vacancy.

"See!" cried De Vermont, "Heaven hath manifested itself on our side! It is a judgment upon them that they are crushed by the work of their own hands. St. Denis! St. Denis! The saint fighteth for us!"

The French readily credited the superstition, and renewed their attacks with vigour; their opponents were disheartened, but struggled yet.

Heringford's band was now foremost.

"We yield not yet!" cried Edward; "on, men! the Frenchmen know our white banner!"

The fight again fluctuated, but it was evident on which side the superiority lay.

"Let us but gain clear ground," cried Heringford, "and these men will not long withstand us! Press forward! forward! England and St. George!"

Redoubled efforts gained to the English a slight advantage.

"They yield!" cried Edward; "they yield! Follow up the advantage! England and victory!"

Looking back, with the flush of excitement on his brow, to cheer his followers, Heringford perceived at his side Curts, with a dagger raised.

"Victory! vengeance!" shouted the assassin, as Edward, failing in an attempt to parry the blow, was struck to the ground. Mat Maybird pressed forward.

"Complete the work!" cried Curts; "strike once more!"

And Mat did strike, and that, too, with right good will; but the blow descended upon the head of the villain, and laid him prostrate beside his victim.

Mat stooped to assist his friend, but the French, advancing, forced him back. Edward felt the blood oozing from his wound; he raised himself upon his arm; his brain whirled; the mine, the enemy, the body of Curts, danced before his eyes, intermixed with visions of home and Kate Westrill. He knew not where he was; his arm failed in strength to support him, and he fell back senseless among the heap of corpses, as the living pressed onwards above, over the dead and the dying, their former foes or companions.

(To be continued.)

THE LANGUAGE OF TIME.

(Lines written at Erlangen, in Germany, on hearing the Clock strike Six, as the Author was walking towards that town, on the evening of the 22d of October, 1839.)

What, old acquaintance! have I found thee here?
Here am I wandering in a stranger land,
And not a sound, save thine, hath met mine ear,
For many a day, that I could understand:
But thou, old grey-beard, with thy scythe and sand,
Speak'st, in a monarch's voice, what all must heed,
And all must comprehend; and writ'st a hand
Our ignorance of which 'twere vain to plead,
In characters so plain that all who run may read.

In sooth, old Time, I understand thee well:
Thou talk'st of one more day for ever gone;
And though thou speak'st it with that German bell,
I know another night is hastening on,
And soon thou'lt prattle of the blue-eyed dawn.
One, two, three, four, five, six—and then the sun,
As at thy call, advancing o'er the lawn,
Begins his course; and when that course is run
Thou'lt moralize again, that one more day is done.

Thou speak'st in many voices, but the tongue
Is universal, to all nations known;
Whether, as now, from lofty turret flung,
The learn'd Erlangen hears thy solemn tone;
Or when thy speaking trumpet is the groan
Of mighty forests, or the crash of trees
That, long resisting, fall at length o'erthown;
Or the soft whispers of the vernal breeze,
The noise of tumbling rocks, the roar of wintry seas.

And, for thy writing, every mouldering tower
Holds volumes: yonder garden, late so fair,
Now tenanted by scarce a fading flower;
And that wide forest,—yellow, brown, half bare,—
Who doth not read October written there?
While in the churchyard, on the very stone
Raised to defy thee, with such pious care,
Oft hath thy hand, to make thy prowess known,
Defaced the sculptor's lines, and traced, instead, thine own.

And thou hast written "GREY" upon this head;
While in my furrowed cheek may well be kenn'd
"THREESCORE AND UPWARDS;" and in letters dread,
Five times upon this heart thy hand hath penn'd
DEATH; and the record lives, and to the end
Will live: albeit the cares of life awhile
To brief forgetfulness may kindly tend,
The graven sorrow nought can e'er beguile,
That pains in every throb, and saddens every smile.

Well, these are melancholy greetings; yet,
Though to mine ear thou bring'st no sound of glee,
Thou grave companion, I will say, "Well met!"
And if I do not, 'twere the same to thee;
For thou wilt still march on, and man must be
Thy sport, thy victim; yet I bid thee hail,
Content if, when thou toll the knell for me,
The good shall honour, and the loved bewail,
To meet thee thus, and hear thy more than thrice-told tale.

C. VERRAL.

FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE LION AND THE HARE.

A LION honoured a hare with his intimate acquaintance. "Is it true," asked the hare, one day, "that you lions can be scared away by the crowing of a miserable cock?"

"Certainly, it is true," replied the lion; "and it is a common remark, that we powerful animals are invariably afflicted with some such weakness. You may have heard of the elephant, for example, that the grunting of a hog excites in him shuddering and dismay."*

"Indeed!" cried the hare. "Ay, now I understand, too, why we hares are so terribly frightened when the dogs appear."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

WHAT shall we say to the poets who love so dearly to take a flight beyond the comprehension of ordinary readers? What but that which the nightingale said to the lark: "Do you fly so high, my dear friend, that no one may hear you?"

* Ælianus de Natura Animalium, lib. i. cap. 38: Ορρωδει ὁ ἐλεφας κεραστην κριον καὶ χοιρου βοην. Idem. lib. iii. cap. 31: Ἀλεκτρυονα φοβειται ὁ λεων.

THE ORIGIN OF SERPENT-WORSHIP.

Amidst the magnificent ruins of the ancient Egyptians, from the pyramids to the cataracts of the Nile, nothing is more prominent than the figure of the serpent; sometimes encircling the winged globe which overhangs the porticoes and gateways of their colossal temples—at others forming, in continued rows, the chief ornament of the cornices and friezes: and again in still greater numbers in the royal tombs at Thebes, and the cavern temples of Galabshee and Ipsamboul, on the banks of the Nile. In the pagodas of India, along the margin of the Ganges, the same object or emblem is seen, sculptured in full and prominent relief: and the Brahminical mythology is full of allusions to the serpent, in almost every variety of form. Over the greater part of Africa serpent-worship was once spread, and serpent charming is still practised and known; and, even among the aborigines of America, this creature inspires alternately feelings of fear and homage, and exercises powers of fascination unknown to other reptiles.

In the sacred Scriptures one of the earliest descriptions of the serpent is, that it was "more subtil than all the beasts of the field, which the Lord God had made." And it is thought that its cunning, and the power which this quality gave it to exercise its lures and destructive arts on the human race, first obtained for it that homage of fear which was certainly paid to it by almost all the nations of antiquity, and which continues to be paid by many nations and people of modern times.

The original meaning of the Hebrew verb, from whence its name is derived, is "to observe attentively;" and the term "a serpent's eye" was proverbially applied, by the Greeks and Romans, to those who looked with more than ordinary penetration into the affairs of others. The fascination exercised by the rattle-snake of the New World, is well known; and almost all the varieties of the serpent tribe possess this power in a greater or less degree.

It is remarkable, however, that in almost all the representations of the serpent found on the monuments of Egypt and Hindoostan, the serpent has an erect figure, as if this were its original attitude. The wavy, or, as we call it, serpentine form of the creature, is always preserved; but, instead of creeping on its belly, as all serpents are now observed to do, their figures are upright, with

the head bending downward from a gracefully-curved neck. That this was its original form and habit, before it was cursed for its temptation of Eve, seems admitted by the very terms in which the denunciation is couched: "And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: *upon thy belly shalt thou go*, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Gen. iii. 14, 15.

The poet Milton, whose accurate application of learning and tradition to the illustration of his subjects is so worthy of all praise, alludes to this change of position and figure in the serpent; and in the description which he gives of the first interview of the tempter with Eve, he pourtrays these three striking peculiarities: its cunning and enmity, the erectness of its form, and its power of fascinating by the eye; as thus, in the ninth book of the Paradise Lost, l. 494:—

> "So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed
> In serpent—inmate bad—and toward Eve
> Addressed his way; *not with indented wave*
> *Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear.*
> *His head crested aloft*—and carbuncle his eyes.
> With burnished neck of verdant gold, *erect*,
> Amid his circling spires, that on the grass
> Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
> And lovely. He, of his tortuous train,
> Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
> *To lure her eye.* * * *
> He, bolder now, uncalled, before her stood,
> But as *in gaze admiring.* Oft he bowed
> His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
> Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
> His *gentle, dumb expression* turned at length
> The *eye* of Eve to *mark his play.* He, glad
> Of her attention gained, with serpent tongue
> His fraudulent temptation thus began:—
> Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps
> Thou canst, *who art sole wonder*, much less arm
> Thy looks, *the heaven of mildness*, with disdain,
> Displeased that I approach thee thus, *and gaze*
> *Insatiate.*"

These were the powers of fascination and flattery exercised by the serpent, before the curse of degradation below all the beasts of

the field had been pronounced upon it; and since then, the whole of the serpent tribe have become susceptible of charms and incantations practised on them by others. This is, perhaps, one of the most curious facts in natural history, and may well excite general interest. The wonderful art which soothes the rage, and disarms the fang of the deadliest serpent, rendering it obedient to the charmer's voice, is neither a discovery nor an invention of modern times, but is to be traced to a very remote antiquity, of which the following may be deemed sufficient examples:—

It is said of Orpheus, that he knew how to still the hissing of the approaching snake, and to extinguish the poison of the creeping serpent. The Argonauts are described as having subdued, by the power of song, the terrible dragon of the serpent tribe that guarded the golden fleece. Ovid ascribes the same effect to the soporific influences of certain herbs and magic sentences; it was the custom of others, among the Romans, to fascinate the serpent by touching it with the hand: of this method Virgil takes notice in the seventh book of the Æneid; but it seems to have been the general opinion of the ancients, that the principal power of the charmer lay in the sweetness of his music. Pliny says, accordingly, that serpents were drawn from their lurking-places by the powers of music; and Seneca held the same opinion. The arts of the Psylli in Egypt are well known.

Among the moderns the testimony is more abundant, and quite as striking: Chardin, in his Travels in Persia, remarks, that in that country, adders are observed to swell at the sound of a flute, raising themselves up erect on one-half of the body, turning themselves round, and marking the tune with the lower half or extremity, and following the person who performs on the instrument whither he may choose to lead them; their heads, which are naturally rounded and long, like that of the eel, becoming distended out broad, and flattened like a fan. Greaves, in his Travels in Turkey, says, that the tame serpents, which many of the orientals keep in their houses, are known to leave their holes in hot weather at the sound of a musical instrument, and advance towards the performer. Dr. Shaw, during his travels in Barbary, saw a number of serpents keep exact time with the Mohammedan dervishes in their circulator dances, running or creeping up and down the arms and around the necks of the dancers, turning when they turned, and stopping when they stopped.

America furnishes a similar example: Chateaubriand, in his

Travels in America, describes his visit to an Indian encampment in Canada; on which occasion a rattlesnake entered the grounds. A young Canadian, who could play on the flute, advances towards the serpent, using his instrumont: the reptile first prepared to put forth all his strength and venom in a hostile attack; but the moment he heard the sounds of the flute he started with surprise, drew back his head, and, overcome by the fascination of the music, he gradually lost all his fierceness, and sunk into an attitude of repose, attention, and pleasure. When the musician moved, the serpent crept slowly after him; when he halted, the serpent also arrested his motion; and in this manner he was ultimately beguiled out of the camp, to the astonishment of the spectators, including Europeans as well as Indians, who could scarcely believe the testimony of their own eyes, when they beheld the wonderful effect of music on the most deadly of the serpent tribe.

In Egypt serpents are numerous, and the greater number of them are of the venomous kind. When they enter the houses of the natives, the serpent charmers are sent for, and these, by certain recitations and music, charm them out of their lurking-holes. Mr. Bourn, the author of Travels in Dawfour, saw three serpents drawn in this way out of the cabin of a ship lying near the shore, when the charmer took them up without injury, and put them into his bag. During his stay in Cairo, he saw several of these fascinated reptiles twist themselves round the bodies of the charmers, without their jaws being extracted, or their teeth broken, and without doing them the least harm. But if any person who is ignorant of the art of fascinating them, ventures to go within the reach of their fangs, they dart at them immediately, and inflict a wound which generally ends in death. At Surat, in India, an American, seeing one of the serpent charmers of the country (for they abound in all parts of India) make a serpent bite him, without leaving any other ill effect than the mere incision, boasted that he could do the same, believing that the fangs of the serpent had been extracted; but, after permitting himself to be bitten in the hand, by the same snake, he died within two hours after the infliction of the wound.

It appears from the Scriptures, in which frequent allusion is made to these charmers, that some of the serpent tribe were endowed with a power of resisting this "enchantment," as it is called. For instance, in Psalm lviii. 5, 6, the wicked are thus described: "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they

are like the deaf adder that *stoppeth her ear;* which *will not hearken* to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." It is said, that some adders have been observed, when it has been attempted thus to charm them, to place one of their ears close to the ground, and to cover the other with the tail, so as to avoid hearing; and others have endeavoured to drown the sound of the music by violent hissing. So, again, Solomon says, in Ecclesiastes x. 11, "Surely, the serpent will *bite* without enchantment, and a babbler is no better." And, in Jeremiah viii. 17, it is said, "I will send serpents, cockatrices among you, *which will not be charmed,* and they shall bite you, saith the Lord."

The traditions of nations and people the most remote contain some reference to the serpent, as the creature whose "head is to be bruised;" as a sign of victory obtained over an enemy, and over death; of which the following examples may suffice:—

In the Mythology of the Goths, the first-born of the supreme god is called Thor; and, in the Edda, the sacred book of the Goths, this Thor is called "the eldest of sons, a middle divinity, a mediator between God and man." He is represented as wrestling with death, and in the struggle he *bruises the head of the serpent* with his mace, and finally slays the monster.—*Edda,* Fab. 11, 25.

In the Hindoo Mythology, the same tradition is apparent. In one of the oldest pagodas, as described by Mr. Maurice, in his History of Hindoostan, (vol. ii. p. 220,) are seen two sculptured figures, one of which represents Kristna, an incarnation of their mediatorial god, Vishnu, trampling on the *bruised head of the serpent;* while in the latter the serpent is seen encircling the god in his folds, and *biting his heel.*

So, among the ancient Greeks: when Epaminondas, the Theban general, wished to impress upon the minds of his soldiers, that they would destroy the whole power of the enemy if they could only once break the Spartans, who led them on; he accompanied his representations (Polyæn. Stratag. c. 2) by the act of *bruising the head of a serpent* before them, and then showing them that the rest of the body was wholly destitute of strength or life.

Instances like these might be multiplied from other sources, but enough has been said to show the remarkable coincidence between the traditions of different nations and the main features of the scriptural narrative respecting the serpent, and to account, in some degree, for the universality of the homage paid to it by those who feared its cunning and its deadly power.

ZANHAR AND NIANG.

CHARACTERISTIC POEM OF THE NATIVES OF MADAGASCAR.

(From Herder's "Stimmen der Völker.")

ZANHAR and NIANG are creators of the world. O Zanhar! to thee turn we not our entreaties; why should we ask good of the god of goodness? The anger of Niang must we appease.

Niang, evil, powerful divinity, let not the thunder roll over our heads; command not the sea, that it break through its bounds; spare thou the ripening fruits; parch not the rice in its blossom; open not the bosoms of our women on unhallowed days; and compel no mother to bury beneath the waters the hope of her old age.

O Niang, destroy not entirely the mercies of Zanhar. Thou rulest over the wicked; their number is sufficient; punish not the good.

HAL.

THE VILLAGE STREAM.

THE village stream! oh, how I love
The music of its flow,
When every star that shines above
Is mirrored there below.
Its little waves, as on they glide
Beneath the moonlight, gleam
As if it were a silver tide,
And not a village stream!

In other days, when all was bright,
And beautiful, and fair,
I oft, upon a starry night,
Have turned my footsteps there;
And to the pale and weary moon
Have poured my love-sick dream,
Or marked her way, with diamonds strewn,
Beside the village stream.

And still the village stream will flow
When I am in the grave,
And other eyes will watch the glow
Of every crystal wave;
Yet let me breathe my latest sigh
Beneath the moonlight beam,
And let the village minstrel lie
Beside the village stream.

C. H. H.

LIBERALITY OF MIND.

It is a distinguishing characteristic of the present age, that the minds of men should be swayed by general principles; that its history should present to our view, not so much the petty intrigues of rival courtiers, greedy for place and power, as the contest of antagonist elements, founded on something deeply rooted in human nature, and actuating, as with one spirit, vast masses of mankind. It is an age when many and contradictory opinions are brought under our notice, and when the adoption or rejection of any one of them affects us, not only as individuals, but as living and moving members of society. To inquire into the causes of such a state is no part of our present design; it is sufficient to observe, that through it, that which has at all times been of the greatest importance, becomes now, more than ever, requisite, namely, a true and sound system in judging of rival opinions. There is, indeed, a sentiment, which ever has, and at no time more than at the present, been advanced as the best guide of our decisions, I mean, liberality of mind: few would be found openly to deny its advantages, though, alas! too many feel a secret aversion to its unrestricted operation; and experience a kind of internal distrust of its application to any system of opinions but that which they have themselves adopted. It is, therefore, of moment to investigate the nature of the sentiment, and, if possible, discover where lies its foundation, and in what its essence consists. It would seem to rest in a habit of fixing the mind on that which is good, sound, and true in any system; in endeavouring to trace, even in the midst of confusion and error, some glimpses of that which is real and substantial. When any opinions, whether of a theological or political nature, are found extensively to obtain; when we see men of learning, of judgment, and, which is more, of sincere and earnest mind, adopting and defending them; when we observe them not confined to a particular spot, or a single class, but diffused through many places, and among men existing under a countless variety of circumstances, we cannot but feel convinced that there must be something in them which satisfies some deeply-rooted craving of our human nature, common to all mankind; something more true and more sound than may at the first glance appear. Indeed, of systems, far less extensively accepted, the

same observation would hold; for when men, however few, of earnest minds, do cling to any belief, whatever be its nature, it seems natural to conclude that there is some truth in it, of which they feel the importance, and which forms to them a magnet of attraction. In this latter case, however, it may, without improbability, be conjectured, that similar circumstances may have led men of similarly constituted minds, into the same line of thought, and thence into the same error; but, in the former, the supposition is inadmissible; for every widely-diffused system must embrace men of every various species of natural character, and, therefore, the truth existing in it, if there be any, must strike a chord common to all, and not peculiar to any single turn of mind. There may be those who would deny the necessity of some infusion of truth in any belief as requisite for its extension and adoption by many, who would assert that the mind of man is by nature disposed to fix itself on unmitigated error, and to prefer those systems in which the least possible amount of truth is involved. Few, perhaps, would be willing thus broadly to state this sentiment, but very many do practically express it, when they are satisfied to account for the spread of any opinions opposed to their own by a general reference to the wickedness of human nature, excluding all consideration of the circumstances, necessities, and tendencies of the times, which may have brought forward certain truths, and embodied them in such opinions. Let such examine their own minds, (for thus can they best arrive at a knowledge of the workings of the human mind generally,) and say, whether, in those changes which their own opinions may have at different times undergone, they have found themselves in search of that which was false and unsound, and whether they settled down with satisfaction into that creed which kept them farthest from the truth. Who would, or even could, with justice to himself, admit this? Why, then, should he assume it of every other member of the human family? Again; would experience teach us, that any man, in the formation of private friendships, seeks his friends among those in whom he perceives the greatest amount of depravity, and not that it is rather the good qualities of an individual which endear him to others, and often, by their insidious intermixture with evil, give rise to dangerous results? In a still more extended sphere, is it that which is bad which excites the greatest and most permanent degree of admiration, or is it not rather that which is noble and good? May we not, then, conclude by analogy that, in systems of opinions where

the more violent passions are not immediately called into activity, the general tendency of the great body of mankind will be to adhere to that which is true and excellent? Nor is this conclusion invalidated by the fact, that many will be found zealous adherents of a creed, whether religious or political, who neither comprehend its tenets, nor appreciate its principles; and many who can assign no better reason than habit or fancy for their adoption of it; for, if the objection be of any weight at all, it tells equally against all systems now existing, and that ever have existed; if it prove any thing, it proves that no truth is to be found in any creed whatsoever. If, then, in every system which treats of moral science under any form, there be some truth,—something in accordance with the natural wants of man, it is the part of a really liberal man to fix his thoughts on this, to sympathize with those who cling to it, and, rejecting the error in which it may have been involved, to fix his mind on its importance in relation to himself, and to consider whether this craving of our nature meets with the satisfaction it requires, in the belief to which he himself adheres; and this he may no less do, when he can discern no sound truth in a system, but nothing beyond an unsuccessful attempt to provide for the desired object.

There is another, and a very different, frame of mind, in which we may bend our thoughts to the investigation of the opinions of others; one which leads us to weigh with scrupulous exactness every argument advanced in their favour, to endeavour, with eagerness, to discover some latent fallacy, and to demur to every assertion not confirmed by the strongest evidence. Such a habit of investigation will most frequently be observed in persons of considerable acuteness of intellect; some there are whose minds are naturally so constituted that they are unable thoroughly to receive or believe any assertion of fact or statement of opinion without close and critical examination of every argument advanced in its favour. Now, though such a temper may very often be found in opposition to the spirit of liberality, which we have just noticed, yet there is no reason to suppose that they are of necessity opposed, and incapable of coexistence in the same individual. That the latter should exist, to a certain degree, in all, and form the prominent feature of some minds, is requisite as a safeguard against error, a preservative against the well-concealed fallacies by which false systems are so frequently maintained. But if what we have before observed respecting the sentiment of liberality be

grounded in truth, it, too, is no less requisite for the formation of a right judgment; and, inasmuch as two things, being both good, cannot be by nature opposed to one another, we must conclude that some temper of mind must exist, in the ideal at least, if not exemplified in any one man, in which both are commingled in their due proportions, and that it is intended that their mutual action and reaction should lead, as far as the mass of men are concerned, to the same result as would be attained if they were united, as they should be, in the breast of each individual. It may occur to some, that the liberality of mind described in the preceding observations is closely allied to a lax principle; that it denies the concentration of all truth in any one system divinely revealed, but distributes it in various proportions to all the prevailing creeds.* In the sentiment of liberality, as characterised above, no such principle is necessarily expressed.

Though theological discussion of any kind is not included in the plan of the magazine in which this paper appears, yet the writer conceives that in a periodical issued from a place of education, conducted on the principles of the Church of England—an institution whose motto is "Sancte et Sapienter"—it is allowable for him to assume the truth of Christianity as a divine revelation, and the soundness of that form of it which is inculcated by our Church. Now, in assuming this, we necessarily assume the fact that all moral truth, at least all that it imports for us to know, is collected in one body; that a system of doctrines, if we should not rather say a system of facts, is actually declared and revealed to mankind, which, from its origin, must of necessity contain nothing but that which is sound. Does, then, liberality of mind deny the existence of such concentrated truth, and supply to each man a means of extracting that which is good from many systems, each including some truth, but intermingled with falsehood? Certainly not; for, granting the existence of such a revelation, it does not follow that it should be maintained in every point by all who profess to adhere to it. Some may assign undue preponderance to one part of its doctrines, to the exclusion of another; while, by another sect, the latter may no less be raised above its proper degree of importance. In fact, a system may exist in perfection,

* The word "creed," wherever applied in this paper, is not intended, in the limited sense which it commonly bears, as a statement of religious belief, but includes every system, whether theological or political, which relates to the moral state of mankind.

without being perfectly understood by all who maintain it; the various natural characters of men may fix their attention on different points; the feeling of one necessity of human nature may be, by circumstances, peculiarly brought out in the mind of an individual or a sect, and thus, by losing sight of the proper relations of their several points, they may fall even into positive error. Now, in this case, the habit of seeking for that which is good in opinions, for the leading truth, which has drawn men towards them, and kept them there, comes into full activity, and exercises its most beneficial effect.

Another case may be supposed, namely, that the whole truth may be held by an individual, or a body of men; that they may have no occasion, in any respect whatever, to abandon the dogmas which they profess to hold; no need to seek, in the systems of others, corrections of their own. The case may, nay, it is to be hoped, does exist; yet here, too, liberality of mind is not without its use; for it is one thing to hold truths, as dogmas capable of perfect demonstration, another to enter, in every respect, into their whole meaning and spirit. Nothing can be conceived more calculated to keep us alive to the importance of that which we believe, and to prevent our stating, with cold precision, truths, the life and vigour of which are to us wanting, than the habit of investigating, with unprejudiced eyes, the thought and feeling embodied even in false systems; and of sympathizing, in the widest sense of the word, with such sincere and earnest minds as have clung to some truth in them, as to a jewel they could not relinquish. In proportion as we can thoroughly enter into the feelings of others, will our own become more intelligible to us, and the truths we profess stand out in all their beauty, and influence us with their due energy. These observations apply, perhaps, more peculiarly to theological differences, though they would, on examination, be found to relate no less to political principles; not, indeed, to the expedients of politicians, which vary with the change of circumstances, but to those great and deeply-rooted political tendencies which, in every age, since the records of history commenced, have been in some degree brought out. Liberality such as this, while it widely differs from the spurious sentiment too prevalent at the present day, is surely the duty of every sincere and unprejudiced mind, and is peculiarly consistent with the spirit of charity which our faith enjoins on us.

G. S. W.

THE DISAPPOINTED BEAUTY.

Oh, ladies, fair ladies, I pray you give ear
To a tale I shall tell, for its moral is clear;
And ne'er let your pride or your self-will be such
As to scare a fond suitor by asking too much.

A lady there lived in the court of Navarre,
As rich as old Crœsus, no Venus so fair;
But proud as old Lucifer, son of the morning,
And, like a spoiled beauty, her lovers all scorning.

Were they noble or gentle, plebeian or royal,
They were first fed with hopes, and then starved with denial;
Till none in the court or the city were found
Who cared for her smiles, as she lavished them round.

She in her turn was shunned, and the beauty she prized,
Where'er it was seen, most sincerely despised;
So in spite of her dower, both of abbey and minster,
She seemed very likely to live as a spinster.

Now, it chanced at this time, that a stranger was seen
At the court of Navarre, who was struck with her mien;
And at once fell in love, over head over ears,
Without ever asking her age, it appears.

To honour this guest, a great feast there was made,
Fireworks, tournay and jousting, an endless parade;
And, among other sports, (so the story is told,)
Was a fight of wild animals hungry and bold.

Lions, tigers, and bears, from the south and the north,
At one given sign, rushed tumultuously forth;
All breath was suspended—arrested all eyes,
As their roar, loud and terrible, rang through the skies.

While all the arena's broad plain (the tale goes)
Was the scene of tumultuous conflict and blows;
While teeth, claws, and tusks, were in horrible play,
Each against all the others, a fearful array,

The lady, triumphing, threw downwards her glove,
In the midst of them all, and then gazed on her love:—
"If you love me," she cried, "half as much as you say,
Go fetch me the mitten I just flung away."

With a bound the bold suitor sprang over the rails,
Dashed the beasts on one side, and ne'er thought of their nails;
In a trice found the glove, and then bore it away,
Unscathed and unharmed from the midst of the fray.

Then blandly she smiled, and presented her hand,
And declared she his bride at the altar would stand,
Whenever he chose but to lead her that way,
Whatever the time was, June, July, or May.

" Hold, hold," said the knight, " not so fast if you please;
" From all your engagements I here you release;
" For one who would thus risk the life of her swain,
" Is not worthy his love,—she his honour would stain;

" And here before all, as I give back your glove,
" Be it known unto all, I abjure now your love;
" For never again will I trouble your sight,
" Ask as much as you will "—don't you think he was right?

The lady thereafter kept drooping apace,
And wrinkles appeared on her once lovely face;
She died as she lived, an unpitied old maid,
While cats two-and-twenty her requiem played.

T. I.

UNLUCKY DAYS.

CHARACTERISTIC POEM OF THE NATIVES OF MADAGASCAR.

(From Herder's " Stimmen der Völker.")

Terrible Niang! why openest thou thy bosom on an unhallowed day?

How sweet is the smile of a mother as she bends over the countenance of her first-born! How fearful that moment when the same mother casts her first-born into the stream, to take away the life she had scarcely given!

Innocent being! unlucky is the day thou beholdest; and all that follow remain under its sorrowful influence.

If I let thee live, deformity will wither the blossom on thy cheeks, hot fever will burn within thy veins; surrounded by sufferings, wilt thou grow in years; the juice of the orange will be bitter on thy lips; a poisoned gale will destroy the rice thy hand may plant; the fishes will learn thy nets, and will avoid them; cold and without sweetness will be the kiss of thy beloved; in her arms sorrow will follow thee.

Perish, O my son, perish once, that thy death be not a thousand times repeated!

Cruel necessity! terrible Niang!

Hal.

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. V. NEW YORK.

Few of the peculiar features of the United States strike a stranger with more force than the excellent judgment which has guided the inhabitants in the selection of sites for their principal cities and seaports. It is true that the choice was in many cases the effect of a chance entirely beyond the control of the early settlers; yet, to whatever degree this may have been the case, it will be hardly fair, on this account, to deny all merit to the Americans themselves.

There are few cities in the republic to which these remarks will apply with greater force than to that which forms the subject of the present sketch. Seated on an island which commands, on one side, the navigation of a river extending for upwards of a hundred miles into the interior of a fertile and populous state, while the other is skirted by an arm of the sea, which, passing between an island and the main shore, gives a protected communication with several of the most important towns of the New England states, its advantages, as a centre of internal commerce, have been rarely surpassed, while the splendid harbour, securely hemmed in on all sides, points it out as the emporium of foreign trade. Nor have the inhabitants been regardless of these advantages, so profusely showered upon them, for few cities of the old world will bear comparison with this in the extent of their commerce, the crowded state of their docks, or the beauty and excellence of their public buildings.

It is not my intention here to enter into a detailed account of the architectural beauties of New York, for these have already employed the pens of older and far abler tourists, and are, I doubt not, ere this, well known to the general reader; but my object will be to touch on those more interesting topics which a long stay in a foreign city always affords; and of these the most prominent is society.

The society of New York may, without very great license, be taken as the representative of that of the whole of the United

States; and this for very obvious reasons. From the great importance of this city as a commercial emporium it is the universal resort of the wealthy merchants and general trading population of all parts of the Union, so that society presents a mixed and varied aspect, such as is rarely afforded in any place of equal size. The distinguishing features of social intercourse are always the first and most interesting study to one who has but just arrived in a foreign land; and I shall endeavour to convey to my reader some few of my own impressions with regard to this point in New York.

Nothing strikes an Englishman with greater force and novelty, in American society, than the excessive frivolity which everywhere pervades it, and deprives it of every solid and substantial attraction. This is, in some degree, owing to its peculiar composition, the moving members being generally in the earliest youth, while those of more advanced years take no prominent part, and are supposed to be present only as sanctioning the proceedings of their juniors: yet there is, perhaps, a deeper cause than this which may be discovered, and which exerts a most important influence wherever it exists.

In all society (or at least in all society upon the same footing with our own), the fair sex exercise by far the most prominent influence, and in America this is more than usually the case. The greater proportion of the gentlemen being there engaged in mercantile pursuits from their earliest youth, have but little leisure to devote to what they not unusually consider useless and superficial accomplishments, under which name they are inclined to class most of the elegant refinements of social intercourse; preferring to these more profitable and evidently advantageous acquirements. The education of these persons is based upon the same utilitarian principle, and this tends only to confirm the disposition which they all seem naturally to inherit—to disregard all those nameless trifles which so materially, though so imperceptibly, influence the enjoyment of life. An American gentleman (at least, one of the northern states, for of these only I now speak, as the society of the south presents a far different aspect) in a ball-room is one of the most lamentably misplaced objects that can possibly be conceived. Without a particle of natural grace, and unpolished by an education which has a view only to his pocket, he moves awkwardly about, innocent of any attempt at graceful motion: yet even then his national vanity does not desert him; and it would be

difficult to convince him that he is not the admired of all observers —a paragon of elegance and perfection.

Society, then, being composed mostly of ladies, it becomes a matter of no small moment that their education should be framed so as to make them supply, if possible, by the extent of their information, and the brilliance of their intellectual acquirements, the deficiency which exists; but this, unfortunately, is rarely the case. The position of females in the United States is highly unfavourable to the attainment of this desirable end; indeed, it does much to retard, if not actually to prevent it. No one can be a warmer advocate than myself for that assiduous attention, that careful consideration, which are so justly due towards the weaker sex, and which an Englishman is ever proud and ready to extend, yet I cannot but think that in America the limits of prudence are overstepped, and this devotion carried to a ridiculous extent. Woman is there made, not the affectionate companion, the devoted confidant, the ever-ready consoler and adviser of her partner in life, but seems to be considered rather in the light of a painted doll, to be tended with the same assiduity as an infant, and to be allowed to perform none of those offices which so well become her sex. Instead of being the confidant of her husband, she is kept in careful ignorance of the state of his affairs, lest her delicate feelings should be distressed by the recital of his embarrassments; and instead of being his confidant and solace in the thorny paths of life, she is made a burthen and an incumbrance, affording him no real enjoyment, but only proving a profitless addition to his annual expenditure; being thus made an incubus on her husband, instead of the happy companion, the prudent adviser, and the affectionate consoler, which in England she is, and which everywhere she ought to be.

The education of the American ladies is such as to fit them but little for the discharge of those social duties to which I have already referred. A superficial acquaintance with a vast variety of subjects, a slight and elementary knowledge of every science and language, seems to be the general object in the education of an American lady, which, commencing at six, and terminating at fourteen years of age, (except in some rare instances, in which it is continued to a later period,) gives but little time for the acquirement of such heterogeneous information. Fancy young ladies studying, in this short period, every science, every language, ancient or modern, excepting those of Oriental origin, (and even

these sometimes; for I have not unfrequently encountered a few Hebrew scholars in some of the New England states,) together with the science of government, (for this is one of their favourite studies, doubtless with a view to a future application of it;) and expecting to acquire all this properly in eight short years. The idea is ridiculous; and even were it practicable, the utility of such a system would be more than doubtful.

There is one branch, however, of their education of which I sincerely approve, and which I could wish to see more universally adopted in England: I mean the study of the dead languages. I know the many objections which have been raised to this by many with us, on the ground of the manifest unfitness of many of the classical authors for female perusal; but the same objection might be raised, and, in some instances, more appropriately, to some of the modern tongues of Europe. If there be any thing in the writings of the distinguished men of Greece and Rome to delight and interest in the perusal, (and none will deny that there is,) nothing can be more selfish than to exclude from such pleasure those who ought to be partakers of every joy; and to raise such an objection as that which I have noticed is but to insult the judgment, and to doubt the purity of those in whom we should ever repose the most implicit and unvarying confidence.

I am far, however, from defending the system of education which is adopted with the ladies of the United States, which presents a fair subject of ridicule for its absurd inclusiveness, and the extravagance of its design. Every one will remember the advertisement quoted by Captain Marryat, of a school in which was to be taught every branch of human knowledge, "taking care not to exceed the bounds assigned to the human understanding;" and even this necessary caution seems to be hardly observed in many of the female seminaries, or colleges, as they are generally called, of the United States. I have heard of one of these institutions in which degrees were granted to those ladies who were ambitious of academical honour; but this is a degree of blueness which I believe very rarely occurs.

Such a system produces, as might be imagined, a very unfavourable effect on the general aspect of social intercourse throughout the United States. Scarcely a subject can be started in conversation on which every lady present has not something to say; but, on the other hand, no topic of any interest can be sustained for any length of time; and the effect of this is, that conver-

sation rarely goes beyond the most frivolous and common-place points, and never possesses that intellectual richness which society in which Englishwomen are, always affords.

There is some little *aristocracy* in New York, such as it is, notwithstanding the republican principles of the inhabitants; but to a foreigner all circles are open, and there is no society to which an Englishman, in the station of a gentleman, cannot obtain easy access. I know of nothing more amusing to a traveller in the United States than to watch the different modes in which the hatred of complete equality, which is so inherent in the human mind, finds vent; and at the same time to notice the care which the Americans take to prevent this tendency from being perceived. The grand outlet for ambition is the militia; and this is so constituted as to be peculiarly favourable to their wishes: the officers being all elected by the corps, and changed every year; but as every one retains the title for life, in a short time the whole company may consist of men of *high* rank. I heard, indeed, of one occurrence which strongly illustrates the extent of this system. An inhabitant of a small town in the New England states presented a memorial to the President, praying that he might be raised to some rank in the company to which he belonged, but not assigning a reason for his wish: this was of course required; and the reply was, that in his corps there were only two other persons, the original company being divided to render a greater number of captains, &c. necessary, and that these were both of them officers; and he begged particularly that his request might be complied with, as, if it were not, his indefatigable superiors would, before very long, drill him to death! I did not hear the result of his application.

I remember an amusing instance, which fell under my own notice, of the learning of one of these military dignitaries, which may, perhaps, excite a smile. On the celebration of the landing of the first settlers of New England, at Plymouth, Mass. in December 183—, a stand of colours was presented to one of the militia corps by a young lady, and the occasion of course called out all the inhabitants in their gayest array. The fair donor, equipped as Bellona, in a most portentous brass helmet, and armed with a gigantic spear,—though otherwise more resembling the goddess of love than that of war,—in a neat oration, delivered with a tact and self-possession for which American girls are remarkable, complimented the troop on their reputation for bravery,

and expressed a hope that they might ever exercise it in the defence of their native land. The captain of the fortunate band, feeling it his duty to make some fitting response, and having, perhaps, no very mean opinion of his own oratorical abilities, delivered a most flowery reply; and, after a splendid declamation on love of country, and other equally exciting topics, he wound up with, "Madam, in the name of this *corpse*, I receive the colours"—but the laughter of the crowd, and among others, of the majestic Bellona herself, prevented any more of his address from being heard. The effect was capital, but I doubt whether it was very agreeable to the luckless officer.

The general style of New York hospitality is unostentatious, though perhaps rather extravagant, and strangers are every where received with the utmost civility and kindness. I know not, indeed, whether I shall not be accused of ingratitude in commenting on the defects of those from whom I have received so much attention, and who have done so much to while away the weary hours of absence from home. Defects, however, to be remedied must be known; and it is with a spirit of the utmost good will and affection that I have made these passing remarks. It is rather in small private circles that the good points of the American character are developed, than in the crowded party, and in such I have passed many hours which I can never recur to but with recollections of the greatest delight. But to this topic I shall have occasion again to revert in a future paper. Δ.

SONNET.

The dew-drops clust'ring on the morning flower
Are by the sun exhaled, and sent away
Never to meet again: the April shower,
From passing clouds, which at the birth of day
Dissolves in tears, leaves on the thirsty ground
A scattered blessing as it passes on,
And sprinkles forth its precious drops around,
Which ne'er again shall mingle into one;—
So those partakers of a common joy
Who at life's morn in blithe communion met,
And clustered round one study, one employ,
Whilst youth's fair dawn about them lingered yet,—
When noontide calls them forth, will ne'er again
Unite so closely as they mingled then.

S. T. S.

THE DEATH OF ROSABEL.*

A GENTLE voice with tender tone
Aroused him ; from Matilde alone
Could such kind accents greet his ear ;
Her's the sweet voice he loved to hear,
And close his eyes, while Fancy free
Would dream his mistress spoke, and think to see,
When next he looked, her cherished form—
For once forgetting that dread day
When the remorseless soul of storm
Wrapt in the lightning's flame,
With fury earth-ward came
To snatch her pure and happy soul away.

Such was her fearful fate : a laughing maid
She sat within that vale,—her lover paid
To her the sylvan honours of the glade ;
The sky was cloudless,—and their happy love
No less serene ;—then darkness grew above,
The thick clouds gathered, and the thunder storm
Broke forth. Beneath a spreading tree they stood,
Watching in peace the elemental strife,
Each pensive ; filled by those high, swelling thoughts
Of power almighty, glorious majesty,
That such a scene will prompt. Then Rosabel,
Her golden hair on every gust of wind
Borne fluttering, upon her lover's arm
A gentle pressure laid ;—her other hand
Was pointing to the sky :—
"Here, here," she cried,
" The awful Deity, if any where
He is on earth, presides ! His step, they say,
Is on the storm-cloud, while the lightnings play
Beneath his feet, and at his mighty tread
The thunder rolls. Oh, if this be his wrath !
If to destroy some wretched sinner, comes
This storm—have mercy ! oh, have mercy, Lord,
Upon the wretched soul thou snatchest hence !"

'Twas for herself she pleaded ! Erdelmot
Recoiled with horror, as a vivid flash
In tortuous, rapid course approached : it struck
The tree that sheltered them, and to the brain

---

* Compare page 88.

Of Rosabel, through her fair, guileless brow
It pierced! Without a sound, a scream, she fell
Beside the blasted tree;—and Erdelmot
Looked on, and stirred not. Wide his rolling eyes—
But now they beamed with love—now horror shone;
Horror unmixed—with beaming lustre shone
In his wild gaze. Regardless of the storm
That still continued, for uncounted time
He stood—and gazed. Then, "Rosabel!" he cried,
In gentle tone,—"My dearest Rosabel!"—
"Nay, answer, love! My gentle Rosabel!
Oh!—oh!—That flash, perchance, hath blinded her!
Her face is on the ground;—my Rosabel,
Why answerest thou not thine Erdelmot?"

He knelt beside her, and raised up her head:
Oh, misery!—Her beauteous lineaments
Were there no longer; but a blackened mass,
A scorched, a loathsome object.
"Rosabel!"
The lover cried, and twined his manly arms
Around her waist, and lifted her, and looked
Once more. "Alas! this is not Rosabel!
It is her form—this is her slender hand
That, an hour since, was locked in mine." He kissed
The lifeless, yielding fingers;—then he pressed
The dear corpse to his bosom, and unclasped
His hold. It fell.—"Good God! it is thy will!"
He said; "she was not made for earth; and I,
I am alone! How cold and damp that word
Strikes to my blood! Alone! I am alone!"

The storm passed over; still his eye was bent
Upon the corpse, and if the sportive gale—
Sportive with life and love; sportive with death—
Played in her dress, he thought she moved, she lived;
His blood grew warmer, and then chilled again
As each hope faded.

Slowly, sadly,
Under a willow,
Her grave he dug,
And smoothed her pillow.

In the grave
That he had made her,
In that valley
There he laid her.

The holy symbol
On her breast,
A broken heart,
Prayed for her rest.

And then he fled, and came again,
Seeking in faith to soothe his pain,
And live beside the maiden's grave.
Thus he, the noble and the brave,
Bowed down with misery and grief,
His reason ruined, found relief
In daily paying to the dead
His simple tribute.
Meanwhile years had fled,
While still the shattered tree remained
To tell how earth once lost, heav'n a bright angel gained.

HAL.

THE SETTING SUN.

THE setting sun! the setting sun! how gorgeous in the west,
O'ercanopied with golden clouds, it proudly sinks to rest!
A blaze of fleeting glory gilds the sky, the land, the sea;
How lovely! yet how full of sad and solemn thought to me!

It speaks of cheerful daylight past, of darkness hastening on!
It brings to mind the happy hours that now, alas! are gone.
It tells of youth how swiftly past, of strength how soon decay'd;
Of hopes that blossom'd like the May—that blossom'd but to fade.

It tells of cheeks that glow'd with health, of eyes that rolled in light;
Of smiles that breathed of heaven—so pure, so beautiful, so bright!
Lost—faded—leaving those who loved in darkness and in woe,
While tears, like drops of evening dew, their aching lids o'erflow.

It tells of mirth to sadness changed, of pleasure turned to pain;
Of joys that glittered in our path, that now we seek in vain;
It tells of beaming happiness, in moody murmuring lost;
Of fervent friendship waxing cold; of fond affection crossed.

It tells of love, triumphant love, that makes the heart his own;
Then leaves his victim desolate, dejected, and alone;
It tells of those we dearly prized, whose loss we now deplore;
It tells that we ourselves shall set, and wail their loss no more.

C. VERRAL.

NUGIGERULUS. No. IV.

"And theorists—have they no limbo, too?"

The world has been young, and is now old; it has seen many changes, and undergone many a system of discipline and education. With years it has accumulated experience; and if it cannot arrogate to itself wisdom, it may, at least, claim caution and prudence. And yet in these, its later ages, there are those who cannot persuade themselves that it has emerged from the nursery, or can walk alone; they are always recommending some choice cordial, or favourite prescription of their own, to support and invigorate its frame, or proposing projects for the amendment of its education; and new instructors, with new systems, to train it in their own way. With all the importunity of the empiric, or the obstinate perseverance of a village gossip, they proclaim and recommend their nostrum as the only true, genuine, and infallible medicine; they cannot believe in the value of any other; and with unsparing lungs vociferate the merits and glories of their discovery. Woe to the patient who comes under their hands! His former advisers are expelled, violent measures resorted to, new plans commenced, new fancies acted upon, and novel experiments tried, which produce others equally strange and unheard of. Such men, who act as advisers or preceptors to the present world, whether listened to or disregarded, go by the name of speculative philosophers, or theorists; or by other titles under which polished folly has permitted them to conceal much of what is ridiculous, with much of what is hurtful and evil-intentioned. No laws, however sanctioned by the lapse of ages; no systems of policy or government, howsoever recommended by experience, are free from such officious interference: no barriers of time and long usage enclose a place too sacred to be broken into by their adventurous spirit: and no reverent awe for institutions which most regard as almost sacred can damp their restless and penetrating spirit of innovation. Truly, that age must be a bright and a glorious one which could produce such men as these, who can demonstrate that the conclusions which innumerable minds, operating in all ages, have

drawn are incorrect; that the subjects on which so much thought has been expended, so many intellects have been engaged, are unworthy of attention; and who can propose to substitute their own discoveries in the place of those which ages have been required to perfect.

Extensive systems which affect the happiness and welfare of nations, or of a world, cannot be produced, supported, and matured, by the exercise of one intellect, or brought to perfection by the lapse of even an age. The state in which we find many of the institutions which have long obtained, and still obtain, in the world, is the result of a course of gradual improvement and additions, brought about by advancing experience, and minds profiting by the knowledge of their predecessors. And well may we call the man presumptuous who arrogates to himself, not a superiority over the minds of his contemporaries only, but a superiority over all of long past time; and who, overlooking the advantages which institutions and laws derive from long continuance, and the stability which each consenting intellect has given them, can endeavour to uproot the tree whose roots are so firmly fixed in the rock of time and experience, and exhaust the stores of his single intellect in confident opposition to the power of united thought, concentrated and consolidated by time, and confirmed by experience. But, however vain be the attempt, however foolish, or however unprincipled, there is still something exciting in the idea of overthrowing inveterate systems, and of becoming the founder of new institutions. It is a temptation which few can resist whose temper leads them to innovation, whose education has confirmed such desire, and who have sufficient abilities to think themselves capable of effecting such plans. There is, besides, the charm of novelty, which is an incitement to scheming men, and which they know to be a widely spread feeling, on which they may rely much, and may build a broad and extensive foundation for their innovations.

There is much in human nature to further and encourage such plans: a restless desire for change; in many nations, an inexplicable dislike to old institutions, and a wish to do that for themselves which many nations and many intellects have been working for them; an independence of spirit, which will not permit them willingly to take advantage of others' good offices, or lay themselves under obligation to other minds. They may, perhaps, be unwilling to acknowledge, as it were, their inferiority, even to the accumu-

lated wisdom of their predecessors; and since the victory would be greater in proportion to the inveteracy of that which they attack, they are more ready to assail the longest established than the more recent institutions. There is, too, a lurking hope of unforeseen benefit, of advantage, which will only appear when the blow is struck and the purpose completed; an expectation of some good, which is only to be disclosed by the ruin of the standing system. And, lastly, there is the feeling, that where their own welfare is concerned, they are at liberty to do what seems to them best, and that their judgment will be clearer in proportion to the amount of interest they have in the proposed change. Of those who lead them to such innovations, and place the motives in tempting guise before their eyes, the majority act from principles of self-aggrandisement, in some one form or other. Some are discontented with present things, and form bright anticipations of the future; and a few are persuaded of the correctness of their views, and can feelingly lament the loss mankind in general must receive from the rejection of their proposals. Of the latter class, since their honest intentions appear through their delusion, little notice is taken, except to deride them as enthusiasts, and contemn them as self-willed projectors. But they who are acquainted with the general tendency and disposition of those they hope to mislead, and who act accordingly, will be sure to find a crowd of ambitious imitators to follow them, and of zealous adherents to support them. Unabashed effrontery will seem in them the result of a bold and uncompromising spirit; confident assertions, and unhesitating predictions, the emanations of a decided and penetrating intellect: their feigned sympathy with the distresses or inconveniences of those to whom they address themselves, will appear to arise from natural goodness of heart; and glowing promises and prospects will bear the semblance of flowing from a pure and disinterested source; for few can resist the temptation of appearing wiser and better than their fellow-men; though few do put on the cloak of zeal in a good cause, without inwardly designing to put off the cumbersome garb as soon as they are unobserved. Good intentions form a variegated robe, which hangs loosely upon the conscience, and, though it may be ragged and foul in itself, the inconvenience may be avoided by placing only the perfect part in view. Man's reason is ever intruding itself beyond its proper sphere; it is a restless and insatiable faculty: the bounds which experience lays down circumscribe its actions too much; experi-

ence is of a plain and homely quality, which would impose a check on its flights and soarings; which affords no range for a discursive imagination; bounds roving fancies by an impassable fence, and confines the prying investigations of speculatists within a limited compass. It puts a stop to variety of plans and resolutions; reduces an interesting diversity of affairs to one fixed formula; and destroys the pleasure arising from change and rapid succession. Experience is the light in which the phantoms of speculation show to the least advantage.

Many are the unavailing blasts which theorists blow against the solid rock of experience; and, when nearest defeat, they exhale in a storm of noise and blustering. Many are the cries they raise of the omnipotence of Reason; of the power which a rational creature must and ought to possess; and bitterly do they complain of the way in which prejudice is allowed to influence men's minds. It has been somewhere observed, that ages and nations remarkable for theories and speculating, have been by many degrees practically inferior to others; for they have, in an utter contempt for prejudices, depended on the exercise of their intellect alone; a presumptuous faculty when left to itself, and one which will be too apt to reject old institutions, long-established customs, as the contemptible offspring of mere prejudice. And what is that which they call prejudice?—a zealous attachment to principles of honour and integrity, of upright feeling and conscientious behaviour, which guided our ancestors; a warm affection and reverence for those venerable institutions and time-tried systems which they have handed down to us; a respect for their memory, and admiration of their lofty sentiments, showing itself in our own national behaviour. May we never want such prejudices; may we never be set free from such shackles! not that we are to reject all independence of thought, all reasonable reliance on our own judgment, but that we do not make it our only guide, our only support; that we do not, proud in our own vaunted powers, despise the advice given us by the silent monitors of past ages, and make no further use of our knowledge of their deeds and their feelings than to hold them up to fashionable scorn, and make every century a figure on the dial of time for puny contempt to point the finger at. It is, indeed, a noble disregard of self, a sacrifice of our best interests, to assert that independence of mind which allows us to derive nothing from the accumulated stores of experience—a self-denial

truly astonishing, and only to be compensated by the satisfaction and pride of standing alone, unlinked and unconnected with the minds that have before thought deeply for our welfare. Yes! 'tis a noble thing to stand in the world alone; to reject, with indignation, the proffered advice of our ancestors, and to spurn away, in proud assertion of intellect, an old and trustworthy system—the growth of many a year, and the tried servant through a hundred dangers and difficulties. "But what," they will say, "is prejudice, but the thick and overhanging mist which gives notice of the approach of the shades of error and ignorance; a noisome exhalation, which darkens and tarnishes the intellect; an unseen, yet not unavailing shackle, which fetters the free and aspiring reason?" This our prejudice is a judgment formed on the authority of others—and those our ancestors and predecessors—begun in childhood, accompanying the growth of the mind, and matured by advancing years.

Nor is this peculiar to one nation, or to one habit of mind; prejudice must always hold an extensive, and, very often, a beneficial sway over the thoughts of men: public opinion, so condemned for vacillation and uncertainty, has often a foundation in reason and experience, though its origin is involved in obscurity. And, with such things as we allow on prejudice, reason may fail in endeavouring to discover the causes of them; reason may be unable to account for them; the causes may have sprung in distant ages, may be still operating, though hidden, not to burst forth till a future period. Man's very education, on which his future conduct so much depends, is conducted by prejudice; the first notions which he imbibes are not those which his reason can agree to or reject; he receives them on authority, and his mind is, even from its earliest infancy, imbued with the dye of prejudice. But when he can examine his feelings, trace their causes and their operations; if he find any vicious or faulty, though supported by the venerable usage of all antiquity, let him not hesitate to tear them up by the roots, even although they may have entwined themselves closely round his disposition, and spread far and wide into his habits and thoughts.

But let Englishmen, who owe so much of their sentiments of honour and integrity, of their upright independence of spirit, and manly dislike for what is mean and base, to the force of early prejudice, beware how they lightly condemn that which raises and

perpetuates in their breasts attachment to their religion and venerable institutions, which first instils into their minds affection for those spirits who acted well and nobly for their country's sake, and which is still so strong a bulwark for the preservation of their constitution and liberties; and, lest they raise up an idol of their own reason, to which they may proudly bow down, forgetting the glories and deeds of their ancestors, the fame and power of their happy country; let them beware of being led away by the phantoms of innovation, and let them shrink from pulling down those almost sacred edifices which many master-minds contributed to raise and preserve, and many ages to confirm in their strength and perpetuity.

SONG.

I THINK of thee, when rosy day
First clothes with light the distant hill,
As sadly by the brook I stray,
And fondly deem thou'rt with me still.
Yet bower and brook have lost their charm,
In nature's sweets no joy I see;
The lark's gay song hath ceased to warm
A heart that's dead to all but thee.

I think of thee, when evening grey
Comes stealing o'er the enchanting scene;
As, pensive still, I take my way
In silence o'er the village green.
There joy I meet on every side,
And looks and tones of wildest glee;
And vainly still I seek to hide
The tears that come with thoughts of thee.

I think of thee, when silent night
Hath spread her pall o'er earth and sea;
As, 'neath the pale moon's gentle light,
I wander forth to muse on thee.
There's not one hour wherein my heart—
How sad soe'er the task may be—
Since thou and I have learned to part,
Shall ever cease to think of thee.

C. H. H.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*A Country Place near Moor's Castle.*

R. Moor *and* Kosinsky. *(In the distance.)*

R. Moor. Go before and announce me. You know all that you must say?

Kos. You are the Count Von Brand, come from Mecklenburg; I your servant. Care not, I will play my part. Farewell. [*Exit.*

R. Moor. Earth of my fatherland, I greet thee. *(Kisses the earth.)* Heaven of my fatherland! Sun of my fatherland,—and flowers, and hills, and streams, and woods, I greet ye all, all, from my heart. How sweetly breathes the air from my native hills!—what delight streams from ye towards the poor fugitive!—Elysium,—world of poetry! Stay, Moor, thy foot wanders in a holy temple. *(Comes nearer.)* Look there, even the swallows nest in the castle-yard, and the garden gates, and this corner in the hedge where you used so often to hide; — and there the meadow, where you, the hero Alexander, used to lead your Macedonians to battle at Arbela; and next to it the grassy hill, from which you cast down the Persian satraps, and your conquering banners waved high! *(Laughs.)* The golden spring-time of boyhood lives again in the soul of the wretched. Thou wast so happy, so perfectly, so cloudlessly glad; and now—there lie the ruins of thy projects! Here shouldest thou have dwelt, a great, noble, and respected man; here have lived thy boyhood's life a second time in Amelia's blooming children,—here, here, the idol of thy people. But the foul fiend frowned upon it. *(Starting.)* Why have I come here? That I may feel as the prisoner whom the clanking of his chain awakens from his dream of freedom? No, I go back in my wretchedness! The prisoner hath forgotten the light, but the dream of freedom gleams over him, as the lightning's flash in the night, that leaves it darker. Farewell, ye valleys of my fatherland; once saw ye the boy Charles,—and the boy Charles

was a happy boy. Then saw ye the man,—and he was in despair. *(He goes quickly to the other side, suddenly stands still, and looks sorrowfully towards the castle.)* Not see her, not one look? and only a wall between me and Amelia. No, see her I must, I must, —though it crush me. *(He turns round.)* Father! Father! thy son approaches. Away with thee, black reeking blood! away, hollow, shuddering gaze of death! Leave me but this hour free. Amelia! Father! thy Charles approaches! *(He goes quickly to the castle.)* Torment me when the day dawns; leave me not when the night comes; torture me with fearful dreams! but poison not this my only pleasure! *(He stands at the gate.)* How is this, Moor? Be a man! Death—Dread— *(He goes in.)*

Scene II.—*Gallery in the Castle.*

R. Moor. Amelia.

Amel. And are you sure that you shall recognise his picture among these paintings?

R. Moor. Quite sure; his picture was always living in my mind. *(Going round.)* This is not it.

Amel. Right! This was the head of our house, and he received his nobility from Barbarossa, whom he served against the pirates.

R. Moor. This is not his; nor this,—nor that; it is not among them.

Amel. How? Look better; I thought you knew him.

R. Moor. I knew my father no better. There wants the gentleness of feature about the mouth, that marked him out of a thousand;—it is not him.

Amel. I am astonished. How? Eighteen years since you saw him, and yet—

R. Moor, *(quickly.)* This is it. *(He stands as if struck by lightning.)*

Amel. An excellent man!

R. Moor, *(gazing.)* Father, Father! forgive me!—Yes, an excellent man!—*(he wipes his eyes)*—a godlike man!

Amel. You seem to take much interest in him.

R. Moor. Oh, an excellent man;—and he is gone.

Amel. Gone! as our best joys go. *(Taking his hand.)* Dear Sir Count, blessedness ripens not in this world.

R. Moor. True, true; — and hast thou already made this sad discovery? Thou canst not yet be three-and-twenty years old.

Amel. And have made it. All lives, that it may sadly die. We interest ourselves but for this; we gain but for this, that we may lose all again with sorrow.

R. Moor. Hast thou already lost any thing?

Amel. Nothing. All. Nothing.—Shall we go on, Sir Count?

R. Moor. So soon? Whose is this picture on the right hand? It is an unhappy face.

Amel. This picture on the left hand is the son of the count, the present lord. Come, come!

R. Moor. But this picture on the right hand?

Amel. Will you not go into the garden?

R. Moor. But this picture on the right hand? — You weep, Amelia! *(Exit* Amelia, *quickly.)* She loves me, she loves me. Her whole being began to rebel,—the tears rolled traitorously down her cheeks. She loves me!—Wretch, deservest thou this from her! Stand I not here like one condemned before the deadly block? *(Gazing at his father.)* Thou, thou, — Fire flames from thine eyes;—Curses, curses, Destruction! Where am I? Night before mine eyes,—Horror;—I, I have killed him! *(Rushes out.)*

Francis Von Moor *(in deep thought.)*

Away with this form! away, weak coward! why tremblest thou, and before whom? Have I not felt, for the few hours that the count has been within these walls, as though a spy of hell were ever creeping after my feet?—I should know him! There is something so great in his wild sunburnt face, that makes me fear;—even Amelia is not indifferent towards him! Does she not freely turn upon him the languishing looks of which she is so sparing to all the world beside? Saw I not how she let fall a few tears into the wine, which he swallowed so hastily behind my back, as though he would have swallowed the glass with it? Yes, that I saw; in the mirror I saw it with these mine eyes. Hollo, Francis! take care! Behind thee there stands a monster pregnant with destruction! *(He stands before the portrait of Charles.)* His long goose's neck,—his black fiery eyes; hem! hem!—his black overhanging bushy eyebrows. *(Suddenly starting.)* Malicious hell! dost thou send me this suspicion? It is *Charles!* Yes, now are all his features vividly before me again. It is he! in spite of

his disguise! It is he,—in spite of his disguise! It is he—Death and damnation! *(going hastily up and down.)* Have I for this wasted my nights,—for this removed rocks and made smooth abysses! Have I for this been rebellious against all the instincts of humanity, that at last this restless vagrant should topple down on my own head my most skilfully raised summit!—Softly! now softly! What is still wanting is but play-work. I have already waded so far in death-sins that it were madness to turn back again, for the bank lies so far behind. There is no more thought of return: grace itself would be beggared, and endless mercy would be a bankrupt, if it should pardon all my sins. Then forward like a man! *(He rings the bell.)* Let him join the spirit of his father and come; the dead I mock.—Daniel, Daniel!—What is it that they have already planned against me! He seems so mysterious.

Enter DANIEL.

DAN. What are your commands, my lord?

FRAN. Nothing. Away, fill this cup with wine; quick! *(Exit* DANIEL.*)* Wait, old man! I will catch thee, I will look thee in the face so fixedly, that thy stricken conscience shall grow pale through thy disguise! He shall die!—He is a bungler who only half does his work, and then goes away, and idly gapes at it, to see how it will go on.

Enter DANIEL, *with wine.*

FRAN. Set it here. Look me in the face! how thy knees shake! how thou tremblest! Confess, old man! what hast thou done?

DAN. Nothing, gracious lord, as God lives, and my poor soul.

FRAN. Drink this wine. What? you hesitate?—out with it, quick! What hast thou put in the wine?

DAN. God help me! What? I, in the wine?

FRAN. Thou hast put poison in the wine! Art thou not pale as snow? Confess, confess! Who hath given it thee? Was it not the count, the count who gave it thee?

DAN. The count? Jesus Maria! the count has given me nothing.

FRAN. *(holds him firmly.)* I will strangle thee till thou art blue, thou grey-haired liar! Nothing? And what makes ye so

much together then?—he and thou, and Amelia? And what are ye always whispering together? Out with it! What secrets hath he trusted to thee?

DAN. The all-knowing God knows he has trusted no secrets to me.

FRAN. Wilt thou deny it? What plans have ye laid together to get me out of the way? Is it not so? To strangle me in my sleep?—to cut my throat as you shave me?—to poison me in wine or chocolate? Out with it, out with it!—or in my soup, to give me eternal sleep? Out with it! I know all.

DAN. So help me God, when I am in need, if I tell you anything but the plain simple truth!

FRAN. This time I will pardon thee. But tell me, does he put gold into thy purse? Does he press thy hand harder than is usual? as one would press the hand of an old acquaintance?

DAN. Never, my lord.

FRAN. Hath he told thee, for example, that he hath known thee before?—that thou shouldst know him? That some day the veil would fall from thine eyes,—that,—any thing? Hath he never said any thing to thee of this?

DAN. Not the least.

FRAN. That certain circumstances restrained him? that a man must often wear a mask, that he may find out his enemies? that he would revenge himself; most fearfully revenge himself?

DAN. Not a word of all this.

FRAN. What! nothing at all? Think well. That he knew the old lord well—particularly well?—that he loved him—loved him uncommonly—as a son would love—

DAN. Something like this I remember to have heard from him.

FRAN. *(pale.)* Hath he, hath he really? How, let me hear, then! He said, he was my brother?

DAN. *(starting.)* What? No, that said he not. But as he went through the gallery with the lady, I wiped the dust from the frames of the pictures, and he suddenly stood still by the portrait of the deceased lord, as if struck by a thunder-bolt. The gracious lady pointed to it, and said, "An excellent man!" "Yes, an excellent man!" he answered, and wiped his eyes.

FRAN. Hark, Daniel! Thou knowest I have ever been to thee a good master: I have given thee food and clothing, and have spared thy weak old age from all labour—

DAN. The good Lord God reward you for it! And I have always served you faithfully.

FRAN. That will I say also. Thou hast never in thy life opposed me, for thou knowest too well, that thou owest me obedience in all that I command thee.

DAN. In every thing, from my whole heart, if it goes not against God and my conscience.

FRAN. Stuff, stuff! Art thou not ashamed? An old man, and to believe that Christmas tale! Go, Daniel! that was a stupid thought. I am thy master. God and conscience will punish me, if indeed there be a God and a conscience.

DAN. *(clasps his hands.)* Merciful Heaven!

FRAN. By thine obedience! Understandest thou that word? By thine obedience, I command thee, in the morning, let the Count no longer walk among the living.

DAN. Help, holy God! Wherefore?

FRAN. By thy *blind obedience!*—and on thee I will depend.

DAN. On me! What evil, then, have I, an old man, done?

FRAN. Here is no long time for thinking; thy destiny stands in my hand. Wilt thou linger out the rest of thy life in the deepest of my dungeons, where hunger shall constrain thee to gnaw thine own bones, and burning thirst to suck thine own blood? or wilt thou rather eat thy bread in peace, and have rest in thine old age?

DAN. What, my lord! Peace and rest in old age!—and a murderer!

FRAN. Answer my question!

DAN. My grey hairs, my grey hairs!

FRAN. Yes or no!

DAN. No!—God have mercy on me.

FRAN. *(going.)* Good; thou shalt need it.

[*Daniel falls down before him.*

DAN. Mercy, my lord! mercy!

FRAN. Yes or no!

DAN. My gracious lord! I am this day one and seventy years old, and have honoured my father and mother, and never, to my knowledge, defrauded any one of a farthing in my life, and have kept my faith true and uprightly, and have served in your house four and forty years, and expect now a quiet, happy end. Ah, my lord, my lord! *(clasping his knees,)* and you would rob me of this last comfort in death, that the worm of conscience should bring me to my last prayer; that I should lie down to sleep, a horror before God and man. No, no, my best, my most gracious

Lord, that would you not, that could you not, wish from an old man one and seventy years old.

Fran. Yes or no! To what end is this prating?

Dan. I will from henceforth serve you yet more zealously; I will work my dry sinews in your service, as a daily labourer; will rise earlier, will lie down later; ah! and I will include you in my morning and evening prayer; and God will not turn away the prayer of an old man.

Fran. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Hast thou not heard that the executioner adorns himself when he shall fulfil a sentence?

Dan. Yes, indeed. But to murder an innocent man—one—

Fran. Must I give an account to thee? May the axe say to the executioner, "Why here, and not there?" But see, how forbearing I am—I offer thee a reward for that which is thy duty.

Dan. But I hope I may remain a Christian, while I do my duty towards you.

Fran. No answer! Look! I give thee a whole day to consider. Ponder it well: happiness and misery. Hearest thou?—understandest thou?—the highest happiness, and the extremest misery! I will do wonders in tortures.

Dan. *(after a pause.)* I will do it; in the morning will I. [*Exit.*

Fran. The temptation is strong, and he was not born for a martyr to his faith. Well then, Sir Count! to all appearance this will be thy last evening meal! It all comes to this—what a man thinks of it; and he is a fool who thinks to his own prejudice. Cursed be the folly of our nurses and attendants, who poison our fancy with frightful tales, and impress horrible pictures of tribunals upon our weak brains, that involuntary shudders shake the limbs of a man into a cold anguish, mar our boldest projects, and lay our awakening reason in the chains of superstitious darkness. *Murder!* How a whole hell of furies hover about the word—Nature forgot to make one man more—and the whole phantasmagoria is vanished. It was something, and is nothing. It is even as much as it was nothing, and is nothing; and about nothing not another word is said. Man was made out of dust, and he wades awhile in dust, and rots again into dust, till he at last soils the shoe of his descendant. That is the end of the body—the dusty end of human destiny; and so—a happy journey, Sir

Brother! The hypochondriacal, gouty moralist may hunt wrinkled old women with a conscience, and torture old usurers on their death-beds—with me he will never have audience.

Scene III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter R. Moor *on one side,* Daniel *on the other.*

R. Moor, *(hastily.)* Where is the lady?

Dan. My gracious lord, suffer a poor man to ask something of you.

R. Moor. It is granted: what wilt thou?

Dan. Not much—and all—so little, and yet so much—let me kiss your hand.

R. Moor. That shalt thou not, good old man, *(embraces him)* whom I might call father.

Dan. Your hand! your hand, I pray you!

R. Moor. Thou shalt not.

Dan. I must. *(He takes it, looks at it, and falls down before him.)* Dear, best Charles!

R. Moor. *(starts, but recovers himself: coldly,)* Friend, what sayest thou? I understand thee not.

Dan. Yes, deny it, dissemble! You are still my best, dearest young master. Good God! that I, an old man, should yet have the pleasure—stupid blockhead that I was, that I did not immediately—oh, heavenly Father!—so you are come again, and the old lord is under the ground; and you are really here again—what a blind ass I was *(striking his head)* that I did not at the first word. Who would have dreamt it?—what I have prayed for with tears. There he stands again in the old room!

R. Moor. What speech is this? Art thou attacked with a burning fever, or wouldst thou prove me by acting a comedy?

Dan. Oh, fie, fie! that is not well so to deride an old servant. These scars! Ha! know you yet! Great God! that you should have given me so much anxiety—you have ever been so dear to me—and that you should have given me such heart woe! You sat in my lap—know you yet?—there, in the round chamber—and the bird? Have you really forgotten that?—also the cuckoo that you so loved to hear? Think yet! The cuckoo is dead; yes, indeed—and there you sat on my knee, and called gee, ho!—and I ran to fetch you the wooden horse. Why must I, an old ass, have gone out too?—how I heard a scream in my ears, sprang in;

and there ran the red blood, and lay on the ground; and had—was it not as if any one had thrown a pail of cold water over me?—but so it is, if one is not always watching children. Great God! if it had gone into his eye—but it was the right hand. "Never, as long as I live," said I, "will I let a child carry a knife, or any thing pointed, in its hand again," said I. Fortunately, my lord and lady were out—"Yes, yes, that shall be a warning to me all the days of my life," said I. Gemini, Gemini, I should have lost my place. I should, God forgive you, you naughty child—but, God be praised, it healed well, all but a little scar.

R. Moor. I understand not a word of all that thou sayest.

Dan. Yes, yes! how much sweetbread, or biscuit, or macaroon, have I given you! I was always so fond of you. And know you not what you said to me down in the stable, when I put you on the old lord's chesnut, and let you ride round the great field? "Daniel," you said, "let me only become a great man, and you shall be my steward, and ride in the coach with me." "Yes," said I, and laughed; "if God send me life and health, and you are not ashamed of an old man," said I, "I will beg you to spare me the cottage that has stood empty a long time already; and there I will lay in a butt of old wine, and keep house in my old age."—My lord, have you quite forgotten that? They will not know an old man; they are so strange, so cold to him. Oh, you are yet my golden, young master—truly, there has been a little break—take it not ill in me—so it is in youth—but all may yet be well.

R. Moor. *(Falls on his neck.)* Yes, Daniel, I will hide it no longer. I am thy Charles, thy lost Charles! How is my Amelia?

Dan. *(weeping.)* That I, an old sinner, should yet have the joy—and my lord wept in vain. Ah! my weary bones will go to the grave with joy! My lord and master lives; mine eyes have seen him.

R. Moor. And will perform what he has promised. Take this, venerable grey-head, for the chesnut in the stable *(gives him a heavy purse)*. I have not forgotten the old man.

Dan. How! What are you doing? Too much: you have mistaken.

R. Moor. Not mistaken, Daniel! *(Daniel is kneeling down.)* Stand up: tell me, how is my Amelia?

Dan. God's reward! God's reward! Your Amelia? Oh! she will not survive it; she will die for joy!

R. Moor. She has not forgotten me?

Dan. Forget? How you talk again! Forget you? You should have been by, you should have seen her, when the news came that you were dead, which my lord spread about—

R. Moor. What sayest thou? My brother—

Dan. Yes, your brother; my master, your brother—I will tell you more of it another time—and how she repulsed him, when he, every day that God sent, made his proposals, and would have made her my lady. Oh I must go, must go and tell her, bring her the news. *(Going.)*

R. Moor. Stay, stay! she may not know it; no one may know it; not even my brother—

Dan. Your brother? No, for God's sake, not; he may not know it! If he know not already more than he should know—oh, I tell you, there are bad men, bad brothers, bad masters—but I would not, for all the gold of my lord, be a bad servant—my lord accounts you dead.

R. Moor. What art thou muttering?

Dan. *(softly.)* And if one truly rises up so unbidden—your brother was my late lord's only heir—

R. Moor. Old man! What dost thou mutter between thy teeth, as if some monstrous secret hovered on thy tongue, that would not out, and yet should be spoken: speak more plainly.

Dan. But I would rather gnaw mine old bones for hunger; rather suck mine own blood for thirst, than gain a life of luxury by murder. [*Exit.*

R. Moor, *(breaking out, after a fearful pause.)* Betrayed! betrayed! it flashes across my soul like lightning! *Villanous tricks!* Heaven and hell! not thou, father! *Villanous tricks!* A *murderer*, a *robber*, through villany! Blackened before him! falsified! my letters suppressed—his heart full of love—oh, I was a monster of a fool—his fatherly heart full of love—oh, villany, villany! It would have cost me once kneeling at his feet; it would have cost me one tear—stupid, stupid fool! I might have been happy—oh, knavery, knavery! the fortune of my life knavishly, knavishly betrayed! *(He runs up and down, raging.)* A murderer, a robber, through villanous tricks! He never raged. Not a thought of a curse in his heart.—Oh, wretch! inconceivable, grovelling, horrible wretch!

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOS. Now, captain, why do you tarry? What is it? will you stay here longer?

R. MOOR. Up! saddle the horses! before sunset we must be over the bounds!

KOS. You joke.

R. MOOR. Quick! quick! Tarry no longer; leave all there; and let no eye see you. [*Exit Kosinsky.*

R. MOOR. I fly from these walls. The least delay would make me rage, and he is my father's son. Brother! brother! thou hast made me the most wretched on the earth; I never injured thee; it was not brotherly done. Reap the fruit of thy crime in peace; my presence shall no longer embitter thy satisfaction;—but, truly, it was not brotherly done. Darkness quench it for ever, and the dead rouse it not up!

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOS. The horses are saddled, you can mount when you will.

R. MOOR. Why so hastily? shall I see her no more?

KOS. I can unbridle them again if you will: you bid me hurry over head and neck.

R. MOOR. Yet once! yet one farewell! I must fully drain this poisoned draught of blessedness, and then—stay, Kosinsky! Ten minutes hence—be in the castle yard—and we start from thence!

SCENE IV.—*In the garden.* AMELIA.

AMEL. *You weep, Amelia?*—and that he said with a tone! with a tone—it seemed as though nature grew young again—the past spring-time of love dawned with that tone! The nightingale sang as of old; the blossoms breathed as of old; and I lay lost in delight upon his neck. Ha, false, faithless heart! how wilt thou excuse thy perjury? No! no! away from my soul, thou wicked picture—I have not broken my oath, thou only-one! Away from my soul, ye traitorous, godless wishes! in the heart where Charles reigns, no son of earth may dwell. But why, my soul, dost thou turn so constantly, so unwillingly, towards this stranger? Does he not cleave to the form of my only-one? Is he not the eternal companion of my only-one? *You weep, Amelia?* Ha, I will fly from him! fly!—never shall mine eye see this stranger!

R. MOOR, *(opens the garden door.)*

AMEL. *(starts.)* Hark! hark! did not the door creak? *(She sees Charles, and springs up.)* Him? where? what?—he hath rooted me here, that I cannot fly—Leave me not, God in heaven! No, thou shalt not tear me from my Charles! My soul hath not room for two deities, and I am a mortal maiden! *(She takes out Charles's picture.)* Thou, my Charles, be my guardian against this stranger—this love-disturber! thee, to see thee unchanged,—and away with all godless looks after this. *(She sits with her eyes fixed on the picture.)*

R. MOOR. Thou here, gracious lady? and mournful? and a tear upon this painting? *(Amelia does not answer.)* And who is the fortunate one for whom the eye of an angel grows silvery? May I also see this—

AMEL. No, no!

R. MOOR, *(drawing back.)* Ha! and deserves he this adoration?—deserves he—

AMEL. If thou hadst known him!

R. MOOR. I should have envied him.

AMEL. Worshipped, shouldst thou say.

R. MOOR. Ha!

AMEL. Oh, thou wouldest have loved him so—there was so much, so much in his face—in his eye—in the tone of his voice, that was so like yours—that I so love—

R. MOOR, *(looks on the earth.)*

AMEL. Here, where thou standest, stood he a thousand times—and near him one, who, near him, forgot earth and heaven; here his eye wandered over the beautiful country—that seemed to feel his great rewarding look, and to grow more beautiful under the pleasure of its master-form; here, with his heavenly music, he held chained the listeners of the air; here, from this bush, he plucked a rose—and plucked the rose for me; here, here he lay on my neck, and the flowers died willingly under the foot-tread of the loving—

R. MOOR. He is no more?

AMEL. He sailed on the stormy seas—Amelia's love sailed with him; he wandered through untrodden sandy deserts—Amelia's love made the burning sand under him green, and the wild bushes bloom; the moon scorched his bare head, northern snows pinched his feet, the stormy hail rained upon his temples—and Amelia's love tended him in the storm; seas, and mountains, and horizons were between the lovers—but the souls freed themselves from their

dusty prison, and met in the paradise of love;—you seem sad, Sir Count?

R. Moor. The words of love make my love also living.

Amel. *(pale.)* What! you love another? Woe me, what have I said?

R. Moor. She believed me dead, and remained true to the dead; she heard again that I lived, and sacrificed for me the crown of an anointed. She knew that I wandered in the desert, and in misery—and her love followed me through the desert and misery. She was called Amelia, too, like thee, gracious lady.

Amel. How I envy thy Amelia!

R. Moor. Oh, she is an unhappy maiden; her love is for one who is lost, and will—never be rewarded.

Amel. No, it will be rewarded in heaven: say they not there is a better world, where the mourners rejoice, and the loving meet again?

R. Moor. Yes, a world where the veil drops, and love finds itself again in horror—*Eternity* is its name!—my Amelia is an unhappy maiden.

Amel. Unhappy, and love thee?

R. Moor. Unhappy because she loves me! how, if I were a murderer? how, my lady? if thy beloved could count thee a murder for each kiss? woe to my Amelia! she is an unhappy maiden.

Amel. *(joyfully.)* Ha! how happy a maiden am I. My only-one is the reflection of the Godhead, and the Godhead is grace and mercy! He would not see a fly suffer: his soul is as far from a thought of blood, as the south is from the north.

R. Moor, *(turns round quickly.)*

Amel. *(plays on the lute and sings.)*

Oh, Hector! wilt thou ever from me go
To where the murdering iron biddeth flow
Its purple sacrifice of blood?
Oh! who will then thy little children show
With manly, warlike skill the spear to throw,
When thou art sailing on the Xanthus flood?

R. Moor, *(takes the lute and plays.)*

My dearest wife! go fetch the deadly lance,
And let me forth to the wild warlike dance.

(He throws the lute away, and rushes from the place.)

(To be continued.)

*

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1842.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHRISTMAS	331
ECHO	334
ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—	
CHAP. XVII. Esther de Vermont	335
CHAP. XVIII. accounts for Mat Maybird's Absence from Harfleur, and relates an Event connected with the Subject of the preceding Chapter	340
CHAP. XIX. The Siege of Harfleur arrives at a Conclusion—so does Mat Maybird	345
HINTS FROM PERSIUS, Sat. 4	348
MISERY	351
THE CAPTIVE'S STAR	355
LINES ON A GRAVE IN COWES CHURCH-YARD	356
TALES OF A SPANISH VETERAN. By H. G. Adams	357
LAST LINES OF CHENIER	361
THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR	362
PHRENOLOGY	363
SONG	367
SCENES AND SKETCHES. No. II.	368
SONG	371
THE IVY	*ib.*
RELIGION	372
ANGELS	*ib.*
THE ROBBERS; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act IV. Scene 5.	373
LITERARY NOTICES	383

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,

154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1842.

Christmas.

"Nunc est bibendum; nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus." HOR.

"SIR TOBY. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, that there shall be no more cakes and ale?

"CLOWN. Aye, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too." SHAKSPERE.

"Heap on more wood—the wind is chill—
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."
MARMION.

CHRISTMAS! old Christmas! What word is there in our language so potent to call up happy visions—visions of the past, of the present, of the future; visions of days long gone—now lost to us for ever — yet so intimately blended with the present that they are recalled by us at every turn; visions of bright hours to come, which are yet unborn in the womb of Time. How the heart warms as it remembers the merry meetings—the songs—the smiles—the dances—that, in hours of our youth, welcomed old Christmas as a friend to our homes! What scenes in the olden times of merry England; what dreams of our fireside in years to come; what thoughts of this festive season in times yet distant, when we, who now taste the good cheer with our kindred, shall be "at supper, not where we eat, but where we are eaten," furnishing, perhaps, a Christmas meal to "a certain company of politic worms,"—are conjured up by this simple word.

Oh! how imagination loves to picture the reception of Christmas by our ancestors in their old baronial castles! What a subject for a painter would be the fine old halls, decked with the sacred misletoe (so worshipped by their foregoers) and holly; with their tables of oak, crowned with honest English fare, and tankards of the "old October, brown and bright," emptied almost as soon as filled, by the portly originals of our poet's Falstaff—the lord and the vassal, the lady and the serf, all met to celebrate the happy festival,—with the old yeomen, "in fair round bellies with good capon lined," trowling the carol, and draining the flagon in honour of the season that, to the peasant as the prince, brought the joyful tidings of salvation. How beautiful does Sir Walter Scott describe the welcoming of Christmas by our fathers!

"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear—
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair:"
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That, to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

MARMION, Introd. to cant. 6.

But, although these good old times are gone, Christmas still brings its scenes of happiness. It is at this season that friends long separated meet with happy hearts around the cheerful

hearth; grandsires and their grandchildren, parents and children, brothers and sisters, the loving and the loved at this time assemble together; and oh! if the stern face of Winter ever smile, it must be upon scenes like this. Who cannot see "in his mind's eye" the grandfather smiling, even in his age of "second childishness and mere oblivion," as he looks upon the little ones that climb his knee for their Christmas kiss—the father wondering as he counts the years that have passed since he entered Hymen's net—the mother with her infant in her arms—the children playing round the hearth in all the unconsciousness of that happy age—and all delighting in each other's society? While there are in the world scenes like this, we need not envy the Christmasses of our forefathers.

But there are, alas! some whose Christmas passes far differently; some who know not these merry meetings, but who, solitary as they are, spend Christmas alone by their desolate firesides, with poverty and misery for their only companions; no happy circle opens to receive *them;* no festive hearth invites *them* to partake of the universal joy; no groaning board bids *them* "eat, drink, and be merry;" no voices of kindness and love utter sweet prayers for the happiness of *their* Christmas—the mirth of *their* new year. The bells, that ring in the season of plenty and merriment, wake *them* only to beggary and despair, mocking their agony with unseasonable joy. They hear of others going home to their friends—*they* have no friends, for poverty has left them none—*they* have no home,

> "For, without hearts, there is no home."

They go forth in their friendlessness; they wander to and fro in the streets, but they hear on all sides the greetings of the season, and they turn, sick at heart, to their own solitary dens, and feel (how keenly, God alone knows!)—

> "The solitude of passing their own door
> Without a welcome."

Sometimes, even in the midst of the happy circle, there may be a sorrow—the deeper because concealed. One seat that was last year filled may be vacant now; perhaps the loved of all—the good, the beautiful, the gentle—may be missing from the accustomed place. Perhaps the father, whose grey hairs lent so beautiful a moral to the last year's festival, may have gone down to "the house

appointed for all living," to sleep with his fathers the sleep that knows no waking.

Is there nothing to be learnt from this? The Egyptians placed a skeleton in the midst of their feasts, to teach the revellers that, bask as they might in the sunny hours of pleasure, "to that favour must they come at last;"—a wise and salutary lesson. Yes, there is a lesson to be learned from it. If, spite of all things, Death must come to all of us at last, and, since we know not how soon it may come to us, how careful should we be to contribute, as much as we are able, to the happiness of those with whom Death will one day lay us equal. Then, as we gather round the Christmas hearth, we shall feel the satisfaction of having made others happy; and thus draw down on us, from all sides, the wish which we express for all kind readers—the wish of a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.

C. H. H.

ECHO.

Daughter of Tellus, lover of Narcissus,
Thou whose chaste beauty, by love unrequited,
Withered away, like the last flower of Autumn,
Nipped by stern Winter!

Echo! sweet Echo! thou false one, yet faithful—
Faithful to passion, which made thee its victim;
False to the secrets which fond lovers utter
Wildly at midnight!

Why, from the cavern, the rock, and the mountain,
Tell'st thou the tales which to thee are confided,
Mocking the fervour of lovers forgetful,
Warm vows repeating?

Voice of the Unseen, I would not have thee silent;
I love the responses thou fling'st o'er the valleys!—
Here, as a tribute, lily-bells I'll scatter,
Torn from Narcissus!

He who neglected thy young heart's affections
For his own beauty's bright shadow in the fountain,
He now shall lavish the sweets of his bosom
Freely before thee!

Arundel Cecil.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

ESTHER DE VERMONT.

A SHORT period is passed over, and the scene is changed: from the pomp and clamour of war we turn awhile aside to the silence of grief—from the battle field to the house of sorrow.

SONG OF THE DESERTED.

"He whom I loved is gone,
Gone in the hour of mirth;
While I am deserted and lone,
Alone upon earth!——Alone!

"He breathed the soft vows of love,
Truth in his bright eye shone;
But my hope now rests only above,
For, alas! I am left alone!——Alone!

"He looked upon me with pride,
He gloried to call me his own;
But I am a widowed bride,
And long hath he left me alone!——Alone!

"Doth earth hide his funeral urn?
Hath ear heard the funeral moan?
Will my plighted one ever return?—
Shall I be for ever alone?——Alone?

"He whom I loved is gone,
Gone in the hour of mirth;
While I am deserted and lone;
Alone upon earth!——Alone!"

Such were the words that in mournful and melodious cadence broke upon Heringford's waking ear; so sweet was the strain that he could have fancied himself already in the Better Land, had not its tone and its purport betokened a sorrow that never enters there. Now for the first time, since the occurrences in the mine, conscious

of passing events, and possessing but a faint remembrance of the circumstances recently narrated, it was with surprise that Edward found himself placed upon a soft bed, the curtains drawn around him, and the music of an unknown female voice thrilling within his chamber. He remained as in a dream that he feared to interrupt, withholding even his breath as the song proceeded. There was a feeling, almost painful, infused into the words; and the soft voice faltered as, at the conclusion of each verse, the oft-repeated word bewailed the sad cause of trouble. Edward felt that whoever sang, sang of her own misfortunes; no indifferent voice could have lent such pathos to the melody.

Silently Heringford withdrew a portion of the curtain to observe whence the sound proceeded. The room was darkened; but he could see, by the tapestried walls and tasteful furniture, that he was not among people of a meanly station. On all this, however, Edward scarcely glanced, as his eye rested on the singer. She sat beside a table covered with embroidery; and although beyond the prime of life, still bore the traces of once surpassing beauty. Her form now was wasted; her attenuated hands still held, in feeble grasp, the lute with which her voice had been accompanied; and she bent over it a face on which resignation had evidently striven for mastery over the agony of grief.

As Edward gazed in sympathy with the unknown sorrows of the sufferer, a light footstep was heard without, the door opened noiselessly, and a younger lady entered, a girl of seventeen, contrasting in every respect with her whose solitude she disturbed. In each look, in every movement, was displayed a spirited and a merry mind. Her nut-brown hair fell in ringlets, unrestrained, her dark eyebrows Momus himself might have arched and pencilled, while, from beneath their long lashes, flashed a pair of beaming, roguish eyes, whose glances he only who could gaze upon the bright sun unharmed, might hope to meet with impunity. The smiling lips, too, told the same tale of happiness that beamed from every line of those fair, joyous features. Her dress, unlike that of the other lady, was neither sad nor simple, but bore, on the contrary, abundant token of female vanity and female taste.

"I come to relieve guard, sweet Esther," said she; "I find thou hast been singing the old song again; it is not with such sad music as that that our patient should be awakened."

"He hath seen trouble, Annette," replied the other, "or we should not find him thus. He will awaken to sorrow as surely

as to light: with what melody more fitting could he then be greeted?"

"Why should he awaken to sorrow?" asked Annette. "Is this bright world so full of it?"

"I, at least, have lived to find it so!" replied the other, with a sigh, as she passed out of the chamber.

"Poor Esther!" murmured the girl, as she took up the lute, left by the sufferer:—

"The birds in May are merry and gay,
But I am merrier far than they:—
And why?
These can but enjoy the passing day;
While I
Can recall, at will, what hath passed away,
With that or the future, to sport and play:—
Nor take I note of what others will say;
They *may* call it folly, but I'll obey
The law of creation: 'Be happy and gay!'
The law of creation 'tis mine to obey,
'Be happy and gay!'—'Be happy and gay!'"

"There!" cried she, as her wild lay was concluded, "that ought to awaken the wounded knight and hero in arms."

"I am awake," replied Edward, as she drew the curtains apart, and sat beside the bed, "but ere I thank the unknown musician, will she tell me where I am, and how I was transported hither?"

"Thou art in bed," replied the girl, "and wert transported hither upon a litter. The questions are not too sensible, yet are they replete with wisdom, when compared with the raving nonsense thou hast talked this week or fortnight past."

"Have I been here so long!" exclaimed Heringford, as his desire to hasten to his own village and to Kate Westrill again took possession of his restored faculties.

"All further questions, convalescent hero, I will forestall," added Annette: "know, Sir, that this is my father's house; that my father's name is de Vermont, who saw thee fall, and, in part payment of a debt in Paris contracted, had thee brought hither, and commanded his household to tend thee well."

"I am grateful to him," replied Edward: "to thee, also, my gay young nurse. Hast thou held this office from the first?"

"No," replied Annette de Vermont, "thou hadst at first a nurse of thine own country, that found thee out, and would not leave thee—I forget his name."

"Mat Maybird?"

"The same. He is absent now on a short journey, that he seemed long anxious to undertake."

"Who," asked Edward, "is the lady that was here even now?"

"Didst thou see her?" replied Annette: "that was poor Esther, my father's sister. She also hath been thy nurse."

"She appears to be labouring under some heavy affliction."

"Poor Esther!" sighed Annette. "At another time I will tell thee her story.—But I promised my father that he should know when thou couldst speak with him; therefore, adieu."

Beyond what has appeared from the above conversation, we have little to say in explanation of Heringford's present position. His wound had been slight, but the excitement caused by previous events went far to increase the danger of the illness from which he had now recovered. De Vermont, the reader will remember, was tended by Edward at Paris, and now rejoiced at an opportunity of returning the benefit.

The interview between Edward Heringford and his new friend, gave rise to a free interchange of grateful sentiment: all necessary explanation of past events, and information concerning the future, was given; among the rest, a fact became known that aroused all Edward's latent energies. Harfleur must surrender. Want of food and other causes, rendered it impossible for the townspeople to resist any longer; and, unless succour arrived within a stated time, the town was to be given up to the English. The stipulated period within two days would be completed; then, as Heringford knew, the campaign would be at an end, and soon again might he look upon the quiet cots of Ellerton—again receive the blessing of the pious priest, and protect Kate Westrill from the fury of the storm that seemed gathering in strength about her head.

Such thoughts as these were occupying Edward's mind when De Vermont left the chamber, and the cheerful voice of Annette once more aroused him.

"Thou hast spoken in thy madness," said she, "among others, of one Sir Richard Ellerton; he is an object of deep interest to the inmates of this house. What knowest thou of him?"

"Is it with Esther that he is connected?" inquired Heringford, as he remembered the visions in the orchard.

"It is! How was that discovered?"

"I have heard him mention the name," replied Edward; "but thou hast promised to tell me her story. Let me hear it now."

"At once," said Annette. "It is short, but full of sorrow. When my aunt Esther was young, she was considered the belle of Paris; for she lived then in the capital, with her family, in the same house in which my father so lately was attacked. Esther de Vermont was the centre of attraction to all the young men around, but none succeeded in winning her affections. She was gay, and vain perhaps; but my aunt's heart is, and ever was, warm and pure. I have said that Esther looked upon all men indifferently. This was long the case, until a stranger came—a young and handsome Englishman. Like all others, he saw Esther de Vermont, and loved; his was the passion that my aunt returned and cherished. The young stranger called himself Sir Richard Ellerton. He was gloomy and reserved to all but Esther; he gave no account of himself. My aunt's parents liked him not; neither did her brother, my father. Opposition determined the young Esther more strongly in his favour. At his solicitation she fled, and to him was married privately."

"And he deserted her?" said Edward.

"Hear the manner of it," replied Annette. "She had retired with him to a mean lodging, as he said, that they might not be found. The next day after their marriage he made excuse to leave her. But it was not until two months after this that Esther de Vermont, once rosy with health and gaiety, then pale and squalid,—she who had been the pride of Paris,—in a beggar's garb, summoned courage to approach her parents' door. Warmly and joyfully was the unhappy girl received. She breathed no word of reproach against the base villain by whom she had been deserted; she said she had waited for him so long as her means would permit; she had sold her dress piecemeal, and replaced it by common rags, that she might buy food, poor and insufficient as it was, for those two months; she had endured for him the worst privations, but murmured not; she was confident he would return; he must, for he had told her that he would; and had he not sworn to be faithful? It were well for thee, dear aunt, hadst thou but known suspicion! She came home, she said, only to wait for him; she could not say what detained him, but was angry if they hinted that he never would return. Every week she went to the old lodging, to ask whether he yet was there. Her parents died,—her brother married,—I was born; but, through every change of circumstance, she still pays a weekly visit to that house to inquire for Richard, or, if she be absent from Paris, leaves

word that she is to be informed when he comes back. To this day she expects him; but every day she grows weaker and more sickly,—the grave will close over Esther ere he to whom she has been so faithful will return!"

"She must not hear of him," said Edward. "Have I ever named him in her presence?"

"No," replied Annette; "I allowed her only to be with thee when thou wert calm. I dreaded lest words of thine should add to her affliction. Is he so *very* bad?"

Edward sighed mournfully; Annette did not press an explanation. There was silence in the room, and a tear rose to the eye of Annette, as she thought of her aunt's long sorrows.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH

ACCOUNTS FOR MAT MAYBIRD'S ABSENCE FROM HARFLEUR, AND RELATES AN EVENT CONNECTED WITH THE SUBJECT OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

THE physician who came in the evening pronounced Edward perfectly recovered; and the following day he was permitted to leave his room. At the breakfast table he found De Vermont and his daughter, with their unfortunate relative, waiting to receive him, and offer congratulations on his return to health. Heringford looked with pity on Esther's wasting form, and her sighs served to increase the abhorrence which he already felt for the conduct of Sir Richard Ellerton.

We speak of Sir Richard Ellerton; and may as well, perhaps, take this opportunity of stating that we do not thereby acknowledge his right to that title. When Richard Benstone was wedded to the Lady Beatrice, the distinction was exacted and obtained from the villagers, although marriage made it not legally his due; pride prompted him to assume so good a travelling name, which was readily conceded to him by the wretches with whom he associated. It is, therefore, for the sake of avoiding unnecessary confusion, and for that reason only, that Richard Benstone is spoken of by the historian, as well as by his own companions, as Sir Richard Ellerton. This explanation made, we resume our story, and rejoin the party at De Vermont's breakfast-table.

"It is strange," said Annette, "that thy friend who was here at first should have left so soon!"

"I have sundry suspicions," replied Edward; "how did he behave before he started?"

"Very oddly. At one time he was dancing and singing; then," added she, laughing, "he would make love to me for an hour or two, and break off suddenly with some rude speech that he intended should spoil everything. At last he could contain himself no longer, and fairly danced out of Harfleur."

"What then is the matter with him?" asked De Vermont.

"Love, I believe."

Annette laughed merrily. "Yes," said she; "that accounts for his clumsy politeness towards me. He was afraid of letting me grow too fond of him, lest I should be disappointed!"

"How foolishly," said Esther, gravely, "do young girls talk of love!"

Annette made no reply; for she knew what feelings prompted the remark.

"I suppose," said Edward, addressing De Vermont, "that I am not at liberty to walk in the town. I must consider myself a prisoner of war."

"Think not that we dread espial," replied De Vermont; "less than all from thee. But we are now too far fallen to think of war, since to-morrow Harfleur is lost. What need, then, can we have of prisoners?"

"So art thou free to go whither thou desirest," added Annette; "but return not yet to the camp, lest we still think thee mad; there is nothing to need immediate presence, and to-morrow we shall all leave together."

"Rather than oppose thine arguments, my fair persuader," replied Edward, "I will abide here the events of to-morrow."

"A trace of sense perceptible," observed Annette, "clouded, however, by the worn-out phrase 'fair persuader,'—I require less musty compliments."

Shortly after Heringford accompanied De Vermont into the town, where the latter having business with De Gaucourt, d'Estouteville, and the other brave French commanders, Edward was soon left to himself. His first impulse was to walk upon the walls, that he might behold the British camp; thither, therefore, did he betake himself, and thence looked down upon the besieging army. The regular lines of Henry's camp, the soldiers travelling hither

and thither within it, the sentinels resting idly at their posts, the now silent pieces of artillery, battering rams, and engines of all kinds, stood exposed, as on a map, to his view. In another direction the blue sea was visible, and his heart leaped as he thought how soon he should recross it, and lend protection to her who needed his presence. Fears came into his mind as he thought of the long time during which Kate had remained alone, exposed unaided to the wiles of Spenton. Her faith he never doubted.

Returning towards De Vermont's mansion, Heringford was surprised to see Mat Maybird, on foot, advancing towards him. Mat was no less astonished.

"I left thee ill in bed," cried he; "how comes it that I see thee now walking along the streets of Harfleur?"

"Can I not recover?" replied Edward; "but whither has Mat Maybird been wandering?"

"Half way to Paris," replied Mat; "wilt hear me give account of myself? Know then that when last we travelled that way I saw a girl that I took for an angel; Marie Santelle was her name; but I find she's only a witch."

"Hast been to visit her?"

"Ay, truly; and I find myself rightly served for trusting a French girl. Frenchmen are, many of them, scoundrels, but the women and girls are rogues every one.—Yes, every one, without exception!"

"And Marie Santelle?"

"Marie! who is Marie! I know her not! I wish I had never known her! The little jade, she is worse than all!"

"Hath she offended greatly, or is it but a lover's quarrel that thus moves thee?"

"Lover's quarrel!" cried Mat; "I am not angered by such as that! It is—a lover's kiss!"

"There is a rival, then, in the case?"

"Rival indeed!" cried Mat Maybird; "rivalled by a man like that! a man, thou callest rival, a man that would be even a tailor's jest!"

Edward laughed at his friend's demonstration of jealousy.

"Let me hear," said he, "the story of thy woe."

"I went to see Marie," replied Mat:—"I thought she had better taste than to prefer an animal like that!—There she sat in the wood by the village,—under a tree,—this thing on its

knees before her; she took hold of its paw, and I saw them—kissing! —I'll never be faithful to another French girl; they are all rogues alike."

"But Marie never gave thee any promise?"

"She encouraged me," replied Mat; "she did not say she was in love with that cleft skewer of a man!—I would not mind it had she found some better man. Never will I put faith in a French girl again!"

"Make no vows, Mat; let us go home to dinner!"

"Ah!" said Mat Maybird, "there is Mademoiselle de Vermont,—what a sweet creature that is!"

"All French girls, Mat, are, without exception, rogues."

"I retract!" cried Maybird, "I will except Annette de Vermont!"

In due time they reached the house, and found Annette alone: Esther had gone out for her usual walk.

"Ha!" cried the merry girl; "Master Maybird is returned as suddenly as he departed! Welcome back to thy quarters, most erratic knight!"

"I shall never stray from thee again, Mademoiselle," replied Mat, "unless I can return better pleased than I am at present."

"What dire misfortune hath overwhelmed thee?"

"Tis not to the credit of thy sex," replied Mat; "for thy sake, therefore, will I keep it secret."

"A most elegant way of parrying my curiosity," said Annette, "but it will not shelter thee. Thou shalt not resist a lady's wish to know what has occurred. Speak, therefore!"

"Shortly," replied Mat Maybird—"since I must tell—I had fallen in love with a disagreeable girl, and have had my passion eradicated in a most disagreeable manner. Heringford hath been my father confessor; I give him permission to tell my secrets; for myself, I have already forgotten all about the matter."

"Thou hast a short memory," said Annette; "how long hath this forgetfulness lasted,—an hour?"

"Since I saw thee, Mademoiselle Annette," replied Mat, bowing.

The complimented lady coloured, but soon proceeded to obtain the whole history of Mat's adventures with Marie Santelle, which were undergoing a full course of merry comment when Esther entered the room, paler than usual, and, seating herself upon a couch, burst into tears.

Annette hastened at once to meet her, comforted as well as she was able in a compassionate tone, and asked the cause of her aunt's sorrow. Esther placed a trembling hand upon the girl's arm, and looking at her with affection through her tears:—

"He is returned," said she, "I have spoken with him."

Annette well understood that it was Sir Richard Ellerton to whom she alluded.

"Did he come to seek thee?" she inquired.

"Of course,—of course;—wherefore else should he be here?—But he knew me not. I was young and comely when he saw me last. Am I much changed, Annette?"

Annette could no longer restrain her grief at this simple question, the answer to which involved the recall of so many sorrowing years.

"I see, Annette," continued Esther, "I see that I am,—I must be,—altered! Yet I am not so very old! I might have pleased him still with my appearance had I not worn myself out by fretting!—It was wrong,—it was wrong! I should have known my Richard would return."—Again she gave vent to her affliction.—"I saw him in the streets, and ran to meet him," continued she; "I was happy,—Oh, so happy!—to meet with him again!—He shook me off, and said he knew me not.—It is sad, very sad for me, Annette, but I cannot marvel at it! He never saw me dressed in sad garments—and yet I sorrowed only for his loss. Had he known that, had he known how faithful his unhappy wife has been!—but he could not know it! I am no more the same, I am no more the Esther that he bore from my father's house,— my cheeks are pale and hollow—they were not so *then!*—mine eyes *then* were not sunken as now they are. I was healthy, and full of life *then;* now I am dying, weary, and broken hearted! No wonder he knew me not! Poor Richard! he shall not know it! It would grieve his soul to see how I am altered!"

"Esther! my dear Esther!" sobbed Annette, "O talk not thus! Talk not of death and broken hearts!—I cannot bear to see thee in this state! Dear Esther, think not of him!"

"Think not of him!" repeated the sufferer; "Annette, he is my husband, he loves me—dearly!—he swore it, and is too noble to have told me false. "He knew me not!" continued she, recurring to the painful thought. "He had forgotten Esther! I knew *him* after all the years of absence, but he knew not me! Alas! that I am changed so sadly!"

"Alas! alas! my dear aunt!" cried Annette, "thou art changed, indeed! O my kind, my affectionate Esther, how sad it is that thy pure soul should have been so dreadfully, so severely tried!—Esther!—would thou hadst never seen that man!"

"Thou speakest kindly, sweet niece," replied Esther; "but it is wrong to murmur thus. Through all, I feel that still he loves the image of what once I was. It is my own fault that that image is *all* effaced. Oh that I could restore the past years of youth and merriment—only for Richard's sake! And yet—I know it is a selfish feeling—but I have felt so much of trial and sorrow upon earth, I would I were with the saints in heaven!"

"Esther! Esther!" sobbed Annette, "my poor Esther!"

Every eye in the room was dimmed at sight of the wasted form of the virtuous Esther, as she lay now calm and silent upon the couch, her thin hands joined in prayer. None heard the aspiration, but each petitioned for its fulfilment, even though it were that she be released from her exhausted frame; for, alas! the cup of her sorrow overflowed; the heart, long filled with suffering, at this last, heavy stroke was broken!

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR ARRIVES AT A CONCLUSION — SO DOES MAT MAYBIRD.

The day wore wearily away, for the sorrow of Esther was shared by the whole family; even Mat Maybird was clouded, and, although he occasionally exchanged fires with Annette, neither had much spirit to the task. Esther herself relapsed into her usual quiet manner, but her cheek was paler than before, her hands were less steady, and her lip occasionally quivered.

Towards evening a messenger arrived to say that rescue was at hand. The intelligence caused a momentary excitement: Edward and De Vermont hastened to the walls: the intended rescue—an insufficient band,—was already beaten off, and the prospects of the citizens were hopeless still. Returning to the house, they found the news had preceded them, for the inmates were again occupied in the work they had for the time intermitted—of packing together the few valuables intended to be carried with them from their lost home.

Another night passed; a new day arose: in the evening the town was to be surrendered, the old inhabitants were to leave, the English to take possession. At noon the family assembled together, to dine in that home for the last time. Esther had not noticed the approaching change; Annette cared little for it, since they were to go to Paris, and she preferred that to remaining blocked up in Harfleur. De Vermont, who knew the disturbed state of the capital, looked forward with anxiety to the time when he should be compelled to reside there.

"I wonder, Master Maybird," said Annette, "whether we shall ever meet again, after this day's parting!"

"I know not how," replied Mat, "but I hope we shall, Mademoiselle—yet there is no business to take us again to Paris."

"Paris!" cried Annette; "I like that place; it is so gay and lively, so different from this dull Harfleur!"

"Dull!" cried Mat Maybird; "that is an imputation on thy company—on me and Edward."

"I am glad ye take it," replied Annette, "for you have not laughed once to-day! Where are your spirits?"

"They heard thou wert going, and fled directly: it would have been absurd in them to wait. Ah, how happy will Paris be to-morrow!"

"If that be intended for a compliment," replied Annette, "I understand thee not. Master Heringford is silent; his tongue hath holiday to-day."

"I was thinking," said Edward, "of thy first remark, and wondering whether we should meet again. I hope this kind family will not be among the friends lost in the world!"

"Let us not think of the future," said De Vermont.

"No," added Annette, "it is far too dreary. And yet we shall, no doubt, contrive to enliven it when it comes."

"Thou, Mademoiselle," said Mat Maybird, "mightest enliven a sleeping hedgehog."

"Well done, Master Maybird!" laughed Annette. "A complimentary speech, for once, original and uncommon. Thou wouldst have improved greatly under my tuition."

"Pity," said Mat, "that I cannot have more of it."

Soon after the party again separated; the family of De Vermont to prepare for leaving the town.

All was at length ready. The gates of Harfleur had been open throughout the day, and from earliest dawn the exiled inhabitants,

grouped in sad companies, had been departing. The brave soldier, leading the gentle palfrey that bore the treasures of his domestic hearth, his wife and tender child, strode in mournful silence over the threshold he had so nobly defended. The poor citizen, who had spent his all to buy arms, that he might aid the cause of his country, wandered away with faltering step, a black-eyed daughter leaning on his arm, and a little bundle at his back, containing all that he might have dared, through poverty, to filch from the victor's due. Around him pitying friends, themselves equally forlorn,—fair girls, worn by famine,—young men, exhausted with exertion,—the old, the wise, bowed by anxiety, in sad procession left the devoted town. And now, too, the family of De Vermont was prepared: they, too, crossed for the last time the threshold of the house of their fathers. Edward and Mat accompanied their friends through the British lines, to lend what influence their presence could afford. The parting was friendly on both sides: De Vermont had an especial feeling in favour of Heringford, and Mat Maybird, if truth must be told, had an especial feeling in favour of Annette, who gave his hand a very vicious squeeze, that he received in all humility. "Adieu, Master Heringford," said she; "I wish thee every happiness; but take care of thy friend, Maybird—there is danger in his company!"

The heart-broken Esther next bade them farewell, and with tears in her eyes gave earnest of her friendship.

With lingering steps the new acquaintances parted from each other, for the feelings on either side, though of short standing, were strong, and mutually returned. As their forms were lost in the distance, Mat sighed.

"Why, Mat," said Edward, "what can be the matter?"

"Not much," replied Mat; "but Annette de Vermont is a nice girl!"

"So yesterday was Marie Santelle."

"Very true," said Mat, "but after all, I think I never was really in love till now."

"Thou hast fixed on a difficult object, if Annette be thy choice, for her station is far above thine, and there is little chance of ever meeting her again."

"I know all this," said Mat Maybird, "but love will level all distinctions; and as for my never again seeing her, so long as man is a locomotive animal I need fear little on that score."

(To be continued.)

HINTS FROM PERSIUS, Sat. 4.

(In order to preserve the unity of the whole, the plan of Persius has not been strictly adhered to throughout.)

Ye youthful statesmen of the present age,
Who, yet untried, in public life engage—
Ye titled lawgivers, who, fresh from school,
Think nought so grand, so novel, as to rule—
Attend, as though ye heard a Chatham ask,
What motives urge you to the arduous task!

'Tis thy desire to guide with eager hand
The affairs of empire, and a mighty land;
Say, then, how qualified? On what rely
Thy lofty hopes? Why dost thou soar so high?
Ah, true! the spreading blast of College fame
Has blown abroad your praises and your name:
True! well instructed by the suasive rod,
You'll solve a problem, or can write an ode:
Your form is faultless—and the mind within,
Let's hope more gifted than your beardless chin.
Perhaps the "Union's"* walls have felt the clang
Of loud applause which followed your harangue.
Yes! you can raise the eloquent appeal,
And make the ears, if not the judgment, feel;†
Can boast of cheers and acclamations proud,
And verdicts wrested from the partial crowd.
Should stubborn hearers censure aught amiss,
Or should a noisy rabble dare to hiss,
You know full well to calm with outstretched hand
The groans and clamours of the unruly band;
And with majestic look and upraised thumb,
Can strike the noisiest, sturdiest brawlers dumb.
You've studied, too, with unremitting zeal,
What on each point to say—and what conceal.
Now, should a mighty controversy rage
Its blust'ring moment on the Commons' stage,
How would you speak, young politician? Tell.—
And if not thus,—would this not be as well?—

---

* An University society, for improvement in the art of speaking, famous for harbouring "eloquentiæ satis, sapientiæ parum."

† A method of convincing, handed down by Pericles to the whole race of orators, (see Cic. de Orat., who there asserts that Pericles *thundered*.) It is eagerly adopted by the speakers of the present day, in whose speeches we must feelingly allow the prevalence of thunder, though we in vain strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of the flash which is supposed to produce it.

"My fellow-countrymen,—in my poor view,
That case is false—this other is more true:
I think,* though on this purpose you are bent,
'Twould be more wise to alter your intent."
As easy 'tis such bare advice to give
As recommend, not show men how, to live.
Perchance you're skilled to poise the balanced scales
Of reasoning nice, and watch how each prevails;
To treat a case involving life and death
In well-turned clauses and harmonious breath;
And neatly-drawn antitheses t' oppose
With practised skill, as on the period flows;
Whilst tropes and figures lend their sickly aid,
And ornaments of every size and grade,
Till each dull auditor in rapture cries,
"Well said—'tis fine!" and lauds you to the skies.
And will you, inexperienced as you are,
T' attempt the guidance of a nation dare?
And raise a load, with self-complacent scorn,
Which broader shoulders have with trouble borne?
But tell what end you chiefly have in view—
The good you seek—the plan which you pursue.

"Nay! I've an honest pride you cannot blame,
To write M.P. below a titled name;
Although the Postage Act,† I must confess,
Robs us of more than half our usefulness.
And 'tis delight to know my sacred form,
Though duns may pester, bailiffs cannot storm;
From debtors' dangers, and from troubles free,
So far 'tis good a senator to be!
And, crowning all, to have my speeches boast
A column in The Times or Morning Post;
And there to find my sentences writ down,
Though mangled and disjointed—yet my own!"

Is this your object? This your hope to gain?
Then back to school! for there you learnt in vain.
Each common lout—each apple-vending dame—
Would, if they heard you, bid you do the same.

---

* Those who are happy enough to hear much of the oratory of the present age, will readily recognise the predominance of the words "I think," "Such is my opinion," &c.

† A diabolical contrivance of some interested statesmen, to deprive the senators of much influence and honour. It has sadly annoyed the collectors of autographs. Persius evidently had an eye on the present century in the words, "blando *caudam* jactare popello." It is a clear allusion to a well-known "tailed" character yet on the stage of public affairs.

Strange that none know themselves—but will reveal
What most it would be wisdom to conceal;
And every man, with folly overgrown,
Spies his friend's failings—cannot see his own.
Hark! how each woman on her neighbour rails!
Listens to scandal, and to slanderous tales!
Then judge, if others' talking you could hear,
How with the world your character would fare.

"Have I no reason, then, to take a part
In sharp debatings and the statesman's art?
Have I no right to draw a lengthened snore
On seats where thicker heads have dozed before?
Rich, young, and handsome—rich in name and friends,
Endowed with all the gifts which fortune lends.
My family, too, unspotted as my name,—
Of purest blood my' ancestral lineage came,
Through nobles, warriors, princes, traced as far
As William's conquest, or the Roman war."

Trifles in youth possess the mind by turns;
Now with ambition, now with love it burns;
And now in scorn it throws its toys away,
To seek a bauble for another day.
Then, last of all, it finds another game
In ruling men—but with another name.

"But if the world applauds, must I believe
Their praise not true—the praise which I receive?
Do not (I pray you tell me) great men all
By public praise or censure stand or fall?"

Trust not the changeful praises of a crowd,
Nor be of others' plaudits vainly proud;
Seek not the noisy rabble's shouts and cheers,
Nor turn to proffer'd flattery thirsty ears;
Spurn the foul gift, as 'twere a tainted thing,
Unworthy of a moment's labouring.
Let every cobbler from the mixed applause
Take what he gave—and leave me what I was.
Live with thyself—such friendship soon will show
What well becomes the wisest man to know:
How weak thy intellect, how poor thy pride,
When fame's thy object, and applause thy guide.

QUIRIS.

MISERY.

——— "But in that brief, cool calm inhale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid sufferance;
Though seemingly employed, like all the rest
Of toiling breathers, in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, *two* names for *one* feeling,
Which our internal, restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy." BYRON.

WHAT is misery?—When I commenced a former paper with the question, "What is happiness?" I remarked, that from every one we might expect a somewhat different answer. What answer, then, may we expect to this question? Of whom shall we demand it? Of the beggar in the streets, as he stands in his rags, shivering beneath the cold blast of a wintry wind, with no home and no food? Of the wretch who, driven mad by the stern pressure of necessity, has lifted his hand against his fellow, and wanders in the woods, and hides in the caves of the mountains, shunning men, lest he should meet the doom that his crime has merited; but bearing ever on his soul the blood-stain, and ever having before his mind's eye the writhing form of his victim? Of the outcast, the deserted, whose wild laughter bitterly mocks the aching memories at her heart? Of the woman who in the dark night listens to the wind and the storm raging around her poor hut, and thinks of her sailor husband, and then turns her weeping eye upon her children? Or of the rich man, surrounded by his gold, and silver, and luxuries, in whose family the name once loved the best, once cherished the most fondly and proudly, is now a forbidden word? Of the man whose fondest hopes were blighted, because gold alone was wanting? Of the father, as he bends over the dead form of his first-born? Demand it of whom you will, there will be no pausing for a reply.

But it is not my purpose to seek out all the forms in which misery makes itself familiar to mankind; but as I considered happiness to consist principally in forming for oneself an ideal world of beauty and purity, and walking through its fairy paths "not all

alone," believing that the bright light of fancy will have power to shine on all the face of nature, and tinge with warm, glowing colours what would else be cold and dreary; so now I propose to consider misery in a somewhat similar manner, partly as it results from the exercise of the imagination, but principally as resulting from the want of sympathy.

Now, as there is not any doubt that the delights resulting from a well-cultivated imagination, and a fertile fancy, are very great ones, it is manifest that those persons who have not the power to enter within the boundaries of that most exquisite world of fancy, are wanting in a great source of happiness. Still, the mere absence of that which can confer happiness, cannot itself be a source of misery, as those who have never experienced a delight feel not its want. But intellectual pleasures not only delight in themselves; they also have a tendency to, and frequently do, in a very great degree, render their owners indifferent to many inconveniences resulting from external circumstances, even circumstances which would, to persons not so fortified against them, prove a source of positive misery. Instances of this will suggest themselves to the mind of every reader so readily that I need not bring forward any.* So that, although those men who have never wandered in the lovely world of the imagination that the mind forms for itself, who have never known the delight of having beautiful forms at their beck and nod, to call up as their most wayward fancies may will, feel not their loss; yet they are more exposed to the troubles of this life, are a more easy prey at least to those numerous, petty annoyances with which we constantly meet, and which, by their accumulation, are a real cause of unhappiness, inasmuch as they have no city of refuge to flee unto.

But these "dreams of the imagination" may themselves be a fearful source of misery. When one, who in the spring-time of his life has formed many a bright anticipation; one who has made for himself an ideal world, enters the rough path of life, and finds none who sympathize with him; when he sees the fairy forms that he loved so well—all the bright, fair, pure creations of his young

* The following anecdote of Newton may not be known to all my readers. A gentleman calling upon him, found his solitary dinner laid out, waiting till the philosopher should leave his study. Being hungry, he ate it all up, and then left the house. Soon afterwards Newton came out of his study, and seeing the devastation that had been committed, merely remarked, "Oh! I forgot that I had dined," and returned to his pursuits.

fancy, fading as the brilliant but fleeting rainbow from the heaven; when he seeks refuge in his own heart, and finds not *one* to follow him there;—or worse, if he has for a moment fancied that his bright visions were realized, that the temple had been visited by the Spirit from heaven, and then awakens to the dread reality that it was but a false, deluding dream; then, indeed, he grieves for the glad hours, and the sweet thoughts, that are gone, to return no more; he looks back on them as on a time when his spirit was refreshed by the perfumed breezes from a better land, and mourns that

> —— These breezes, holy in their spring,
> And with all blessings laden, are by sin
> Polluted as they pass o'er earth, and fling
> A bitter, blighting curse upon the heart;
> A curse so dread, that for its burning smart
> Time hath no remedy. It is like gall
> Mingling in all our thoughts, and poisoning them all.

His young days were like the early morning, when the meadows, and the hills, and the trees, are all sparkling with the dew-drops from heaven, which reflect the bright sun's first beams, in all lovely colours, myriads and myriads of times; and he fancied that those dew-drops would remain all the day. But before the hot scorching sun how soon they melted!

But must this always be the case? Must all sweet fancies, and all the beauties of ideality, fade before the scorching heat, or the freezing cold of reality? No, no! It is an inherent principle in human nature, that "it is not good for man to be alone." The well-spring in the soul may be dried up by the burning sun; but let it join itself with another fountain of holy waters, and they will together form a mighty stream, that shall make for itself a channel through the world, its freshness never ceasing, its sweetness never tainted; a stream in which the spirit may bathe itself, and wash away the soils and stains of a heartless world. *Sympathy*, hen, is the one thing needful; another spirit, with which to wander through the world of fancy, with the same feelings and affections. This want of sympathy is the grand source of misery. What is the origin of that foulest plague-spot of our cities, the numberless—

> —— "Doomed to know
> Polluted nights, and days of blasphemy;
> Who, in loathed orgies, with lewd wassailers
> Must gaily laugh, while the remembered home
> Gnaws, like a viper, at the secret heart?"

Is it not, that a fond, trusting, loving heart found no sympathy, but instead thereof cold deception?

But let us take a more general view of the subject. When God, by the fiat of his will, created the world, he made it *one*. Designed by one mind, and formed by one hand, all nature harmonized into one beautiful and perfect whole; "all things are double, one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect." And, as this faultless framework of nature not only owes its primary existence, but also its continuance to the will of its Author, the whole external world is in harmony with the Divine mind.

——— "The Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire; how it showed
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea."

And when God created man in his own image, man's mind, harmonizing—in other words, sympathizing—with the mind of the Deity, was also in harmony with the external world; and from this unity between the spiritual and the material worlds resulted the happiness of man's first estate, the state of unbroken sympathy.

And what first broke this golden chain? What was the first note of discord in the symphony of nature? "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die." From this moment the mind of man was at variance with the mind of his Creator, and therefore with all nature; the very ground was cursed to him, and thorns and thistles was it doomed to bring forth to him. And look at man now, and the results of this want of sympathy—of this fearful discord! Look at the rich man, nursing his pampered appetites in luxury, and turning away his ear from the wailing cry of the starving orphan and widow at his door. Mark the discord between king and king, and then listen to the shriek of thousands, as they die on the field of blood; gaze on the overwhelming floods that have burst through their boundaries, and pour destruction over the fertile plains; on the flames that envelope the city, and burn, and lay waste, and scatter desolation; on the storms and tempests that disperse our fleets, and sink our ships like lead in the mighty waters; track the fiery path of the blasting lightning, or of the overwhelming avalanche; mark all other discords between man and nature! Have they not all that one origin, when

the sweet, holy bond of sympathy between man and his God was broken?

And lastly, look into man's own heart, and behold the confusion there—the jarring, stormy passions that rage within, till the soul is wrecked and lost for ever. Is it not still the same reason? There is no sympathy between man and his Creator; there is no sympathy between man's spiritual and material natures; there is no pervading ruling principle in his breast; but, at the mercy of his own wild, unrestrained passions, he can but exclaim—

"Me, miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest depth, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

PUCK.

THE CAPTIVE'S STAR.

I've no dear friends to soothe me here,
And speak of happy England;
No peaceful home or faces dear,
Such as I left in England:
Through dungeon grate and iron bar,
I watch one bright and lovely star
That still I love; though brighter far
It shone in happy England.

Of olden time, when free, I strayed
Through thy green glades, dear England;
And, by my side, one blushing maid—
My love—the pride of England;
By thee, bright star, I pledged my vow;
Through grate and bar I see thee now:
Then, through the greenwood's rustling bough,
Thou shon'st in happy England.

And still I gaze on thy soft light,
And think of happy England;
How often in the starry night
I strayed with love in England.
Then, if I tread that land again,
And hope's fulfilment shall obtain,
To *thee* I'll raise my sweetest strain,
Through love's old haunts in England.

HAL.

LINES ON A GRAVE IN COWES CHURCH-YARD.

Oft have I seen the poet's grave,
Or spot where far-famed warriors lie:
Yet all the tombs of learned or brave,
Ne'er raised one thought of jealousy.

I never wished like them to live;
I never wished like them to die;
And all the fame proud actions give,
I passed unhoped, unenvied by.

Apart, in solitary ground,
Marked by no proud Marmorean stone;
With Nature's simplest garlands crowned,
I've seen the grave I've wished my own!

A nobler monument stood by,
Than ever graced a prince's tomb;
It was a child of poverty,
Who wept her benefactor's doom.

A tear from out her aged eye,
Veiled from her sight the tale of woe;
She tried in vain—yet loved to try,—
To read the fate of him below!

No murmuring mingled with her cry:
She wept—yet stopped anon to bless:
She prayed, "May the great God on high
Enrich his soul with happiness!"

Nor was he wept by her alone;
Nor was she only heard to sigh:
Full many a tear bedewed this stone,
Whene'er the poor man wandered by.

"This man," they said, "in our distress,
Was always foremost of the throng
To heal our woes. The Lord we bless,
Who lent him to the earth so long."

Oh! such a grave as this be mine!
For worthless is the marble stone:
Vile is the statue—vile the shrine—
To the poor man's sweet benison.

TALES OF A SPANISH VETERAN.

By H. G. Adams.

There was not to be found, through all the fertile land of Spain, a more pleasantly-situated dwelling than that of Sebastian Gonzales. It stood upon a green hill-side, that sloped gently down to where the crystal waters of the stately Guadalquivir flashed back the sunbeams, as they glided onward from their birthplace, by Mount Segura, to mingle with the billows that lay basking and smiling at the feet of the rock-defended city of Cadiz. No, not amid the vales of Andalusia, on the mountain-girdled plains of Arragon, by the golden Tagus, or the sparkling Douro, nor in the fruitful *Vega de Granada*—where, amid ruined Moorish palaces, sits old Tradition, telling such tales of love, and jealousy, and cruel strife, that the listener thrills and shudders—might the eye of the traveller light on so sweet a spot as that which gave rest and shelter to the declining years of "the Spanish Veteran." Beneath the spreading boughs of a huge chestnut tree that overshadowed his humble cottage, would the old man sit, on a fine evening, surrounded by a group of friends and relatives, who loved to gather thus, when their daily toil was over, and hearken to the narratives with which the memory of Gonzales was stored. He had been a great traveller, and a still more extensive reader; his feet had trodden in the steps of the renowned Sebastian of Portugal, where, amid the shifting sands of the African desert, the bones of many a noble son of chivalry lay bleaching. He had visited most of the places described by the great navigators of his own and the sister country; the names of Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus, the Cabots, Pedro de Cabral, Vasco Numez, and others, were as familiar to him as household words; and, in imagination, he had shared all their perils and delights, undergone whatever hardships they were fated to endure, and gazed with rapture upon many a vast ocean, ample lake, mighty river, rich continent, or fertile island, on which, till that hour, the eye of European had never rested. Nor was the old man less familiar with the marvellously wild and stirring annals of his native land, than with the scarcely less romantic and equally thrilling adventures of those daring men who went forth upon the trackless seas, and explored unknown regions, for the sake of accumulating wealth, or of bequeathing to posterity a

never-dying name. The rich store of chronicles in prose, and rhythmical composition, detailing the wondrous achievements of the Cid Campeador, and other Christian knights and Moorish heroes, he had perused again and again; and many a legend and ballad had he heard told, and sung, by the giant pyramids of mysterious Egypt, beneath the spreading banian of the Negro, and amid the tall palms and golden-fruited bananas of the South Sea Isles. He had tarried by the sacred Ganges, to listen to the tales of the dark Hindoo; by the Canton river he had heard strange tales of Tartar superstition and Chinese credulity; on the boundless pampas of Chili and La Plata,—and amid the prairies and forests of North America,—the traditions of the Red Indian, of the swarthy miner, of the trapper and the settler, had delighted his ears; nor was there a country in Europe, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the shores of the Northern Ocean, or from the Black Sea to the British Islands, which he had not visited, and from whence he had not derived an increase to his stock of historical, legendary, and imaginative lore.

Sebastian Gonzales was not one of those who would travel from Dan to Beersheba, and declare all to be barren; he was a close observer of the ways of mankind, of the workings of that curious piece of mechanism, the human heart; and had learned to judge, with tolerable correctness, the nature of the hidden springs which regulate its movements; and with many a piece of quaint morality would he intersperse the incidents of his amusing narratives; calculated to give to the minds of his hearers a bias towards that which is pure and holy, and to dissipate the mists of prejudice and passion, which but too often interfere to mislead the judgment, and warp the understanding.

It was pleasant to see the old man sitting before his chestnut-shaded cottage, his ruddy countenance illumined with smiles, or drawn into an expression of sober gravity, according to the nature of the subject on which he conversed; the grey locks escaping from the confinement of his ample *sombrero*, and floating wildly around that face which, though bronzed by the suns, hardened by the storms of many climes, and wrinkled and furrowed like the rugged trunk of a time-defying oak, yet told, by its habitual hale and cheerful expression, of energies unwasted and vigour undecayed; and although he had long since passed the natural term of man's mortal pilgrimage, and bore stamped upon every lineament the indelible characters of age, yet his keen grey

eye flashed as brightly in merriment or anger, his voice was clear and sonorous, his step firm and free, and his grasp nervous, as in the days of early manhood. It seemed as though Time had smiled upon the veteran, and passed on; leaving him as a living chronicle to posterity of the deeds which the spoiler had done,—the teller of his mysterious tales, and the interpreter of his dark sayings;—as though Disease had been scared at the sight of his spare, yet sinewy frame, unshrinking glance, and loud laugh of defiance, and left him unscathed by one burning touch, unpierced by one venomed shaft;—as though Death dreaded to attack so tough a piece of humanity, lest the edge of his scythe should become turned, the point of his dart broken, and he, rendered weaponless, lose that power over mankind which was given him by sin, and which he exercises so tyrannically. It was, we repeat, a pleasant sight;—that old man, with such an air of patriarchal simplicity, telling his tales to an eager group of listeners,—some seated on the bench beside him, some standing, and some reclining on the grass around, in attitudes of deep attention; and it was good to observe the various expressions which animated the swarthy yet speaking countenances of his auditors, as the narrator touched upon some circumstance which found a paralled in the life of an individual present, or spoke of feelings and emotions which awoke an echo in many a gentle or manly bosom. Was love the theme of Sebastian's eloquence?—how the dark eye of the Castilian maid languished, and what a melting glance she threw on her favoured swain, some sturdy muleteer, vine-dresser, or daring *contrabandist*. Spake he of war and deeds of high renown?—how excited became the looks of the young men!—how mantled the rich Morisco blood to their brows!—their hands were clenched, their teeth set, their muscular limbs thrown into attitudes of active exertion, and words of defiance and exclamations of pride broke from their parted lips; while even the more aged could not forbear joining in these manifestations of sympathy and admiration

> "For the laurel-crowned hero, the chieftain of might,
> Who shone like a star in the thick of the fight!"

But why need we pause to describe this? As our readers well know, man is everywhere the same creature of impulse, subject to the like feelings and emotions—led by similar passions and desires. Yes! whether moving in the stately halls of the Escurial, amid

the glitter of jewellery and the sheen of silken attire—toiling in the iron mines of Biscay or Arragon—cultivating the corn, the olive, and the vine, upon the sunny slopes of the Iberian mountains—pasturing his flocks in the green plains of Castile: be he prince or peasant, lord or lout—he is essentially the same, and consequently liable to be affected in the way described. Suffice it, then, to tell, that Sebastian ever found a willing and attentive audience: the castanets became silent—the song and tinkle of the guitar was hushed—and the merry laugh ceased to ring amid the vineyards,—when he began one of his mournful, mirthful, or marvellous tales. Some day, reader, we will acquaint thee with the particulars of the old man's history; but now, while the last rays of the setting sun are tinging with a rosy hue the waters of the Guadalquivir, and the fire-flies are beginning to flash and sparkle amid the rapidly-deepening shade of the chestnut boughs, we invite thee to join that band of listeners who are eagerly drinking in the words of the SPANISH VETERAN, as he speaks of the lands he has visited, and describes the various scenes in life's great drama, in which he has been an actor, or the incidents of which have come to his knowledge through the medium of traditions, oral or written. Hark, what says he?

"My friends,—You all know that in times gone by, the followers of the false prophet Mahomet held dominion over the richest and fairest provinces of this beautiful country; that the cry of *Allah hu* resounded through her plains; and from her mountain peaks went up the voice of prayer, in a dialect unknown and hateful to the children of the true faith. You know that the swarthy sons of Africa swept, like the blasting simoom of their native deserts, over the length and breadth of Spain; and that the Crescent shed its baleful gleamings where now, thanks to God! the benign light of the Cross illumines the ways and cheers the hearts of the trusting and faithful. The boom of the tambour and the clash of the cymbals are heard no more re-echoing through the stately halls of the Alhambra; the waving horse-tail, the jewelled turban, and the flashing scimitar have disappeared from the battlements, the halls, and the court-yards of our castles and palaces; the temples of Christianity are enriched with the gathered spoils of the Moslem invaders, whose name has become as a bye-word in our mouths, and the fear of whose might has passed away from our hearts. Yet although thus vanquished, and driven back to the burning waste and the howling wilderness,—although the

power they once possessed, and the domination they once exercised here have become as a gorgeous dream—a visionary pageant,—they have left behind such traces of magnificence and intellectual greatness,—such marks of luxuriant refinement and perfection of taste,—that even while we execrate their name, we can but admire the exalted genius, the indomitable courage, and the many traits of nobleness and excellence which characterise this once proud and all-conquering people. The incidents of the story which I am about to relate were gathered during my sojourn amid the fiery sands of Zahara, from the lips of a descendant of a powerful Moorish tribe, called the *Abbencerrages*. This tribe was foremost among the invaders of our country, and the remnant that survived, after the many conflicts which led to their final expulsion, were scattered through Africa and Asia, to lead a life of hardship and misery,—never again to become an united people,—never again to know the comforts of a settled habitation."

LAST LINES OF CHENIER.*

(*From the French.*)

As the last beams of light and the peace-wooing gales,
In summer's fair evenings, a moment delay
To struggle with darkness ere black night prevails,
So at foot of the scaffold my lyre I essay.

Perhaps the dread moment approaches me now,
While the finger of time round its circle has gone;
Perhaps sixty minutes its dial may show—
Then pause; oh! too like it my course may be run!

Perhaps while these numbers still wait on my tongue,
The slumber of death o'er the poet may hang—
The verse still unfinished remain, and the song
Unsung, and unknown as the poet that sang.

Alas! ere the half of this line is complete,
I hear in the corridor pacing without
The dull measured tread of the murderous feet
Recruiting for death! 'tis my name that they shout!

And the echoes repeating shall sing through the gloom
A long-murmured requiem over my tomb!

LIB.

* André Joseph Chénier, a French poet of revolutionary principles, guillotined 1794.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

" Immortalia ne speres, monet Annus, et almum
Quæ rapit hora diem." HOR.

ANOTHER year is past—the deep-toned bell,
O'er hill and vale is tolling out his knell;
Who knows if we, who listen to its tone,
Shall live to say, Another year is gone?

Full many an eye, that saw the last one rise
In golden splendour through the eastern skies—
Full many a heart, that smiled upon its birth
In youth and hope, ere now hath passed from earth.

And thou art left to tread life's paths as yet,
But who can say how soon thy sun may set?
A day— an hour—may end thine earthly span,
And teach thee, mortal, that thou art but *man*.

Aye! ere this year be past, thy beauty's pride
The church-yard stone or grassy turf may hide;
And that bright cheek that wears health's roseate bloom,
Be cold and withered in the silent tomb.

The vacant place—that sad remembrancer;
The solemn epitaph—stern monitor;
The little mound beneath the church-yard tree—
This, mortal, may be all shall tell of thee.

And thus we all must pass from earth, howe'er
Our glory, splendour, or our wealth appear;
And not ambition's pride, or beauty's bloom,
Can save our bodies from the dusky tomb.

" Mortals, be wise," the passing year doth say,
And seize with eagerness the present day;
So shall thy spirit climb the skies at last,
When the sad pilgrimage of earth is past.

C. H. H.

PHRENOLOGY.

Well can the writer of the following observations picture to himself the various feelings with which the readers of the King's College Magazine, in turning over its pages, will glance at the title which stands at the head of this paper. "Who can be so senseless," some will mentally exclaim, "as to devote four pages to the consideration of an exploded system, founded in absurdity, maintained by deceit, and fated, like other pieces of quackery, to droop and perish with its first advocates?" And then, charitably concluding that either nature, or the praises of a flattering phrenologist, have crazed the author's brain, they will pass on to subjects more congenial to their taste. Others, whose dreams of future glory are founded solely on the supposed conformation of their craniums, will be not a little shocked at the idea that any defence can be required for a system in whose truth they must believe, or must sink back into obscurity, and lose sight for ever of the brilliant visions which have been dancing before their eyes. Some, however, there may be, who, while disinclined to view any science so important in its objects, and so strong in its evidence, with contempt, yet are anxious to examine its claims to our credence with strict investigation, and to decide impartially on its merits. For such the following remarks are intended.

Notwithstanding the obstacles it has encountered in the prejudices which invariably assail a new theory, the science of phrenology has undoubtedly been, of late years, gaining ground in England; it is becoming every day better understood, and its principles more generally appreciated; while the absurd notion, which considered the phrenologist as assuming the office and powers of a prophet, has gradually receded before a better knowledge of the subject. Still, however, objections are urged both against its truth, and the advantages of its study. These are of two classes; the one derived from phenomena, which exist, or are supposed to exist, in the physical and mental constitution of man; the other, from a belief that the dogmas of phrenology must lead to the rejection of the truths which the christian religion inculcates respecting the moral state and responsibility of the human race. Under the former class will be placed all questions relating to the internal conformation of the brain, its effect on the external

appearance of the head, its connexion with the senses, in short, every part which involves the physical nature of man; of the latter a sufficient example may be found in the very common assertion that phrenology, pushed to its legitimate consequences, must lead to materialism. To explain and examine each several objection, which falls under either of these heads, would be a work of no inconsiderable labour, requiring somewhat deep inquiries into the moral and physical nature of our species, and touching on subjects which have occupied the attention of philosophers in every age, and yet remain undecided. A few words will suffice to prove that, as far as the evidence of phrenology is concerned, they are totally unnecessary. But what gives to this science its peculiar character, and distinguishes it from other systems of mental philosophy, is the assertion that the conformation of the head of each individual is the index of the powers of his mind; that according as we see a certain portion of the external and visible surface of the head more or less developed, we may conclude that certain powers of the human mind are possessed by him in a greater or less degree. It is true that with this assertion are connected facts relating to the nature and operations of the brain, which the phrenologist believes to be the seat of the mental powers, but, as far as practical phrenology is concerned, they need not be in the least taken into account.

There is no kind of probable evidence which naturally brings stronger conviction to the mind than that which is drawn from experience, and the observation of a series of facts, coinciding with one another, and exhibiting the same connexion between cause and effect, between a symptom, and that of which it is the sign. The physician, for instance, who has in any disease observed some change in the appearance of his patients to be, in every case which falls under his notice, shortly succeeded by death, will conclude that there exists between the two such a connexion as renders the one a symptom of the other; nor will his conclusion be invalidated by the fact that he cannot discover or understand the nature of this connexion, nay, that apparently good reasons can be given why it cannot exist; prove what you will, he cannot but still, arguing from observed facts, regard the one as a symptom of the other. To use a still more familiar illustration: the man who, for the first time in his life, takes a rose into his hand, and perceives a scent apparently proceeding from it, could not (setting aside what he must have observed of other flowers), if assured to the

contrary, feel confident that the odour proceeded from the rose, and was not merely produced by an accidental coincidence, giving rise to an apparent connexion. Should he, however, frequently perceive the same scent, under precisely similar circumstances, he must naturally conclude that it does proceed from the rose, and expect that with the same flower the same scent will invariably be found; and this he will still believe, although you did prove to him an apparent impossibility in the connexion. Now, the evidence of phrenology is precisely of this nature. From a number of instances in which a certain form of head is connected with a certain turn of mind, (no examples, or such only as are capable of explanation being adduced against them,) we conclude that when a similar configuration is again observed, it will indicate a similar character. The parallel will hold good in every part. When for the first time a head of any peculiar shape falls under our notice, as existing in an individual whose character is known to us, it would be absurd to assert on this evidence any connexion; but when, throughout a series of observations, the same external form is found belonging to persons whose characters correspond, the conviction by degrees grows upon us that there must be some hidden connexion, till at length, as instances multiply, this faint suspicion swells into absolute certainty. Let, then, the assertion so frequently adduced as irresistible evidence of the absurdity of phrenology be granted, namely, that the size and conformation of the brain cannot affect the external appearance of the head. If this be proved, the system which has been built on phrenological facts does certainly fall to the ground,—the practical science, and the deduction from a series of instances on which it is founded, remain untouched. We may be induced to deny that the brain is the seat of the mental powers, but we have precisely the same amount of reasoning as before for believing that the head is their index. We may be led to scrutinize more accurately each part of the evidence, but not compelled to reject it altogether, if once it be satisfactorily established. There is yet another class of objections which, admitting the general dogmas of phrenology, throw a doubt on its practical use and application to individual cases, as likely to be impeded by irregularities in the physical conformation of man, which are not discoverable during life. To such, the answer is twofold. In the first place, the operations of nature are uniform; and any great deviation from them is, in animated beings, almost invariably found connected with disease. Here, therefore, the

physician's judgment and experience must be called in to aid those of the phrenologist. Again, if such deviations were numerous, they must necessarily affect, and, in short, destroy the evidence on which phrenology is founded. The fact (which in these observations regarding the objections brought against the science, we assume), that the proof from instances is complete, shows that such irregularities must be extremely rare, if not totally unknown.

In like manner we may meet all moral objections, however apparently strong, by an appeal to the evidence of facts, all well authenticated, and all coinciding; inasmuch as such proof, if correctly and carefully deduced, is from its very nature irresistible to the human mind. If this practical phrenology, of which we are speaking, does necessarily lead to materialism (though such a connexion has never been established), then, still supposing the evidence to be complete, we must admit, however startling it may appear, that materialism is true. We may hence observe, that those who fancy that by attacking on general grounds the pursuit of this science, and restraining others from entering upon it, they are serving the cause of truth and religion, are in fact unintentionally undermining the very system they are anxious to support. By refusing to examine a subject, which rests its claim to belief on testimony of this nature, on its own ground, and by creating an impression that an opposition exists between dogmas which in reality agree, they may induce some, compelled by the force of experience to admit the truth of phrenology, to reject those other truths which they are so anxious to uphold. That some persons have, by the study of phrenology, been led from sound opinions into systems of infidelity, is no sound argument against the study in general, unless it be proved that the science logically leads to such conclusions. It may, nevertheless, be with reason adduced as a caution to persons of certain turns of mind not to plunge into this study, and to all as a warning to proceed in it with care, shunning needless speculation, and adhering closely to the investigation of facts. It is this habit of speculating—of drawing probable or possible conclusions from insufficient evidence—which constitutes the real danger arising from devotion to this or any other kindred science,—a danger which is greatly diminished by a strict adherence to that method of investigating the question which it has been the object of these observations to recommend. It is worthy of remark that the founder, or, to speak more correctly, the discoverer of phrenology, formed his system, not, as has been

frequently asserted, on a theory, which he subsequently endeavoured to confirm by examples, but on a long-continued series of observations, on which he built his theory. It was from instances casually brought under his notice, that Dr. Gall first derived the idea of that system which he afterwards maintained, and which has, under his successors, been brought to such a comparative state of perfection. Those who will correctly observe facts relative to phrenology cannot thereby injure themselves, and may greatly benefit the science itself.

F. F.

SONG.

What have frowns to do with youth?
Youth and scowling can't agree:
Frowns beget a doubt of truth;
Youth is open, frank, and free.
Drive thought's wrinkles from thy brow,
For joyaunce claims thee wholly now!

Downcast looks and anxious tread
Are the gifts of care:
Youth upholdeth well his head;
Youth is blithe and fair.
Why go forth to meet old age?
Fast enough he cometh on:
Youth is not a stern-eyed sage;
Youth can hardly grieve or groan.
Ripe the fruit hangs on the bough,
Why refuse to pluck it now?

When thy brow is furrowed o'er
With pencillings of time,
Then thou'lt think (why not before?)
Neglected joy a crime!
Then will aching wild desire,
Set thine aged thoughts afire
With feeble fantasy;
Fruitless dreams shall haunt thy bed,
Fickle fancies tease thy head,
Bright visions mock thine eye!
When the blooming flower is near,
Why wait you till the leaf be sere?

L. Y. N.

SCENES AND SKETCHES. No II.

THERE is still so much to say on the subject I took for the first paper, that I may perhaps be excused for again insisting upon it. It is too one in which my feelings are so readily interested, that I am insensibly drawn to it whenever I attempt a formal writing. And though I do not expect to find my powers of language adequate to the task I am about to undertake, and some may perhaps smile at my homely expression, I would remind them that many a good idea is clothed in sorry words, as many an honest man walks abroad in soiled and tattered clothing.

It is often the custom of men who, like myself, have exhausted much fruitless energy, and wasted much unproductive time, on a favourite pursuit, and have found themselves at the end of their toil falling short of what they so eagerly aimed at, to watch carefully the attempts and exertions of others in the same path. And when their contemporaries and competitors have, one by one, insensibly glided away from the scene, they still,—from the force of habit and interest which they have acquired,—still gaze with anxiety at those who used to fill their places. Though in some degree a disappointed man, I do not feel any ill-will or jealousy at the success of one who has set out in life with, perhaps, no better prospect than myself; and though I must confess that some bitter feeling does occasionally arise at the thought of so much exertion thrown away and wasted, at other times I feel glad that it has left me taste to relish and take interest in whatever passes before my view, in this generation. Cast, as it were, entirely behind the scenes of life, I can yet look, without envy or displeasure, on those more fortunate in youth and strength, who are acting their part before admiring thousands.

This state of mind, and the prevailing turn of my thoughts, lead me much to examine the state of oratory, and the different descriptions of speakers at the present day; and I often frequent public places of literate and illiterate men, that I may hear the bursts of native eloquence, as well as the more correct imaginations, more accurate reason, and elegant diction of the refined and disciplined speaker. From being much conversant with such scenes, I have concluded that there are few men who have not

in them a spring of innate feeling which would make them eloquent when they were nearly interested; but that this age, and indeed most ages, have not known how to call it forth. I am aware that a great master of oratory decides against this opinion,—in the words "fieri enim potest, ut rectè quis sentiat et id quod sentit politè eloqui non possit," Cicero;—but I have the authority of a child of nature in asserting that "omnes in eo quod sciant satis esse eloquentes:" and he was Socrates. But to proceed with my design: I have already made classifications of different orators, and various styles of speaking; and from them I will endeavour to illustrate the two extremes to which an entire surrender to natural impulse, and a perfect subjugation to the fetters of art, will, in most cases, lead. Having personal acquaintance with two young men, who will serve as tolerable examples of either class, I may be enabled, from my knowledge of their minds, to draw the distinction more accurately. The first is a man of warm and sensitive disposition, of active habits and energetic purpose, but unfortunate in having received a very inferior education. He is easily affected and soon interested; his manner of conversation is always forcible, and sometimes violent; yet he throws so much of heart into it that it always excites attention. He feels a lively sympathy for distress and misfortune: and has thus been naturally led, by his thoughts, to the politics of the present day, and the state of the country. These traits of disposition appear very strikingly in his conduct whilst speaking: his diction is rough, and indeed often uncouth, and his style homely, yet he is always eloquent, for his feelings are interested: his gestures are always impassioned, and natural, for he has not the power of regulating them by art. Such a man as this has often a fertile fancy, and a power of vivid description of scenes with which he is familiar: and this my friend possesses in an eminent degree. But, with these advantages, he has defects which go far to counterbalance them: his impetuosity often outruns that of his hearers: and, pitching his imagination too high from the very outset, a discordance and jarring is apparent often throughout the whole. In short, he has not the power of restraining his exuberance and fire; and this often makes him seem ridiculous, and his mind over-straining itself, but I would not wish him to be more tied down by the cautious rules of art, lest his style should lose much of the beauty which it derives from natural feeling.

The other is one whose style of thought and language has been

formed upon the best and purest classical models: his expression is always correct and chaste, but cold, and never exciting. His speeches are such that the strictest critic can hardly detect an error, or even defect of polish; but the feeling which they produce will never rise higher than that of admiration. He often convinces, but it is from the soundness of his argument, and not from his manner, the frigidity of which seems to denote a man who cares not what he says, nor what follows his exertions. And yet his natural disposition was one of lively sensibility; but the cold contact of the world, and worldly education, has reduced him to the unimpassioned utterer of frigid sentiments.

Between and beyond these two degrees are many others of different qualifications, tempers, and manners, abounding more or less in defects;—these it would be long to enumerate. Yet one reflection naturally arises from the contemplation:—Why is not this study, so important in after-life, made a part (though a subordinate part) of the education of this day? Why are we, well-instructed in other branches, left to form our own habits in this most important pursuit? I know that there are those who will defend this omission, by asserting that youth is the time for the acquisition, not the exhibition, of knowledge; that we are then not to study the means of communicating, but of acquiring, our information. But it is well known that, after a certain time, the youth of this age provide for themselves the means of practice in that art in which their education denies them complete instruction. To this they bring much of the errors they have acquired,—much of the incompetency of judgment to which such experience as theirs is liable. Would it not, then, be wise that a moderate and judicious system of instruction in this most important study be added to the already-received education, that their minds may not be entirely left to their own resources, and abandoned to their natural inexperience, or unavoidable errors? And would it not be a desirable thing, in those who have these matters in their hands, to teach those whom they guide not only to understand and relish, but also to imitate and emulate

> "Those famous orators—
> Those ancient—whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
> Shook th' arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne?"

ONE FORGOTTEN.

SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG LADY OF SEVENTEEN.

Life is short, and age and grief
Too soon, too soon it's gold alloy;
Then if the hours of youth be brief,
O, fill them, fill them full of joy.
The draught of bliss, O, quaff it up,
The joys of love, O, haste to share;
The sweetest drop in Pleasure's cup,
Is that which true love mingles there.

Then love, while bloom is on the cheek,
And love, while fire is in the eye,
While smiling lips of rapture speak,
Ere youth and health and beauty fly;
And still love on from youth to age,
Till those bright locks are touched with snow;
The sovereign'st balm for every stage,
Is that which true love doth bestow.

C. Verbal.

THE IVY.

I love the green old ivy, for around the oak he clings,
Not only while the summer sun o'er earth his radiance flings;
Not only while among the leaves the song-bird loves to play,
And carol forth, o'er hill and vale, in harmony his lay;
But even when the wintry blast is heard upon the hill,
And frost hath spread his icy chain o'er every crystal rill;
Amid the drear and stormy blast still faithfully clings he,
An emblem of fidelity, around the old oak tree.

I love the green old ivy, for he spurns the cherished bower,
And loves to twine his slender net around the ancient tower;
And there, amid the ruin and the desolated hall,
He spreads his verdant branches o'er the old and crumbling wall.
Oh! thus should friendship, when the hours of youth and hope are past,
And o'er the wearied spirit age and sorrow come at last,
Cling fondly round the kindred heart, and, in affliction, be
What still the faithful ivy is to tower and to tree.

C. H. H.

RELIGION.

Rest! to the wearied one, even on earth,
Hope! when all else is gone, smiles on thy birth.
Heav'n's best and purest gift, spirit of love!
Thou dost the soul uplift to realms above.
Shrived in our inmost heart, holy and pure,
Thou dost the peace impart e'er to endure.

F. W.

THE ANGEL.

An oasis in the desert; scattered among the luxurious foliage of the East, are flowers of every clime: the jasmine there encircles the stem of the lofty palm, and the rose blushes at its foot; the clear spring gushes in melody forth among myrtles, and dewy honeysuckle is entwined with the tendrils of the spreading gourd.

Amid that Eden in the wilderness, which her presence had created, stood an angel form robed in raiment of light; around her lily brow was wreathed the flower that blooms but in heaven—the flower that earth hath lost—immortal amaranth; upon that brow it opened forth its sacred petals, and there its choicest fragrance was exhaled.

And Love was at that spirit's heart, and she sought the abode of men. From afar off she saw the busy world, and beheld hearts sere and black; she joined the throng, sought companions and friends. As she approached, the wintry chill and the blast of autumn faded from every soul; at her touch spring, summer, bloomed again. As a thin cloud, that pours in its course a grateful shower over the parched meads, so was her passage through the world, until she returned to heaven.

Such beings the merciful God sends, at times, among his creatures, to purify, by their presence, the souls of men. While they live we learn to love them, and, when lost, we recognise their holy mission; while, as we mark by the bright hearts they made the scene of their hallowed labours, we acknowledge, with the reverence of affection, that here there hath been—*an angel upon earth!*

Hal.

THE ROBBERS.

(*Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE V.—*A Forest. The Ruins of a Castle in the midst. Night. The* ROBBERS *encamped upon the ground.*

ROBBERS *sing.*

In murder, plunder, and in strife,
So we pass our time away:
The gallows soon may end our life,
Let us then be glad to-day.

We lead a life that's brave and free,
Its pleasure hath no bound;
At night, we love abroad to be
With the wild wind whistling round.
We care not in the night to sleep,
But by the moonlight watch we keep.

We dine with the farmer, or with the priest,
We dine wherever we find a feast;
As to what follows, we have the good sense
To trust it all to providence.

When we quaff the goblet bright,
And our thirsty throats we lave,
Rises then our spirits' might,
And our hearts are strong and brave.

The wounded father's bitter sigh,
The mother's shriek of fear,
The helpless orphan's wailing cry,
Is music for our ear.

And when at last our time is up,
Our course we will not alter;
We'll welcome, with a sparkling cup,
The scaffold and the halter.
Merrily, merrily will we sing,
And boldly take the fatal swing,
And shout huzza! as off we spring.

SCHWEIT. It is night, and the captain is not yet here.

RAZ. And he promised to meet us by eight o'clock.

SCHWEIT. If harm hath happened to him—comrades! we will burn, and murder even the suckling.

SPIE. (*takes Razman aside.*) A word with you, Razman.

SCHWEIT. (*to Grimm.*) Shall we not send out spies?

GRIMM. Let him be. He will do something that will shame us.

SCHWEIT. Thou art right, by the devil! He went not away from us as one who designed a knavish trick. Hast thou forgotten what he said, as he led us over the heath?—"Who steals but a turnip out of a field, if I know it, leaves his head here, as true as my name is Moor."—We may not rob.

RAZ. (*to Spiegelberg.*) What mean you?—speak plainer.

SPIE. Hist! hist!—I know not what ideas you or I have about freedom, that we should be driven like beasts, and then declaim wonderfully about independence. It pleases me not.

SCHWEIT. (*to Grimm.*) What has the fool got in his head?

RAZ. (*to Spiegelberg.*) You speak of the captain.

SPIE. Hist! hist!—He hath ears among us. *Captain*, sayest thou? Who hath made him captain over us; or hath he not usurped the title that by right is mine? How?—shall we risk our lives for this—bear all the spleen of fortune for this—that at last we should have the good fortune to be the bondmen of a slave?—Bondmen, when we might be princes? By God, Razman, that never pleased me.

SCHWEIT. (*to the others.*) Yes; you are the right hero for me, to smash frogs with a stone: why, the sound of his nose when he sneezes, would drive you through the eye of a needle.

SPIE. (*to Razman.*) Yes, and for years I have thought of it: it shall be different, Razman—if thou art what I take thee for—Razman! They miss him—they half account him lost: it seems to me, his dark hour striketh. How? Doth not thy colour once rise, as the bell of freedom soundeth to thee? Hast thou not courage enough to understand a bold hint?

RAZ. Ha, Satan! whither dost thou tempt my soul?

SPIE. Hath it caught?—Good! then follow. I have marked where he went—come! Two pistols seldom fail; and then—we are the first to strangle the suckling.

SCHWEIT. (*draws his knife.*) Ha, beast! Well dost thou remind me of the Bohemian forest. Wast not thou the coward who began to faint when they cried, "*The enemy cometh!*" I cursed thee then in my soul. Away, assassin. (*Stabs him.*)

ROBBERS (*in confusion.*) Murder! murder! Schweitzer—Spiegelberg—separate them.

SCHWEIT. (*throws down his knife.*) There! And so perish thou. Quiet, comrades—let the beggar lie. The beast was always

rancorous against the captain, and had not a scar on his whole skin. Again, be at peace:—ha! the rascal! Is it for this that the sweat has run down our backs, that we should creep out of the world like dogs? Beast thou! Have we for this gone through fire and smoke, that we should perish at last like rats?

GRIMM. But the devil—comrade—what was there between you? The captain will be mad.

SCHWEIT. Let me care for that. And thou, guilty man (*to Razman*) thou wast his abettor—thou! Out of my sight! Schulterle hath also so done; but he hangs for it now as the captain prophesied. (*A gun fires.*)

SCHWARZ. Hark! a shot! (*Another gun fires.*) Another! Hollo! The captain!

GRIMM. Patience! He must fire a third time. (*Another shot.*)

SCHWARZ. It is he! Save thyself, Schweitzer: let us answer him. (*They fire*).

Enter R. MOOR. KOSINSKY.

SCHWEIT. (*meeting him.*) Welcome, captain. I have been a little premature since thou hast been away (*he leads him to the corpse*). Be thou judge between me and this:—*from behind* he would have murdered thee.

ROBBERS (*in consternation.*) What? The captain?

R. MOOR, (*gazing on him, breaks forth.*) O, incomprehensible finger of the avenging Nemesis! Was it not this man who trilled to me the syren song? Consecrate this knife to the dark avenger! That hast *thou* not done, Schweitzer.

SCHWEIT. I have done it, though; and, by the devil, it is not the worst thing that I have done in my life. (*Turns away moodily.*)

R. MOOR, (*thinking.*) I understand—Rulers in heaven — I understand—the leaves fall from the trees—and my autumn is come. Remove this from my sight. (*Spiegelberg's corpse is carried away.*)

GRIMM. Give us orders, captain. What shall we do?

R. MOOR. Soon—soon is all fulfilled. Give me my lute. I have lost myself since I was there. My lute, I say. I must sing myself back into my strength—leave me.

ROBBERS. It is midnight, captain.

R. MOOR. My lute, here! Midnight, say ye?

SCHWARZ. Past, indeed. Sleep lies upon us like lead. For three days we have not closed our eyes.

R. MOOR. And doth the holy sleep sink down upon the eyes

of villains? Wherefore doth it fly from me? I have never been a coward, or a mean fellow.—Lay you down to sleep. At day-break we march.

ROBBERS. Good night, captain. (*They lay upon the ground, and sleep.*)

A deep stillness.

R. MOOR (*takes the lute and plays.*)

BRUTUS.

Oh! be ye welcome, fields of peace and rest;
I come from where the battle stern hath laid
Of Rome's proud sons, the bravest and the best,
Low in the dust. O Rome! thou now art made
A desolation—Cassius, where art thou?
My flight must be to death's dark gloomy door!
Beneath this load of grief my soul must bow!
There is no hope, no world, for Brutus more!

CÆSAR.

Who wanders there upon the rocky height,
With step so proud and firm, as though his head
Had never bowed before a conqueror's might?
Methinks that such should be a Roman's tread!
Whence comest thou, O son of Rome? Stands yet
The city of the seven hills? In vain,
Yet often, for the orphans have I wept,
That Cæsar cannot live for them again.

BRUTUS.

Ha! thou of many wounds, at whose command
Dost thou revisit now this world of light?
Go shuddering back into thy ghostly land,
Proud weeper; nor boast longer in thy might!
On the dread altar of Philippi now
Smokes freedom's latest offering of blood;
Rome perisheth o'er Brutus' grave—and thou
Go back with mourning to the Stygian flood.

CÆSAR.

Must, then, the fatal wound be dealt to me
By thy sword—Brutus—thine?
Oh, son, it was thy father, and to thee
The earth had been an heritage.—Go, shine
In pride, that thou the greatest Roman art;
For that thy sword hath pierced thy father's heart.
Go, and proclaim it howling o'er the land,
That Brutus, thou the greatest Roman art,
For that thy sword hath pierced thy father's heart.
Go—now thou knowest what on Lethe's strand
My soul hath banned—
Now, now, grim boatman, push the bark from land!

BRUTUS.

Stay, father, stay! Within the whole bright round
Of the sun's daily course, there is but one
Who, like the noble Cæsar, I have found,
And this one, Cæsar, hast thou called thy son.
A Cæsar only could great Rome o'erthrow;
And he, a Brutus only could withstand:
Where Brutus lives, must Cæsar die; then go
Thou thine own way, I'll seek another land.

(*He throws down the lute, and walks up and down in deep thought.*)

Who would be surety for me?—It is all so dark—a confused labyrinth—no exit—no guiding star—if this last breath were gone—gone like an empty puppet-show. But why this burning hunger after happiness—why this ideal image of an unattained perfection—this urging forth of uncompleted plans—if the paltry pressure of this paltry thing *(holding a pistol before his face)* likens the wise to the fool, the coward to the brave, the noble to the villain? There is so divine a harmony in soulless nature; why should there be this discord in rational nature?—No, no! it is something more, for I have not yet been happy.

Believe ye I would tremble? Spirits of my victims! I would not tremble. (*Trembling violently.*)—Your weak death moans—your black strangled faces—your fearfully gaping wounds, are but the links in an unbreakable chain of destiny, and hang at last on my evening amusements, on the humour of my nurse and schoolmaster, on the temperament of my father, and the blood of my mother. (*Shuddering.*) Why hath my Perillus made of me a bull, that mankind should broil in my glowing belly?

(*Looking at the pistol.*) *Time and Eternity*—linked together by a single moment. Grim key, that closeth behind me the prison of life, and unbolts before me the habitation of eternal night—tell me—oh, tell me—whither—whither wilt thou lead me?—A strange, unexplored land!—See, humanity languishes under this picture; the elasticity of the mortal relaxes, and fancy, the petulant ape of thought, tricks our credulity with vain shadows! No! no! a man must not falter. Be what thou wilt, *nameless futurity*, if I only remain true to myself—be what thou wilt, if I only take myself with me. Outward things are but the colouring of the man—*I* am my heaven and my hell.

Wilt thou leave me alone in the ashes of a universe which thou hast banished from thine eye, where the lonely night and eternal

wastes are my prospects? I would then people the silent deserts with my fancies, and should have eternity for leisure to unravel the confused picture of universal misery. Or wilt thou lead me through continual new births, and continual new theatres of woe, step by step, to annihilation? Can I not tear through the threads of life that are woven around me there, as easily as these? Thou canst make me to nothing: this freedom canst thou not take from me, *(loads the pistol, suddenly stops.)* And shall I die through fear of a life full of torture? Shall I give wretchedness the victory over me?—No, I will bear it. *(He throws the pistol away.)* I will lame torment with my pride! I will complete it. *(It gets darker.)*

HERMAN *(comes through the forest.)* Hark! Hark! The owls screech fearfully—it is striking twelve up in the village. Well, well—in this wild there are no listeners. *(Goes to the castle and knocks.)* Come forth, man of woe, dweller in the tower! your meal is ready.

R. MOOR, *(stepping back.)* What meaneth this?

A VOICE *(out of the castle.)* Who knocks? Is it you, Herman, my raven?

HER. It is Herman, your raven. Rise up out of your prison and eat. *(The owls scream.)* Your night companions trill fearfully, old man.—Does it taste well to you?

VOICE. I am very hungry. I thank thee, sender of the ravens, for bread in the desert! And how is my dear child, Herman?

HER. Still—Hark!—A noise as of snoring! Hear you nothing?

VOICE. How? Do *you* hear anything?

HER. The sighing wind through the chinks of the tower—a night-music that makes one's teeth chatter, and one's nails blue. Hark! again—it is still as if I heard a snoring. You have company, old man. Oh! oh! oh!

VOICE. Do you see anything?

HER. Farewell, farewell!—Fearful is this place. Go down into thy hole—thy helper is above and thy avenger—cursed son!—*(Going.)*

R. MOOR, *(coming forward with horror.)* Stand!

HER. Oh me!

R. MOOR. Stand, I say!

HER. Woe! woe! woe! Now all is betrayed!

R. MOOR. Stand, speak! Who art thou? What dost thou here?

HER. Pity, oh, pity, stern Sir! Hear but one word before you kill me!

R. Moor, *(drawing his sword.)* What shall I hear?

Her. Indeed you have forbidden me on my life—I could not help it—might not do otherwise—God in heaven—your father there—it grieved me for him—strike me down.

R. Moor. Here is a secret—out with it! speak! I will know all.

Voice, *(out of the castle.)* Woe! woe! Is it you, Herman, who speak there? With whom do you speak, Herman?

R. Moor. Some one down there—what is going on here? *(loudly at the door.)* Is it a prisoner that men have cast off? I will loose his chains. Voice! once more! where is the door?

Her. Oh, have mercy, my Lord—go not further, my Lord—for pity's sake, go away. *(Stands in his way.)*

R. Moor. Away, there.—It must come out.—Now, *for the first time,* come to my aid, *thievery! (He takes forcing instruments and opens the door. An old man rises out of the ground, emaciated to a skeleton.)*

Old M. Have mercy on a miserable old man! Mercy!

R. Moor, *(starts back in horror.)* That is *my father's* voice!

Old M. I thank thee, O God! the hour of my deliverance is come.

R. Moor. Spirit of the old man, what hath disturbed thee in thy grave? Hast thou dragged a sin into that world that bars to thee the entrance through the gates of paradise? I will have masses said, to send thy wandering spirit to its home. Hast thou buried under the earth the gold of widows and orphans, that thou art driven about howling at this midnight hour? I will tear the subterranean treasure from the claws of the enchanted dragon, though he should spit upon me a thousand red flames, and set his pointed teeth against my sword. Or comest thou, at my question, to unfold the riddle of eternity? Speak, speak! I am not a man of pale fear.

Old M. I am no spirit. Touch me, I live,—Oh, a wretched, pitiable life!

R. Moor. What! Thou hast not been buried?

Old M. I have been buried—that is, a dead dog lies in my father's sepulchre; and I—three full months have I languished in this dark subterranean vault, where no beam shines, where no warm breezes blow, where no friends come near; where the wild ravens croak, and the midnight uhus howl.

R. Moor. Heaven and earth! Who hath done this?

Old M. Curse him not! This hath my son Francis done.

R. Moor. Francis! Francis! Oh, eternal chaos!

Old M. If thou art a man, and hast a human heart, saviour whom I know not, Oh, then hear the woes of a father, which his sons have made for him. Three months already have I groaned to the dead rock-walls, but a hollow echo hath mocked my complainings. Therefore if thou art a man, and hast a human heart—

R. Moor. These appeals would call the wild beasts from their holes!

Old M. I lay on a sick bed, had scarcely begun to gather strength after a severe illness, when they brought to me a man, who said my first-born had died in battle, and who brought with him a sword painted with his blood, and his last farewell, and that my curse had driven him into the battle, and to death, and despair.

R. Moor, (*turns quickly away.*) It is plain.

Old M. Hear further. I became senseless at the news. They must have thought me dead, for when I came to myself I lay already in the coffin, wrapped in a shroud, like a corpse. I scratched the lid; it was raised. It was dark night, and my son Francis stood before me. "What!" he cried, with a fearful voice, "wilt thou then live for ever?"—and the coffin lid flew quickly down again. The thunder of these words robbed me of my senses; when I awakened, I felt the coffin raised and carried away for some time. At last it was opened—I stood at the entrance of this vault; my son before me, and the man who had brought me the bloody sword from Charles. Ten times I embraced his knees, and begged and prayed—the prayers of his father reached not his heart. "Down with the wretch," thundered from his mouth, "he hath lived long enough;" and I was thrust down without mercy, and my son Francis shut me in.

R. Moor. It is not possible—not possible! Thou must be wrong.

Old M. I cannot be wrong. Hear further, but rage not yet. Thus I lay for twenty hours, and no man thought on my need; and no human foot treads these deserts, for the common saying is, that the spirits of my fathers lurk in these ruins, rattling chains, and in the midnight hour whispering their death-song. At length I heard the door open again, this man brought me bread and water, and showed me how I had been condemned to a death of hunger, and how he had put his life in danger when he came out to feed me. Thus have I been barely supported this long time; but the incessant cold—my boundless grief—my weak body—a

thousand times have I prayed to God with tears for death ; but the measure of my punishment must not yet be full—or there may yet be a joy in store for me, that I have been so wonderfully preserved. But I suffer justly.—My Charles! my Charles!—and he hath no grey hairs!

R. Moor. It is enough. Up! ye clods, ye icicles, ye dull senseless sleepers! up! Will none awaken? (*He fires a pistol over the sleeping robbers.*)

Robbers, (*starting up.*) Hollo! Hollo! what's that?

R. Moor. Hath not the tale shaken ye out of sleep? Eternal sleep would have been awakened! Look here, look here! The laws of the world are become a sport ; the bond of nature is in two ; the old discord is loose ;—the son hath slain his father!

Robbers. What says the captain?

R. Moor. No, not slain! the word is palliation! The son hath a thousand times racked, impaled, tortured his father! Words are too human for me,—at which sin becomes red,—at which the cannibals shudder,—to which no devil hath attained! The son hath his own father——Oh, see here, see here! he hath fainted!—In this vault hath the son his own father!——Cold—nakedness—hunger—thirst! Oh, see, see ;—it is mine own father!

Robbers, (*surrounding the old man*). Your father!—your father!

Schweit. (*steps nearer respectfully, and falls at his feet.*) Father of my captain, I kiss your feet! You may command my sword.

R. Moor. Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance for thee! bitterly injured, profaned old man! Thus tear I, now and for ever, the brotherly bond! (*Tears his dress from the top to the bottom.*) Thus I curse each drop of brotherly blood in the face of heaven! Hear me, moon and stars! Hear me, midnight heaven, that hath looked down upon this deed of shame! Hear me, three times more terrible God, who ruleth above the moon, and avengeth and damneth over the stars, and flameth over the night! Here I kneel,—here I stretch forth my hand in the shadow of the night,—here I swear,—and may nature cast me out of her boundaries as a malignant beast, if I break this oath! I swear no more to greet the light of day till the patricide's blood, shed on this stone, shall smoke towards heaven. (*Rises.*)

Robbers. It is a Belial's stroke! Say they we are knaves! No! by all the dragons, so bravely have we never done before!

R. Moor. Yes! and by all the fearful sighs of those who have

ever died by your swords,—of those who were consumed by my flames, or crushed by my falling tower,—there shall no thought of murder or robbery find place in your breasts, till all your clothes have been dyed scarlet red in the blood of the wretch! Have ye never dreamed that ye were the arm of a higher Majesty? The entangled thread of our fate is unloosed! This day—this day—hath a sightless power ennobled our handiwork! Worship Him, who hath called ye to this high destiny—who hath led ye here—who hath deemed ye worthy to be the fearful angels of his dark tribunal! Bare your heads! kneel down in the dust, and arise sanctified! *(They kneel.)*

SCHWEIT. Command, captain! What shall we do?

R. MOOR. Stand up, Schweitzer! and touch these holy locks. *(Leads him to his father, and puts a lock of hair into his hand.)* Dost thou remember how once thou slewest a Bohemian, as he raised over me his sabre, and I, breathless, had sunk upon my knees? At that time I promised thee a reward that should be royal; hitherto I could never pay this debt.

SCHWEIT. It is true! but let me for ever call you my debtor.

R. MOOR. No, now will I pay thee, Schweitzer; no mortal hath yet been honoured as thou art.—Revenge my father! *(Schweitzer rises.)*

SCHWEIT. Great captain! this day hast thou, for the first time, made me proud. Command where, how, when shall I slay him.

R. MOOR. The minutes are sacred,—thou must go quickly. Choose the best of the band, and lead them straight to the nobleman's castle! Tear him out of his bed, if he sleep; drag him from the meal, if he be drunken; tear him from the crucifix, if he be praying on his knees before it! But I tell thee,—I charge thee strictly,—deliver him not to me dead! His flesh will I tear in pieces, and give it for food to the hungry vultures, who but scratches his skin, or hurts a hair of his head! Whole must I have him; and if thou bringest him whole and living, then shalt thou have a million for thy reward. I will make thee a king, at the peril of my life, and thou shalt go free as the free air. If thou hast understood me, hasten away!

SCHWEIT. Enough, captain!—here hast thou my hand upon it. Thou shalt either see two return, or none. Schweitzer's destroying angel cometh! *(Exit with a troop.)*

R. MOOR. The rest, disperse yourselves in the forest,—I stay.

(To be concluded.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck; wherein are duly set forth the Crosses, Chagrins, Calamities, Checks, Chills, Changes, and Circumgyrations by which his Courtship was attended; showing also the Issue of his Suit and his Espousal to his Ladye-love. Tilt & Bogue.

What book more fit than this, to lead the van of the reviewed at merry Christmas time? Eighty-four plates, on each of which are two, three, or four pictures, with short notices at the foot, relate Mr. Oldbuck's lamentable story. It is an adaptation of M. Vieuxbois. For genuine burlesque—for the most outrageous farce and fun—Obadiah Oldbuck stands unrivalled. Those who wish to laugh as they have seldom laughed before—those who enjoy right hearty merriment by the Christmas fireside—should buy this book. Tilt and Bogue deserve an address of thanks from the British public, for making known to them a production like this, affixing to it a price that, even when added to the sideache its laughter-moving fun inevitably produces, is scarcely worthy of consideration. We only wish we could quote pictures;—transfer to our pages, if only Mr. Oldbuck's dog, at various periods of its existence. What would not our sporting readers say? Could we at least discover the breed of that beast of curious physiognomy, we should rejoice to disclose it. But we are descending in our theme; and yet, like the artist that drew him, "'tis a merry dog."

Lights and Shadows of London Life, by the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Saunders & Otley. Trash.

Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places. Second Series. Longman & Co.

To those who travel through the counties of Durham and Northumberland, or to those who reside there, this volume, which comprises those two counties, is inestimable; to those who love to sit by their own fireside, and let their fancy travel, here is the very best of guides. William Howitt has chosen his subject well. In his own words, he leads us to "the very strong hold and native ground of English popular poetry and romance." He has chosen well his subject, and he has treated it as it well deserves; no hobby torments us,—no clipping of scenery into primitive and secondary formations,—no rejoicing, with which we sympathize not, on the finding of strange fungi, or the perforation of an unknown beetle,—no political economy, with discourses on population. If there be a hobby, it is that with which his readers may sympathize, a love of the beautiful and poetical,—the grey ruin, with its ivied wall,—the tinted landscape, and all the fair harmonies of Nature. With reverent step, he treads in the paths of the renowned of olden time, and regards the scenes that have looked upon immortal deeds of our forefathers. All the old tales and ballads of a Percy and a Douglas,—the scenes of Border warfare,—the ancient hall, or the modern peasant's cot,—hill and dale, river and mead, mountain and valley,—rise beneath his pen; and we wander over the ground hallowed by memories of the past, gazing with delight around us, as we listen to the tales and sketches and the pleasant information that our fellow-traveller is giving, concerning every spot that meets our eye. We cannot trust ourselves to quote, or we should run imperceptibly over forbidden space. We refer our readers to the book, for they will never regret its perusal.

Chemistry, in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology, by Justus Liebig. Edited by Dr. Playfair. Second Edition. Taylor & Walton.

To praise this book would be absurd; for the name of Liebig stamps upon it the highest character that can be desired by a scientific man. We will only say that this, the second edition, is improved by very many additions.

Cowper's Poems, with an Introduction by the Rev. T. Dale, and numerous Illustrations. 2 vols.—*Thomson's Seasons*, with an Introduction by Allan Cunningham, and numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. Tilt & Bogue.

The high reputation of the editors is guarantee for the excellence of these works in that part of the literary department for which Cowper and Thomson are not answerable. Distinct in themselves, they belong to a series of "Tilt's Embellished Classics;" and if the forthcoming editions of Beattie, Milton, Falconer, Gray, Goldsmith, Collins, Young, &c. be provided with editors of equal talent, and be got up in a style of print, paper, and beautiful illustration, equal to the volumes before us, the whole cannot but form a series most acceptable to every lover of poetry. At this season, when compliments are interchanged, and books are freely presented, we would remark that the present of such a work as one of these, the pride of a nation, surrounded with the ornament it deserves, must be, by far, more valuable than the usual donations of those flimsy receptacles of rubbish, Annuals by name, which, while scarcely superior to these editions in beauty of illustration, are, many of them, considerably below zero in the scale of literary excellence.

Edwy, a historical Poem by J. Bell Worrall. Houlston & Hughes.

There is some poetry in the design of this little work,—less in the execution; we will not further discourage the author.

Regulus, the Noblest Roman of them All. A Tragedy, in five acts, by Jacob Jones, Esq., Author of "Spartacus," and other plays. Miller.

We confess to a prejudice against classical plays;—modern plays, that is to say, that must needs go back to Greece and Rome for a subject. If none but the loftiest passions will suffice, our own forefathers offer field enough. "Henry IV." with an English Falstaff, is a better play than "Julius Cæsar;" but we love "The Tempest" better than them both. In tragedy, we had rather hear the poet, than the historian; if history must be adorned, let it be that to which the heart responds. For the ancients, not even Æschylus (and we speak it with no false shame)—not even Æschylus can enlist our whole soul in sympathy. How, then, shall Jacob Jones? It is a fashion to load these exploded nations with the most abject adulation,—to look up to them as models; and yet, with all their beauty, the life has long since fled; the outward and delightful form remains, but it is rather as a petrifaction; for us, they have a soul no longer. As a classical play, "Regulus" deserves much commendation. Since it *is* classical, the interest is slight; but the style is vigorous and manly. Had the author chosen a theme into which his heart might thoroughly have entered, we doubt not that we should have been able to find many flights of poetry and feeling wherefrom to furnish extracts. Such little indiscretions, however, being (except in a few rare cases) beneath the dignity of this class of writers, we must be content to give the work, as a whole, all the approbation that is due to a tragedy which may be read, from first to last, without the inconvenience arising from a single emotion of any kind; that is to say, it is a very excellent classical play.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Ellerton Castle; a Romance. By "Fitzroy Pike."—	
Chap. XX. Completes the History of the French Campaign	387
Chap. XXI. The Return to Ellerton	389
Passing Away	397
The Countryman. (Paraphrase from Tibullus, Eleg. I.)	398
Church Monuments. No. II.	399
Science. (From the German of Goëthe.)	407
Ode to Love	408
Random Sketches, from the Note-Book of a Traveller in the United States.—No. VI. Baltimore	410
Smile Yet	414
Faded Flowers	415
Children's Heaven	416
History and Historians. No. I.	417
The Lay of the Hopeless	422
The Violet	*ib.*
The Robbers; a Tragedy. (Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.) Act V. Scene 1, 2	423
Literary Notices	439

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,

154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH

COMPLETES THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN.

The time appointed for the surrender of Harfleur had at length arrived; the keys were delivered up, and the besiegers made a triumphant entry. Drum and trumpet poured forth proud notes of rejoicing at the siege thus successfully concluded: in glittering procession the horsemen pranced, and the footmen gaily marched into the conquered town. Without delay the soldiers were quartered through the place; and the deserted houses and possessions of the vanquished were divided among such Englishmen as were intended to remain as a defence and colony to the newly-acquired possession. The rest of the British army tarried not long in Harfleur; the Duke of Clarence, with the Earls of March, Arundel, and others, having parted from the healthy part of the army, the town walls and all damages having been repaired, the march to Calais was commenced early in October. The events that took place on this passage are matter of history; we do not, therefore, dwell upon them; and if this chapter pass, with a few words, over the space of a month's action, it is only that the reader may not be wearied by a repetition of that which he already knows. We shall do no more, therefore, than allude to the various obstacles thrown into the way of the English, as they proceeded slowly on their

return; we intend no detailed account of the sallies and excursions of the foe with which Henry's army was harassed; they are in no way connected with the development of our story.

It was not until fourteen days after the surrender of Harfleur, that news reached the English leaders of a large army raised for the purpose of impeding their advance. The numbers of the English were thinned by disease and other causes, so that ten thousand only remained: the numbers of the French were more than ten times that amount.

But Henry allowed not his soldiers to repine. With his usual kindness, he spoke with them cheerfully and familiarly; faring himself no better than the humblest of his friends, he was well calculated to render his people sanguine in their expectations.

On reaching the banks of the Somme, by Blanquitache, they first met with the enemy, drawn up on the opposite side. The ford was rendered impassable by stakes driven into the river's bed. Marching up the course of the stream, another spot was found at which to cross; and on the 24th of October, the English army arrived at the village of Azincour: the whole force of the French was here assembled to crush the diminished and wearied army of England.

King Henry would have avoided a battle, but he found it inevitable. At night, whilst the French were employed in revelling, gaming, and casting lots for the spoil they expected in their pride, their opponents were engaged in prayer and vigil. Henry, with his principal officers, examined the ground, and fixed upon the situation in which to plant his forces: this was a gentle declivity from the village of Azincour, defended on each side by hedges, trees, and brushwood; the French remaining crowded below.

Before daylight, the king and the whole English army performed together a solemn mass; and the sounds of chanted prayer, strangely commingled with the shouts of the rioters below, ascended to the skies.

In due time the French were prepared for engagement, and rushed exultant upon the foe;—they met with utter ruin.

Shall we relate at length this glorious battle, or would it not be insult to an Englishman to offer an account of his country's greatest triumph? Need we relate the good work that the archers did that day? need we relate the conduct of brave King Harry, as, with a circlet of gold on his helm, and mounted on a milk-white steed, he animated his men, or rushed forward to strike terror into the

foe? It is needless. The field of Azincour was too well fought that the struggle should ever be forgotten; the heroes of that day live in the memory of every man, and shall ever do so to the end of time. Proudly may an Englishman boast of that day's achievements; nor need the vanquished blush, for manfully did they also sustain their parts! It was well for England that the vain Frenchman neglected in his pride to seize advantages, when in his power; it was well for England, else great might have been her loss that day.

Edward and his band neglected not this last and fairest opportunity of reaping a full harvest of laurels. Where was danger that the white banner knew not; where was glory to be earned, of which Heringford bore not off a portion?

The Duke d'Alençon, in command of the second rank of the French, had vowed that he would slay King Henry, the terror of France, or perish in the attempt. Madly he rushed through every obstacle, and engaged furiously with the king: his efforts were unsuccessful—he was vanquished and slain; his death completing the defeat of the second line, which he commanded. The third and last fled without striking a blow. The battle was won.

The loss of the French on this field was terrible: a hundred only of the English fell; two of rank, Earl Suffolk, and Edward's friend, the Duke of York. Honours were granted on the field to many who distinguished themselves; amongst others, for his services then and on previous occasions, the honour of knighthood to Edward Heringford. Every one, also, of his brave band received from King Henry a merited reward.

Having rested from the day's fatigues, the English army lost no time in completing its march to Calais, where it embarked, and, on the evening of the 16th of November, landed at Dover, after a glorious campaign in France, of about three months' duration.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE RETURN TO ELLERTON.

Little did Heringford think of the glory of the past; little did he feel of the soldier's pride, as the shouts of his countrymen welcomed back their king, and hailed the laurels of his army;

triumph and rejoicing echoed around him, but their tones fell unnoticed upon his ear; one thought filled his mind, swelling it by turns with joy and dread—Kate Westrill was its object. A month since, she was exposed to peril the most imminent, and he was not present to assist;—a month since! Oh, what misery might have been—nay, must have been—crowded into that short month; and what might Kate be now!

"Maybird, we quit Dover this instant!"

"What!" cried Mat, "commence our trip before nightfall, and ride through a dark wintry night ere we have well escaped the perils of sea-sickness! Impossible!"

The impossibility, however, was overcome. Mat Maybird, with little difficulty, was convinced of the necessity to be prompt, and the sun, as it rose the next morning, found the returning villagers already in the midst of that wood by Joe Bensal's house, in which Edward first encountered the generous Bruton.

"My uncle dwelleth hereabouts," said Mat.

"Joe Bensal?"

"Why, Master He——beg pardon, Sir Edward—dost know the old fellow?"

"I have enjoyed his hospitality, Mat; but 'Sir' me not too often, I entreat; I am unaccustomed to the sound."

"Truly abstemious!" replied Mat Maybird; "were I, now, a belted knight, I would knock down every man that called me not 'Sir Mat.' 'Sir Mat Maybird'—that soundeth odd; 'Sir Matthew Maybird'—aye, truly, 'Sir Matthew;' very pretty, 'Sir Matthew.' I like Mat better, after all. Wilt wait at my uncle's?"

"There is no time to waste."

"Even so," replied Mat; "and Joe Bensal will take good care that we waste no time. What hath he, I wonder, in his cupboard!"

"We cannot rest to ascertain that point."

"We must; the horses are tired, we are—that is to say, I am—uncommonly hungry; and, moreover, we shall still be soon enough in Ellerton." Before Joe Bensal's door, therefore, the travellers halted, and that worthy at once issued forth to receive his visitors.

"Why, Mat!" cried he, in astonishment; "Mat Maybird! Art verily my crack-brained nephew, Mat?"

"Not I, old gentleman," replied Mat, as he dismounted. "Here, be careful of this horse! Hast many nephews?"

"But one—I cannot be mistaken."

"If my name be Mat Maybird, I am not crack-brained; thanks to thy thick-skulled genealogy, the French have left my head and brains entire."

Edward was next recognised; and soon after, Mat Maybird, recognising the breakfast, proceeded to make himself intimate therewith.

Joe Bensal not being in the habit of talking while he ate, unless to recommend, and urge the consumption of his viands, it was not until a pause had arrived that Edward could obtain any information. Of Kate Westrill Joe knew nothing: a man, whom, by the description, Heringford knew to be Spenton, passed frequently to and fro; he was at Ellerton then; and two men—Sir Richard Ellerton and Curts—had yesterday tasted Joe Bensal's cheer, as they passed on the road to Ellerton. Edward waited for no more; mad with anxiety, he hastened again to horse. With a hurried explanation to their astonished host, Mat followed, and the rapid journey was continued.

The sun had reached some height in the heavens, when the two horsemen approached the last hill that separated them from their homes: it was ascended; below they could see Ellerton, with its thatched roofs and irregularly-built cottages, the dancing brook and rustic bridge; none of them were altered; but the leaves had fallen from the trees, and now strewed the ground. They had left the spot ere even Autumn's tints gave token of approaching decay; they returned now, and beheld the leafless boughs—winter was upon the scene; not the happy traces of a frosty and mirthful season, but, while yet the pleasures of the change were future, the present was but a prospect of gloomy desolation. A fire in Edward's breast destroyed the chilling influence of the sight, but the gloom was soon destined to plant itself on his brow; the desolation—the sad desolation—to be conveyed to his now bounding heart.

Descending the hill for a short distance, the returned villagers found themselves among the ruins of Ellerton castle. Black and frowning were the charred walls of the stately building; and the vast mouldering fragments, scattered on the turf, lay as though some giant hand had torn them from their allotted place in the proud framework to which they had once belonged. Edward felt that he was, in some mysterious manner, connected with the history of the edifice; this increased the awe with which its

crumbling grandeur filled him, and he, almost instinctively, reined in his horse. The two friends gazed in silence upon the ruin, each filled with his own thoughts, which he enjoyed without interruption. The repeated cry of an owl, issuing from some dark, sequestered nook, the rustle of the wind among the dead leaves upon the ground, with now and then a restless movement from one of the horses, alone broke upon the solemn stillness. A deep sigh, close at hand, startled the gazers: on looking around for the cause, they perceived, for the first time, that they were not alone.

Sitting beside a large fragment of stone, with his eyes closed and arms crossed before him, was Willie Bats: his ancient cap of camlet was on the ground beside him; a spade, and other tools of similar use, rested against the stone which supported also, in part, the weight of Willie himself.

Again the sigh broke forth; the afflicted remaining perfectly unconscious of observation.

"He may tell us all we wish to know," said Heringford, dismounting. "Willie! Willie Bats!"

Another sigh was the only answer.

"I will arouse him," said Mat, also leaping from his horse; "he is more than half asleep. Willie, when didst thou last hear of thy Cicely?"

The name made its impression, for the embodied idea mingled with the dreams of the sleeper, and produced from his lips a succession of sighs, such as, in modern days, might proceed from a pair of noisy bellows in the hands of an industrious housemaid. This was the sole response.

Mat next proceeded to the application of material agents, for the purpose of arousing the sleeping beauty; but the slumber seemed not the less likely to last for a hundred years.

"Listen to the fellow!" cried Mat Maybird; "he sighs, instead of snoring, at regular and melodious intervals! We cannot wake him;—shall I roll him down the hill? I warrant his sleep will be shaken off ere he reach the bottom."

"Let us leave him. We shall but hear the news a few minutes later."

"Nay," said Mat; "one trial more!" and he pulled the slumberer forward by the legs, until his round head bumped upon the turf. The result was satisfactory; and Willie opened his eyes, looked doubtfully around, sighed forth the name of Cicely, and prepared to continue his sleep.

"My beloved friend, Willie Bats," said Mat, "hast thou forgotten me, Mat Maybird? And see, thine old favourite, Ned Heringford, is returned."

"I am sorry for it; I am very sorry," replied Willie;—"oh, Cicely!"

"How is this, Willie?" said Mat; "doth love of Cicely drive all old friends from thy good will! Shame to thee, Willie, if it be so!"

"No, Master Maybird, no," replied Willie; "Master Edward knows that I love him;—so much, that I wish he had never seen Ellerton more!"

Edward was alarmed, and dreaded what he was to hear.

"Willie! Willie!" he cried; "detain me not in suspense; tell me all that hath occurred!"

"Misfortune, my dear young friend, very sad misfortune! Oh, charming Cicely! the village is greatly altered since thou art gone!"

Heringford knew that Cicely loved Kate too well to leave her; and tormenting fears took possession of his mind.

"Tell me, Willie, is Kate Westrill living?"

"Well for her if she were dead!" replied Willie. "Poor Kate! Oh, Cicely! Yes, Edward, the objects of our affection both live!"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Heringford; "but she is not—thou understandest! Is she Kate Westrill still?"

"She is," replied Willie; "poor Kate! next to Cicely, I never knew maid so faithful!"

"I will see her at once!" cried Edward. "Is she at home now?"

"All will be discovered!" said Willie; "Heaven knows I desire not to tell him!—No, she is not in the village."

"Where, then?" asked Edward, anxiously.

"She is," replied Willie Bats, "with the charming Cicely."

"And Cicely, where is she?"

"Would that I knew that!" cried Willie; "would that I could tell what spot is hallowed by the feet of my charmer! Oh, Cicely! I would not then be long parted from thee!"

"They are gone, then, thou knowest not where;—why went they hence?"

"There, Master Edward," replied Willie, "there is thy sorrow! I always loved sweet little Kate; she was not, to be sure, so comely

and substantial-looking as my Cicely, but she was a dear, kind-hearted girl! To think that she should be tried so early!" And the affectionate Willie wept at the thought.

"What were her trials?" asked Edward, in a thick and agitated voice; "let me hear all!"

"Old Westrill died," said Willie, "and left Kate alone, with no comforter but the charming Cicely;—to be sure, Cicely is a good comforter, she is so very thoughtful; she comforted me, sometimes, but not often, for I was always happy with her, and never needed comfort. Ah, Cicely! when shall I see thee again!"

"Soon, soon, I hope," replied Edward, who knew better than to thwart the lover in his reflections. "And Kate—when her father died—"

"Poor little Kate!" continued Willie, "when her old father died, my Cicely was a comfort, but not a protection. There came down here a man named Spenton—a bad man; he called Cicely a fat old woman! Now my Cicely is only fifty-four next spring, and not a bit more fat than I am! Therefore Spenton was a bad man; he persecuted poor Mistress Kate, and would force her to marry him—"

"Oh, that I should have been absent!" cried Edward; "continue thy tale, Willie."

"This bad Spenton came daily to Cicely's cottage—I mean to Mistress Westrill's—and persecuted her sadly. Poor Kate! I have seen her walk by the brook, and in the wood, along those walks she had trodden with thee; and her gentle blue eyes have been downcast and moist, and I have heard her sigh, so that I could not bear to look upon her; and if I spoke to her, and asked whether I could serve her, she would speak in such sad tones that they would haunt me when I was alone; and she would tell me that she knew I loved her Edward, that I should still do so, and that would please her most. I remember, before thou wert gone, she was very happy; poor dear! she was not happy then!"

Here Willie's feelings impeded utterance, and he remained silent, while the tears coursed each other, unrestrained, down Mat Maybird's ruddy cheeks. Heringford alone was calm; his grief too deeply rooted.

"Thus it continued for a long time," resumed Willie, "and Spenton never left her; he did not entreat, but commanded her to love him, and threatened horrible things. She said she would never be false to thee—and he laughed; told her thou wert mur-

dered—that he had a share in thy death, and that he intended to keep her on the blood-money."

"Villain! villain!" cried Edward; "with God's help will I avenge this cruelty! On, Willie, with thy tale!"

"When first he told this to Mistress Kate," continued Willie, "she fell upon the floor, and it was thought he had killed her; but, poor thing, she was not dead: my Cicely tended her affectionately in a painful illness that followed. During this time, Andrew Westrill came, and, as she lay almost dying, told her again that thou wert murdered,—her faith to thee solved,—and threatened her, unless she wedded Spenton."

"On! on!" cried Edward, in agony; "oh, what torture is this! But there is justice!"

"She told him," said Willie, "that, if thou wert really dead, she soon should join thee; that in the heaven to which she was going, there would be none to cross her love! Poor Kate! they still urged and threatened her: no choice was left; and some days since, ill as she was, she fled, with my Cicely, from her wicked brother's roof, to avoid the daily torment."

"And thou knowest not where she is! She may have perished from exposure to this wintry air! She may—I will find her! Be she happy angel, or afflicted mortal, I will avenge these cruel wrongs!"

They had descended the hill, and now entered the little village. Mat Maybird parted from them, to visit his father and friends. Edward and Willie continued on their way.

"This is the cottage," said Willie; "thou remember'st it; in happy times hast thou travelled hither many a summer evening, to walk in the garden with Mistress Kate, and I to visit the charming Cicely. Ah!" continued he, "those were delightful days, when she and I were on our knees together, thinking of love as we scrubbed the kitchen floor! Oh, Cicely! the house is dreary now! The floors want scrubbing, now Cicely is away; and Mistress Kate's garden is sadly neglected!"

"See!" said Edward, as the tears rose to his eyes for the first time; "this was her own flower-bed, that she tended so carefully, and planted with the sweetest flowers: look, Willie, look at the weeds that now overrun it!"

"Ah!" said Willie; "and this other is the bed that I helped Cicely to weed, when I took leave of her before starting with thee! We should find plenty of work there now!"

The house was empty, for Andrew Westrill had also left it; and as Edward and Willie entered, similar remembrances met them at every step. Here was a guitar that Kate had played; there was a poor bird—dead and stiff—that Kate had cherished! Edward remembered when first she had it; 'twas last winter, when she found it dying, and warmed it to life in her bosom: it was dead now, and the bosom that once had warmed it might, perhaps, be cold itself.

And now, as Edward gazed upon the lifeless favourite, all the bright dreams of days of old arose to complete the anguish of his soul. Oh, how often, during the months now past, had thoughts of Ellerton softened a soldier's hardships; and the pure image of Kate Westrill, graven on his heart, how often had it urged him on to glory! how often, in the dangers of the fight, had the remembrance of Kate's mild blue eye stayed the cruel arm of bloodshed, and, where war knew no pity, there was a bright genius that possessed the warrior's soul, and pleaded ever-mercy. On Ellerton, and on the gentle Kate, how many hopes had rested; every scheme of happiness, every hope of joy, every thought of peace and bliss—here, here had all been centered: here now all crumbled into dust! In Kate Westrill's home, where often he had heard her cheerful tones of love, and gazed upon her smile, there was a dreary solitude—the very bird she cherished, that used to know her gentle voice, and would joyously flutter at the sound, as it responded in notes not more melodious, whose daily song was tuned to the praise of its tender mistress—the very bird was dead!

Nor was Willie Bats without his reminiscences: the kitchen, with its pots and saucepans, contained not an article but that brought the charming Cicely to his mind; and, as he roved from thence to the dairy, new thoughts crowded upon him. He remembered how on this spot he and Cicely had sipped the new-brought milk; on that, he had driven away a sly poaching cat, that was tasting similar delights.

However different the objects that excited the feelings of Heringford and his humble friend; however differently they were manifested, yet in both they were equally deep: one felt as acutely as the other the piercing chill of his desolation.

(To be continued.)

PASSING AWAY.

The solemn vesper bell had rung
The lingering "knell of parting day,"
And pure and holy voices sung
Their lowly evening roundelay.

The stars were beaming far above,
With softened light, as clear as day;
And, musing on the realms of love,
Upon my humble couch I lay.

But sleep forsook my aching brow,
And heavenly visions by me fled,
So bright, that memory sees them now,
As round and round my couch they sped.

And first I saw an infant band,
With cheeks and lips of roseate hue;
They passed, and each one, in his hand,
Held forth a snowdrop tipped with dew.

And singing, in their childish glee,
With hearts yet free from worldly care,
"As pure and spotless white are we,
As the sweet flow'ret that we bear."

The chorus of that infant throng
Was sweet and true as was the lay,
For this the burden of their song,
"Passing away! passing away!"

They vanished; and there came a troop
Of youths, in merry concourse met;
Their snowdrops had begun to droop,
But health's glad hue was on them yet.

They sung no more their ancient song
Of "Pure and spotless white are we."
The world's dark cares had touched that throng,
And envy 'mongst them I could see.

But still, methought they gaily sung
The burthen of their former lay,
And in my ear their voices rung,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But they were gone, and into view,
A manly multitude there came;
Their snowdrops were nigh faded, too,
Scorched by their passion's fiery flame.

But though from memory's tablet, long
Had disappeared their infant lay,
They sung the burden of that song,
"Passing away! passing away!"

And last in all the motley throng,
A group of withered crones passed by;
Their snowdrops had been faded long,
And round in withered fragments lie.

But though their life was well nigh spent,
And they could scarce hold on their way;
Yet still they sang, as on they went,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Δ.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

(PARAPHRASE FROM TIBULLUS, ELEG. I.)

Let others hoard the yellow ore,
And boast the riches of their farm;
Their toils and troubles harass sore,
And neighbouring enemies alarm:
Eternal care their wretched lot—
Care, by the wiser few forgot—
Whilst ever and anon they hear
The martial trumpet at their ear,
Startling their sleep;—it bids them rise;
And at its blast their slumber flies.

But me, my penury shall lead
To life from all such troubles free;
Shall take me to the flower-gemmed mead,
And show me where its treasures be.
The creeping vine with care I'll tend,
Whilst fruit-trees to my culture bend;
For me the ripened apples fall,
And grapes adorn the sunny wall;
And ruddy-gleaming o'er the snow,
Upon my hearth a fire shall glow.

Then for thee, Ceres, be a crown
Of bearded corn to deck thy head,
Who cast'st thy blessings freely down
Before ripe Autumn's day is fled;
We'll sprinkle at thy temple door
An offering from our garner-floor:
Whilst Bacchus! Bacchus! purple king!
With jocund voice, our youth shall sing;
And maidens o'er the shaven mead,
With flowing robes their dances lead.

S. T. S.

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

No. II.

It has been remarked that the character of a people—their habits, tone of thought, and feelings—their advance in knowledge or in the comforts of civilized life—their domestic and social relations, are not to be found so much in the page of the historian, as in the more minute details of information collected by the patient industry of the antiquary. The former tells of kings and wars, and those great external revolutions which operate suddenly and powerfully; but we must have recourse to the latter if we wish to ascertain the moral and social state of a nation, at any given period. It is only by observing and comparing with diligence the accounts of domestic habits, the little incidental notices which frequently occur where we should least expect them, and the relics of ancient houses, furniture, and implements, that we can form any conception of the manner in which our forefathers lived—what were their predominant habits—what the chief objects of their tastes, their hopes or fears. Few criterions of this nature are so important as the state and character of the arts. All art is but the development, in an external form, of the feelings and ideas previously existing in the mind of the artist; and these are of course subject to the influence of national character, swayed by the same impulses, moved by the same sentiments, and acting under the same impressions as the rest of his contemporaries. It is not meant to deny that, in order to attain high excellence, there must be an individuality in the mind of the artist; but only to assert that works of art, like those of poetry or learning, bear the stamp of the age in which they were composed, and may be taken as illustrations of its character; and there is in them, as in the others, a tendency to promote the feelings of which they were the development, to reproduce the same type, and give rise to the same character, as that in which they themselves had their origin. This is, of course, as in the case of literature, only a general rule, which, in particular instances, is liable to be frequently disturbed or altogether obviated by external circumstances.

Each province of art, then, may be assumed as an indication of the state of a people's habits and feelings in that portion of their

lives to which it bears relation. The architecture and arrangements of their private dwellings, for instance, show their domestic and social condition—how they passed their time—how they gradually became more refined and accustomed to the decencies of civilized life, left off the coarse rudeness of a savage state, and became polished, cultivated, humanized. And thus also is it that we may take the ecclesiastical architecture of any given period as an illustration of its religious feeling—as being a branch of art where those feelings have more room to display themselves than in any other; requiring for its full excellence more of ideal beauty, and therefore calling into operation higher faculties of the mind.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose to select the monumental architecture of Great Britain as an illustration of the position here maintained. Nor will it be necessary to enter into the more minute details of art, but only to notice the characteristic features of each age, and to point out their connexion with the national character.

In all the monuments prior to the Reformation, from the rude and simple designs of the 13th century, without any attempts at ornament, to those of the 15th, when all the resources of revived art were lavished with a liberal hand on their construction, we find one prevailing idea. All seem formed on the same type. The ecclesiastic, the monarch, the noble, or the knight, represented with the insignia of their respective ranks, are all in the attitude of repose, with clasped and uplifted hands, as though calmly waiting for the stroke of death with christian resignation; and whatever of ornament there might be, had the same end in view, and told the same tale. The pride of man, "the vain pomp and glory of the world," were displayed in striking contrast with his mortality and corruption. Above, might be seen the form of the bishop or abbot, arrayed with his robes, his mitre, and his crozier, as when in the full garb of his order; while below, there was the same form, emaciated by disease, or reduced to the grim skeleton of death. Around the recumbent figure were placed the emblems of his faith and the hope in which he died. A dragon rested under his feet, as a token of his victory over the prince of the powers of the air. Angels stood around or supported the pillow on which his head reposed, as though watching over his parting breath, and waiting to bear his soul to its heavenly home. Above him, was represented some passage from the earthly life of his great Master, —the nativity, the crucifixion, or the resurrection,—or else the eye

of the beholder rested upon an emblematic design of the last judgment; while all around, occupying every vacant space, as though it could not come too frequently before the mind, was seen the cross, "that dear remembrance of his dying Lord," the symbol of his faith, and the badge of his high calling. Superstition, it is true, sometimes mingled her errors amid sacred truths, and the inscription, "*Orate pro animâ*," called upon the reader to pray for the deliverance of the soul from the fires of purgatory. Still, however, the general conclusion which we arrive at, is, that the monuments of these times, from the 13th to the 15th century, were chiefly characterised by a religious and devotional spirit.

Let us now go from the church into the world, and see whether the character of the nation presented corresponding features. At first sight, indeed, the prospect is disheartening. The history of the times is full of violence and strife, contentions between feudal lords, wars between rivals for the throne, cruelty, and revenge, and hatred. We might almost be tempted to think that the religion of peace had vanished from the world, and that men had given the rein to their wildest passions. But it must be remembered, that the historian cannot, from the very nature of his office, give a full idea of the national character, and that, even in his records, we can find features which leave a more favourable impression. Aspirations after a purer code of honour, and a higher standard of morals, developed themselves in the institutions of chivalry. An ardent, though misdirected devotional spirit found a vent for its energy in the Crusades; while those who shrank from the rudeness and ignorance of the times withdrew into the retired shade of the cloister, and passed their time in deep thought and continual prayer, and communion with the "cherub Contemplation." Nor was this age without abundant evidence, in deeds of piety and love, that many were actuated by sincere devotion, and voluntarily made sacrifices of their own pleasures or interests, in which more enlightened and self-complacent times could ill bear a comparison with them. The munificent foundations of institutions for the nurture of piety and learning, the alms-houses which sprang up in every village, the liberal bequests to schools and colleges, and the churches which were scattered far and wide over the face of the country—all show that there were many whose hearts the scenes of violence and bloodshed which they witnessed could not harden, but rather made them more anxious and zealous to sow the seeds of better and more peaceful times. The devotional feeling which

manifested itself in their ecclesiastical architecture, and more especially in their monuments, was but a token of the principle which regulated their lives.

Subsequent to the Reformation, though not altogether in consequence of it, a great and injurious change displayed itself in the character of our monumental sculpture. The increase of commerce, the revival of the arts, the augmentation of personal luxury and magnificence, could not but affect the devotional and simple tastes formerly predominant, and produced a desire to make even the memorials of the dead the means of exhibiting the wealth and splendour of the living. On this point, I cannot do better than quote the words of the historian of the Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain:—"The age of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth was the era of the restoration of the fine arts in Europe. Italy began to be decorated with a species of funeral monuments unknown to heathen or to christian Rome before the house of Medici gave a candidate for St. Peter's chair. From that time one may date the influx of sepulchral vanity which . . . . . crowded our churches, without regard to proportion or propriety, lavishing the wealth of commerce on posthumous pride, thrusting out silent merit and simple taste for opulent elegance and false panegyric."*

It was not so much by the increase of ornament that the age following the Reformation was distinguished from that preceding it, as by the alteration in its character. There was enough of decoration and elaborate art in the monuments of the 15th century, with their niches and their sculptured figures of saints and angels, to satisfy the most enthusiastic artist; but there still remained a simplicity and harmony of style which did not suit the corrupt taste of the 16th, and which did not afford sufficient scope for the display of wealth and luxury. The result was, that glaring colour, and gilding, and variegated marbles, were introduced whenever an opportunity occurred. Fantastic scrolls and pinnacles, arabesque ornaments, and the devices of the pseudo-classic taste which then generally prevailed, met the eye in the monument of every person whose heirs could afford the expense of this ostentatious display.

Other causes also combined to debase the character of monumental art. "The commands for destroying sacred painting and sculpture," observes Flaxman, in his first lecture, "effectually prevented the artist from suffering his mind to rise in the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, as he dreaded the

* Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, I. 8.

prison or the stake, and reduced him in future to the miserable mimicry of monstrous fashions, or drudgery in the lowest mechanism of his profession." The license formerly enjoyed (and surely it was in itself no great enormity) of introducing the emblems and symbols of religion, being taken away, the artist was obliged to devote his ingenuity to the accumulation of unmeaning ornaments, which attracted the eye, but left no impression on the heart. Still, however, the feeling of devotion was not quite gone. Men yet thought it right that the memorials of the dead should present some signs of their having been Christians; and hence, though the character of calm repose which distinguished the figures of the 15th century was discarded, they were still represented in the attitude of devotion. The father attended by his sons, and the mother by her daughters, knelt together as they had done in their household worship when alive. This, however, was all. They did not seek, as their fathers did, to awaken, by every means in their power, holy and solemn thoughts, nor to fill every vacant space by designs which called to mind the life-giving truths of immortality.

And if we turn to the national character of the time, we shall find a striking correspondence. It was a period of great activity. Men were daily striking out new avenues to wealth and power. The discovery of America, and the easy access to the Indies, gave a fresh impulse to commerce, and merchants increased in number, and acquired greater influence. It was, too, an age of intellectual progress. Literature began to raise its head—the voice of knowledge was heard and listened to—poetry poured forth her sweetest strains, and the drama rose to the summit of its glory. But with all this it was an age of ostentation, of personal magnificence and display, with but little of the devotional spirit which had animated the preceding century. Religion was a matter rather of the intellect than of the heart; polemical discussions excited interest greater than calm practical piety; and thus it naturally fell out, that while some few kept in the right path, the majority entered into the struggle for power, by courtly intrigues, or plunged into the whirlpool of courtly dissipation; and others, of an ascetic and unimaginative disposition, sank into the gloomy fanaticism of the Puritans. It is, too, always a symptom of a bad condition of the national mind, when the leading position in literature is occupied by the drama; for though it be theoretically possible for the stage to be made a powerful engine for the moral instruction of the people, yet, practically speaking, this has never generally been the case. It may

have held the mirror up to nature, but it has been to display her weakness and her frailties, not to compassion and sorrow, but to ridicule; and, in its more serious moments, to give distorted views of false virtues and exaggerated vices.* Whatever religion remained to exert a real influence over the heart, was to be found chiefly in those whose lives were passed remote from the busy scene of action. With them the associations of past times had still some power. They dwelt among their own people; distributed their bounty to the poor; founded alms-houses; endowed schools; and built churches. It is always among this class that old customs and modes of life remain the longest; and it was to them that we are probably indebted for whatever religious spirit was displayed in the monuments of the Elizabethan era.

The 17th century does not offer to our notice much that calls for peculiar attention. In the early part of it we find the same characteristics as those just described; and though a slight improvement of taste began to be visible under Charles I., yet all art, and more especially all sacred art, was withered by the blasts of that stern fanaticism which, considering all the beauties of ecclesiastical architecture as Popish, sought eagerly for their destruction, and, in too many cases, effected it. The bold and wicked men who slew the primate of the Church, and murdered their sovereign, were little likely to reverence the memorials of the dead, or to feel the influence of consecrated art. Bad, however, as this was in itself, it was, if possible, yet worse in the reaction which was its necessary result. The rigour and unimaginative coldness of the sectarians who had the upper hand in the days of Cromwell, drove the followers of Charles into the opposite extreme of licentious indulgence—into a disregard for every thing sacred, which, not content with its open attacks on revealed religion, infused its poison into every portion of literature and art, and penetrated even into the Church itself. As the effects of this age "of light without love" were more fully developed in the succeeding century, it will perhaps be better to avoid repetition, and proceed to notice the leading features of the monumental art of the latter period.

Were a stranger to enter some one of the many churches crowded with sepulchral structures of this period, he might reason-

* It is obvious that these remarks cannot apply to that writer who is the glory of English literature. Shakspere, however, ranks so far above all other dramatic writers, that he stands by himself, and cannot be considered as the representative of a class.

ably be in considerable doubt as to the religion of the country at the time. He would see, in the memorials of private affection, those emblems which the imagination of heathen poets had associated with sorrow and mortality,—the cypress—the urn—and the inverted torch; but he would look in vain for any symbol of their faith. He would read their epitaphs, and he would read, instead of the humility and hope which those of the 15th century expressed in simple language, a long catalogue of every virtue, dressed out in the language of fulsome panegyric, and resembling rather the dedication of a servile author than the language of real affection. And if he turned to those which were erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, the same thing, though on a larger and grander scale, would meet his observation. Still he would find the same absence of religious feeling, the same servile subjection to the most unmeaning allegorical system which the imagination of man had ever devised. Female figures, with helmets on their heads, or trumpets at their mouths (whom the spectator, on reference to a classical dictionary, might conjecture to be Minervas, or Victories, or Fames)—the garb and the mythology of ancient Rome —these were the sculptor's stock in trade; and it required but little exercise of his imagination so to shift and change them as to render them suitable for any given occasion. Even the signs of religion which distinguished the cumbrously-ornamented monuments of the Elizabethan age, now no longer remained, and all feelings of natural piety were suppressed, in order that they might present no obstacle to the completion of this depraved taste for pseudo-classic allegory.

The general character of the 18th century, whether in its literature or in its morals, corresponds with this taste and feeling. At no time in the ecclesiastical history of England was the general standard of religious feeling so low: at no time had the poison of what was called "free-thinking" so generally prevailed, and produced such an apathetic indifference to all the higher feelings of the mind. We speak not now of men who, like Johnson, strove, with all the massive strength of a moral giant, to stem the torrent of corruption, and to lash the vices of his age—or, like Addison, endeavoured to display virtue in alluring colours; but it is true of the vast majority of writers of that age, that they knew little, and practised less of the duties and responsibilities imposed on them. Poetry (and here, too, we speak not of the distinguished few, but of the unremembered many, who are generally the best example of

the prevailing taste of the time in which they live) was made up of addresses to Apollo, and Diana, and the Muses:—if pastoral, always silly and artificial, and frequently licentious—if didactic, fit rather for the herds of Epicurus' sty, than for christian moralists—if elegiac, overstrained and fictitious—if religious (and how seldom did the case occur!) undevotional and common-place. The same spirit pervaded the other provinces of literature, and necessarily produced a low tone of national character and social morals. To this also we may trace that disregard to the religious interests of the people, which gave rise to the enormous evils of an unchristianized population, against which the Church and the nation must now rouse all their energies to contend.

Men are seldom good judges of the character of the times in which they themselves live. They are so bound up by ties of party or principles, and see so little of what is going on in the vast machine of society, of which they form but a very small part, that it requires no ordinary discrimination and experience to take a lofty station, from which we may gather a correct judgment of those who live around us. We, therefore, who can make no pretence to this experience, may well be excused if we decline carrying on the parallel to our own times. Enough, it is hoped, has been said to show that there does exist a connexion between the monumental architecture and the character of a people—that if we wish to impart higher principles and deeper truths to the latter, the former is a subject of no slight importance—that the monuments of a christian people will contain in them evidences of christian feeling.

We ought not to conclude without making some observations on the influence of a proper taste in monumental architecture on the arts in question. The style, the evils of which have been above noticed, originated in the hope that it would give rise to a higher school of art than had previously existed—would give greater scope for the imagination and invention of the artist. In order to produce this effect, they had recourse to an imagery altogether foreign to christian feelings, and, in itself, meagre, barren, and soon exhausted. And thus, in trying to strike out a new path to excellence, by means which had no foundation in the belief of the people, and could, therefore, awaken no responsive emotions in their hearts, they fell into a tame and spiritless monotony. Great as were many of the sculptors of that age, as Bacon, Bankes, Roubiliac, and Nollekens, and admirable as was the execution they frequently displayed, they yet left behind them no works of immortality. We

look in vain for originality or poetry of thought. It was indeed a mistaken notion to think that there was not enough in christian imagery to satisfy the highest claims of art, or that it was necessary to have recourse to the creations of classic lore. Let us, on this point, cite the testimony of a writer, whose eminence as a sculptor ought to give great weight to his opinion, and whose cultivated taste made him the first to discard the senseless allegory so generally prevalent. "The gradations of celestial power and beauty in the orders of angels and archangels—the grandeur and inspiration of prophets, according to the difference of mission, the sanctity of apostles, have produced examples of beauty and grandeur of character, original in themselves, and not to be found in such variety among the remains of antiquity as in works by the restorers of art in the 15th century." The words of a man like Flaxman ought not to be disregarded. They have an important bearing upon the improvement of the present state of art, and consequently upon the effects which art produces. It should never be forgotten that a nation can attain true eminence in the arts only by following them out in a devotional spirit—regarding them as gifts which may be turned to a good account, and for the use of which we are responsible. There exists a connexion between the two which renders their influence reciprocal either for good or evil. If the people are devoid of a deep religious feeling, art will have no truth corresponding to it in the mind, and will be imaginative, shallow, and unprofitable. If we find the churches and monuments of a country in a debased and corrupted style, and the arts in general applied solely to individual gratification, we may look on it as a sign that their religious feeling is weak and inoperative. If, on the other hand, we wish to infuse sentiments of reverence and devotion, we must not disdain the resources which art supplies. And if we desire to elevate art, we must make it a channel for our religious feelings. To be ennobled it must be Christianized.

E. H. P.

SCIENCE.

(From the German of Goëthe.)

It is in science as with one that rises early: in twilight he beholds the morning red, then impatiently looks for the sun, and when it appears he is blinded.

ODE TO LOVE.*

Purest ray of heavenly beauty!
Robe of majesty divine!
Love! inspired by grateful duty,
Bows my muse before thy shrine!
Still while Hope is in its bloom,
Ere young Joy shall melt in gloom,
Ere moulder in my heart the fire
Of zealous youth, I tune my lyre,
Eternal Love, to thee; and to thy praise aspire!

God was;—and Love. And Love made all beside;
Love decked the homes of heaven in their pride;
Love called a bright creation into life—
An angel world;
And all who sullied it with Hatred's strife,
From thence were hurled.
For heaven was thine, O Love!—its seraph joy
Thou mad'st: thee thence the Giver doth employ,
Bright Love! on ev'ry task—to save or to destroy.

Thou nailed'st on th' ignoble tree
Thine own form's incarnation: at the deed,
Day shuddering, hid her face; and man, who knew not thee,
Trembled, as he beheld thy victim bleed;
While, as each red drop beat
Upon the quaking land,
Thou, Love, at Mercy's feet,
Triumphant in thy victory, didst stand,
And to the sinner saved, held'st forth thine open hand.

Thou ever-glorious Love! what thought shall scan
Thy god-like form! what mortal eye shall gaze,
Unblinded, on thy majesty! O man!
Vain is thy gratitude; vain, vain, thy praise!
Vainly, the poet's mind would celebrate
Love's highest charms: cold earth lies at his heart;—
It falters, fails; then strives to elevate
Again its voice: again he tries his art,
But, humbler grown, sings Love—the *creature's* nobler part.

* The author of this Ode feels that some apology is necessary for the want of classical taste displayed in writing on Love without even mentioning a Venus or a Cupid; on the 14th, however, of the current month, the peculiar beauty of these mythological characters will be sufficiently displayed by the artist as well as by the poet throughout our country. Leaving it, therefore, to better poets to exhibit their powers by clothing with beauty forms in themselves most absurd, the present writer adopts the easier method of taking that view of the subject, which, from possessing true poetry and sublimity in itself, stands less in aid of an ornament which he is not able to bestow.

Clothed in beauty, as the morning,
With its merry beams so bright,
O'er the sparkling ocean dawning,
Tinging all with rosy light,
Overcoming shades of night,
Woman rose, Love overflowing
In her bosom, heaven glowing,
Love-made heaven, in her eye;
Light rose on man, o'er sorrow's waves, and Chaos lost his monarchy.

Sits a widow in her bower,
And a child upon her knee;
That little child is fatherless,
Yet no thought of care knows he.
And the mother looks in his bonny bright eye,
Till the child from the steadfast gaze would fly,
And in her fond bosom he pillows his head:
O Love! in that bosom thou art not dead;
In that child, or its mother, thou canst not die.

Nor art thou degraded in brutish form,
Nor disdainest 'mid wolves to erect a throne;
Whatever hath life, thou, Love, dost warm;—
Nought liveth but loveth:—not man alone;
But the field and the flood, and the light breathing air,
Hold hearts that feel love as pure, holy, and rare:
And many a sorrow and many a care
Is soothed at the heart by the love-spring there.
O Love! joy is thy boon;—this doth all nature share!

And all that is loved, loves: the gauzy fly
That sports but for a day, when night shall come to die,
Feels that the light, which measures its brief hour,
Loves it; else whence that warm, enlivening power.
So the gnat loves the light; and in its ray,
It basks and flutters all the live-long day.
So the dog loves his master: and the lay
That summer gales bore free o'er summer flowers,
To man the cherished robin tunes, when Winter's tempest lowers.

Shall then the last link fail—
Shall man love less than this?
Shall then the last link fail—
The link that binds to bliss?
No! to thy seraph-home, above the skies,
In sweet accord, Man's grateful voice shall rise.
Thee, Love, the world shall own; from pole to pole,
Thee shall this earth acknowledge; and thy soul,
O Love! here, as in heaven, shall every act control.

HAL.

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. VI. BALTIMORE.

It not unfrequently happens, that an imaginary line of separation marks as complete a difference between the habits and characters of the inhabitants of two nations, or portions of a nation, as the widest ocean, or the most extensive intervening territory. Nowhere is this fact so evident as in the United States, where the line of demarcation between the northern and southern portions of the Union is in the highest degree imaginary, while nothing can be more dissimilar than the character and manners of the people.

I have, in a previous paper, taken occasion to sketch, in a brief, and, I doubt not, imperfect manner, the personal characteristics of the Americans of the northern states; and to advert slightly to the most prominent traits of their character and manners. On approaching, however, the regions of the "sunny south," it will be necessary to begin again *de novo*, and retracing all our former steps, to enter upon the examination of a new people; a nation differing in almost every respect from those whom I have before described.

It may be remembered, that I portrayed the northern American as thin, pallid, and sedate; cold in his feelings, and unimpassioned in his nature; and devoting all his energies to the acquirement of wealth, with but little regard to its future enjoyment. The southerner, however, possesses none of these characteristics, being generally well-made, ruddy, and warm-hearted; priding himself more on the happiness which his accumulated wealth enables him to afford his friends, than on the empty rank derived from its useless possession; and looking upon hospitality as the highest virtue of social existence; the duty, in fact, which man owes to man, for the promotion of the mutual enjoyment of life. By him, money seems to be regarded only as the means for the attainment of happiness; while his northern neighbour appears to consider it as the great end of life—the *summum bonum* of earthly felicity—the concentration of the highest degree of human enjoyment. As a merchant, we find him sometimes imprudent and reckless, but never stooping to fraud or dishonesty; occasionally rash, but never descending to

deliberate deceit; while with the northerner we find the reverse too frequently the case. Which may be the more estimable character, I leave it to the judgment of my reader to decide.

Among the ladies, the difference of appearance is even more strongly marked, and the superiority more evident than before. Graceful, animated, and vivacious, the belle of the southern and south-western states has none of the formal stiffness, the chilling coldness and heartlessness of the northerner: she approaches, in fact, much nearer to those whom my experience, such as it is, only leads me more strongly to regard as the highest models of female perfection. Much of that fastidious delicacy, which, springing inevitably from a corrupt mind, shrinks from anything which the utmost stretch of ingenuity could torture into a violation of decorum, is wanting in the character of the southern lady; and this alone would be sufficient to stamp her as far superior to her northern sister; but in every point of character this is still the case.

Much has been said, and, no doubt, correctly, of the corrupting and debasing influence of slavery in the natives of the southern portion of the United States; and conclusions very unfavourable to their domestic character have been thence deduced. Without pausing to comment on the manifest injustice of such a mode of determining national character, I should be acting unjustly were I not to rescue the fair fame of those to whom I owe so large a debt of gratitude, from the aspersions so unjustly cast upon it; for that they are unjust, the statement of a few facts will readily show. Nothing can be more distant from my intention than in any degree to palliate the horrors of slavery; for no language can be too strong to express the abhorrence and detestation in which I must ever hold it: but I would endeavour, without defending the system, to exonerate those who live under it from some of the charges with which they have been unjustly assailed.

I would observe, then, that in all those cases in which the slaves are under the immediate care and direction of their masters, as among the domestic servants, nothing can be more kind than the treatment which they almost invariably receive; nothing can involve less hardship than the nature of their service. To some, indeed, it may appear, that this kindness and consideration is often carried beyond the bounds of discretion, and practised to a ridiculous excess; but this is immaterial: we require only to know that such indulgence does exist, and that to a very great extent. We find

that it is only on the large estates, where the labourers are all placed under the rule of an overseer, that they are treated with any great degree of harshness or severity; and it is to this overseer, and not to their master, that they almost invariably owe the wrongs which they sustain.

I well remember visiting, in company with some friends, a large estate in the interior of Georgia, which had recently changed hands, and which had not yet been visited by its new possessor. We entered through a gate, fast falling to decay, and advanced up an avenue of lofty and spreading elms, to the principal mansion, which bore in every part ample evidence of the tenure of service of those to whom was committed its care. The windows broken and dirty; the blinds rotting off their hinges; and the cracked and discoloured walls, all bore witness to the energy of slave labour, and the eager assiduity of slave service. In the rear of the house, we perceived a long row of white-washed log huts, neat, certainly, in appearance, though simple, and looking as if they might be the abodes of happiness and peace. Prompted by curiosity, I entered one of these, and the sight which then presented itself quickly drove from my mind all the visions of domestic felicity in which I had before indulged. There, on a low bench, by the side of a miserable and smoky fire, sat the father of the family, suffering at that moment from a swelling of the knee, produced by over-working and exposure in the damp and marshy rice-grounds. His wife was lying, lazy and lethargic, on the wretched bed; and his family were scattered around, indolently striving to lose in sleep the consciousness of their miseries; while others had contrived to lull their senses into oblivion by temporary intoxication. The miserable rags which scarcely covered their emaciated limbs were fast falling to decay, and everything around them bore the marks of wretchedness and destitution. The young children were huddled together in the corner with the pigs, who seemed, if not their equals in intelligence, at least their superiors in happiness; for while the one would soon end, by an easy death, a life of lethargy and sloth, the other was compelled to drag out a miserable existence, toiling for others, and marked out as a contaminating and degraded object by those who owe to them that wealth which gives them the power to domineer and control. The tale told by these poor wretches was piteous in the extreme, and gave a sad picture of distress and oppression. The overseer, heartless and selfish, as these men almost invariably are, stinted and

starved the miserable slaves, to add to his own peculations: and one could not wonder, on hearing the relation, at the insurrections which so frequently take place. In these, unfortunately, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and the innocent family of the planter are murdered for the fault of the servant: yet this is one of the inevitable evils of a slave-holding system.

In the society of Baltimore, there is much more of the ease and elegance of European circles than in that of any other city of the United States; for in the states farther south, though the people are there very agreeable, yet there is a want of the elegance and refinement of Baltimore, which seems to form the happy medium between the two extremes of American social life. Even those who come from the other parts of the Union to reside there, seem to be influenced by the atmosphere of the place, and to assimilate with the general character of society. Nothing strikes a foreigner who has been travelling for some time in the northern states, more than the animation and life of a Baltimoren circle, as compared with the frigidity and formality of a northern party. There, all is stiffness and restraint; or if any conversation be started, it is vapid and frivolous in character, and rarely sustained for any length of time; all seeming to fly to the dance, as the only refuge from tedium and ennui. But in Baltimore, this resource is never wanted, for the minds of all seem so well stored that no subject comes amiss; and the conversation of the ladies, instead of being confined to the weather, the theatres, and the frivolities of life, takes a wider and more English range, and often assumes the most interesting character. Which society is the more agreeable—which gives the most lasting delight, and affords the most pleasing recollections—it would be needless to say; but this I may aver, that the hours I have spent in the society of my Baltimoren friends will ever be remembered by me as among the happiest of my life.

Let it be remembered, that nothing which I have said before on the character of the American people can be considered as applying, in any degree, to those who are now to come under our consideration. For the future, I shall confine my remarks to the southern states; a field of extreme interest, and one which has been hitherto but little explored by the traveller, but which affords no slight material for our research. Leaving the cold, the formal, and the unromantic north, I shall confine my wanderings to the sunny regions of the warm and poetical south, where the hearts of all beat warm with reciprocal kindness and hospitality, and where the

social refinements and elegances of life are not considered of such slight importance as to be unworthy the attention and care of men. We shall find, doubtless, as we proceed, much to reprehend in the character of the people; but we shall also discover that these vices are in most cases but exaggerated virtues—sentiments which in themselves are excellent, but which, when carried to excess, become mischievous and dangerous in their effect. The chivalrous feelings which most particularly distinguish the southerner, are worthy of our highest admiration and esteem; but when carried to such lengths as we often find the case among them, they become dangerous to society, and injurious to the individual himself. But this belongs rather to the far south, and may be touched on in a future paper.

Δ.

SMILE YET.

Smile yet, dear love, as thou hast smiled,
Of olden time, on me,
When free,
Too young for love, I, gay and wild,
Poured the affection of a child
Fondly on thee.

Smile as when once thou couldst bestow,
E'en on the thoughtless boy,
Such joy
With thy sweet smile, as angels know
From beams of endless love to flow
Without alloy.

Thou smiledst on the youthful friend
Whose heaven was in thy glance,
Whose chance
Of earthly bliss he knew alone depend
Upon thy smile;—that bliss now end,
Or now enhance.

Smile yet, when I have told my love;
Oh, smile thou, dearest, yet;
Oh, let
This rapture last; let Love's entreaty move
Thy gentle breast!—My heart is scanned above;
'Tis thine:—smile yet!

Hal.

FADED FLOWERS.

Wandering alone in a garden, where nature had lavished all her stores, I came to a lovely bower, covered with all sweet flowers, which scented the air around with their breath. In the bower, on a luxurious couch, reclined a beautiful maiden, richly dressed. Her fair forehead rested on her lily hand, and the tresses of her jet black hair hung down carelessly and uncurled. Tears dimmed the eyes of the maiden, and her heart was sad, almost to breaking—for she was alone.

And I saw a form like the form of a Spirit, but more serious than is their wont, yet with a countenance that beamed with joy. And the Spirit came to the bower, and, seeing the maiden, pitied her ; and turning away she went through the garden gathering flowers : and I wondered much when I saw her ; for she passed by all the beautiful and blooming flowers, and gathered faded ones, whose leaves were all withered, and whose heads hung down droopingly. And I saw the Spirit weave a garland of the withered flowers ; and then she breathed on them, and they seemed to bloom again with a strange life, yet without losing their drooping form, so that it was a mystery to me, and I understood it not.

And the Spirit brought the garland, and gave it to the maiden : and I saw that her sorrow of heart was gone, and her lovely face beamed with joy. But soon she became sad again, yet not with so great sadness as had been in her heart before.

Then the Spirit took away from her the garland of flowers ; and going again into the garden, she drew from her bosom a very small instrument of music, which she played upon with her mouth, making the most exquisite harmony. And at the sound of that divine music, there came through the air a little Spirit, very beautiful, holding in its hand a golden vase, full of a clear liquid that seemed like crystal. And the first Spirit held up the garland, and said, "Touch these withered flowers with the liquid that is in thy vase."

And the little Spirit poured one drop from his vase upon each of the flowers ; and I saw another change come over them yet stranger than the other : for they seemed to bloom as though they had but newly burst from their buds, and yet, through their brightness was the figure of the faded flower still seen. And the Spirit took the garland of mystery, and gave it again to the maiden. And I saw that she rejoiced in her heart : and she went away in her gladness, and sorrow visited her no more.

And I pondered long upon these things: at last I understood that the first Spirit was MEMORY, which could make any thing, even a withered flower, bring back to the heart the hours of gladness that had passed away. But that was not enough: it was needful that the second Spirit, which I understood to be HOPE, should touch the flowers with his magic liquid; and then they whispered to the maiden that the hours whose memory was so sweet, would one day return again.

PUCK.

CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

WHILE the bells are tolling round you,
Brother babe and sister dear!
What unto that tomb has bound you,
Listening there with curious fear?
There no voice you've heard, nor laughter;
There a new-made grave lies deep;—
Ah! you wish to know where after
Infants leave their homes they sleep.

Through that wall, your eager faces
Long to see how children play
In those other happier places
Which you think of when you pray.
There you saw them borne, reposing
In their loveliness; and there
Think that tomb, their heaven enclosing,
Keeps them blest, and bright, and fair.

There, could you but see, the unending
Land of love and wonder lies;
And with choirs of saints attending,
Hosts of glorious seraphs rise.
There of life the shining river
Flows through fields of warmer green,
And the angels' songs for ever
Rise harmonious and serene.

Ah! let no cold talk of dying,
Nought of pain and stifling breath,
Nought of loneliness low lying,
Touch their thoughts of heaven and death.
Fast their thread of life shall lengthen;
Other thoughts shall haunt the scene;
Then, thou heaven receding, strengthen
All whereon their hearts must lean.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

No. I.

In commencing a series of papers on a subject such as that implied in the title which stands at the head of the following article, it may be as well for the writer to state, in few words, his general object and intention, both as regards the subject itself, and his manner of treating it. It has frequently occurred to him that the study of history is by no means made a sufficiently prominent part of the systems of education adopted in the schools and universities of our land, and that those under instruction are not generally led to consider it in its real light. True it is, that the study of ancient history is pursued in connexion with the perusal of the classics, which form the main feature of education; but it would seem to be used rather as a necessary illustration of their meaning, than as a distinct and important branch of research, while on modern historians hardly any attention is bestowed. That a subject so wide and comprehensive in its nature, should, at a time when our whole system of university education requires so close and unremitted application to merely classical or mathematical attainments, receive the full attention which it deserves, it would be too much to expect. The writer is fully aware of the immense advantages derived from the studies promoted in our universities, as regards both the acquisition of knowledge and the increase of mental power; yet it would appear desirable that the student should be guided to the right method of entering on a pursuit, which must ever be among the noblest that can engage the energies of the human mind. It is his object in this paper, and those which may succeed it, to develop his own idea of the true nature and bearings of historical study, illustrating it, as he proceeds, by reference to the works of the greatest historians; and on this task he enters, not with the belief that he is capable of advancing anything new and undiscovered on the subject, but simply with the hope that his remarks may lead some person, into whose hands more worthy productions may not have fallen, to the investigation of history, in a proper course, and with a sincere spirit of inquiry; or at least may induce him to feel the great importance of the pursuit.

History may be briefly defined as the narration of past events, in their relations to one another, and to our own times; hence it is evident that, except as a mental exercise, it can only be of practical

utility, when considered in its bearings on present or future transactions. It is indeed the book of experience; but we open it only as our guide-book, by which to shape our future course. If we but know how to use it rightly, we shall find it a correct and faithful chart, which points out to us the rocks and quicksands which, as members of society, we must avoid; and the directions in which the varying currents of human thought, and feeling, and action, are ever tending. It is a common, but unsound remark, that the student is necessarily ignorant of the world. Unacquainted he may be with the surface of society,—its external features may not be familiar to his eye,—but if he has read, and thought, and employed his mind in the true course of historical investigation, he will be well versed in its internal organization, the anatomy of its thoughts and motives will not be unknown to him, and he will enter far more deeply into the mysteries of man's nature and conduct, than most of those who have gathered their knowledge from mere personal experience. In fact, it requires a mind of no ordinary penetration to see clearly through the mists of prejudice, controversy, and falsehood, which obscure the present; while he who fixes his gaze on the past, enjoys the prospect as on a bright day, discerning objects in their true proportions and relations to one another. Self-interest is the mother of misrepresentation; its daily operation is to throw obscurity and perplexity in the path of every one who desires to learn the truth, and estimate correctly the events which he sees working around him. Read the journals of the day, the chief means of general information on political subjects. What do we find in them? Party-feeling concealing the truth, and presenting the whole world and its transactions in a distorted and ever-changing view, such as may appear to suit for the time the interests to which they are devoted. Study the debates of public bodies: still the same atmosphere of misrepresentation surrounds us; we breathe it at every step we take. He must indeed possess wonderful discrimination and coolness of judgment, who, in the midst of so much difficulty and contradiction, can learn to estimate truth, and discover what is real and what illusive, in so strange a complexity of doubt. But when we look back on past ages, we find these mists of prejudice comparatively dissipated. I say comparatively, for they continue, though in less density, to hang over every transaction which seems to have a direct bearing on the opinions and conduct of the present times. We see that they did exist, and perceive how the truth has gradually emerged from them; we understand their causes, natures,

and effects ; and thence we learn to give them their due importance, when they present themselves to us in the events of our own generation.

The practical question then to be decided is this: how may we best study history with a view to the attainment of such an insight into human nature, as it shows itself in nations, as may enable us to judge of the present, and provide for the future ? I speak of the study of history as pursued by one who is anxious to search out the causes of things, to understand and appreciate the motives and feelings of all who have thought, and spoken, and acted, in bygone ages. To that method, which, in practice at least, if not in theory, too frequently prevails, which treats it as a mere acquisition of names and facts, with dates attached to them, it is not worth while to allude. History thus read may certainly be highly useful, as imparting strength to the memory ; but the same purpose would be better answered by the diligent study of the " Post-Office Directory," or a bookseller's catalogue. As far as the cultivation of the reasoning powers is concerned, both plans stand precisely on the same level. It is evident that history may be read with a particular view to many very dissimilar, though connected subjects. The theologian may bend his chief attention to the annals of the Church, and the great religious changes which have taken place among mankind ; the politician may fix his interest on the rise and fall of nations, and the systems of war, commerce, or government, which have obtained ; the literary man may trace the progress of knowledge, from age to age, and land to land ; and the favourite occupation of each may give a tinge to the light in which he prefers to view the past. But none of these can be termed a distinct species of historical study. They constitute separate lines of investigation, but still admit of the same method of operation. They are mines rich with different ores ; but the art of procuring and purifying the metal may be similar in all. It will, I think, appear that there are two distinct systems of historical inquiry, founded on two equally distinct varieties of natural character. We cannot but notice in some minds a tendency to individualize ; to look at parts in preference to the whole ; to consider events by themselves, and not as links of a chain ; while in others a fondness for generalizing, for grasping the whole in its main features, and connecting it with all that precedes and follows, is no less apparent. From the former of these tendencies we find one system of historical study springing, of which the leading characteristic is, the habit of directing the

attention to unconnected narratives, and the acts of individuals, viewed in themselves, and not as representatives of classes, or of the age in which they lived. There are many who would fix upon the careers of Cæsar or Napoleon as illustrating the nature and effects of unbounded ambition; on the stories of Leonidas or Cato as commentaries on true constancy and nobility of the soul; on the reigns of the Roman Titus or the Russian Peter as samples of diligence and public spirit in monarchs; without reference to the circumstances of the time, or the co-operation of causes, which brought out, in their respective ages and nations, the great emperor of the French, or the civilizer of the Muscovites. They find in the records of eminent men a series of practical illustrations of moral truths, and trace in the history of individuals the action of the same human nature, variously modified, and subjected to the same immutable laws, which regulate the being of all men. I do not say that all who adopt this system carry it to this point; but that such is the true and sound object for the attainment of which it is to be employed, that such is its spirit when it is pursued by a man of thinking mind and right feeling.

It may appear to some that history, considered in this light, nearly coincides with biography. But the proper office of this latter is to treat of men in their relations to themselves and to those immediately associated with them in private life; while the former embraces only their public acts, and those transactions in which they are connected with the general course of events in their times. The one explains to us the growth of their character and opinions, the influences which have contributed to form them, and the manner in which they have indicated themselves; the other, viewing them as formed, instructs us how they have affected the fortunes of the state. Nor is this the less true, because in writing the life of a public man, the biographer may frequently find himself compelled to assume for a time the office of an historian; or the historian to supply the deficiency of a biographer; though carried on by the same writer, and in the same work, biography and history may still remain essentially distinct. The due connexion between the two studies, and their relative importance, is a subject of considerable moment in historical pursuits.

To return to the subject:—this feeling is closely allied to one which seems wholly to occupy the minds of many, and should be strong in all; one whose influence is felt in political theories and religious belief, leads us to have a deep sense of personal distinctness,

to perceive that we are individual men, as well as members of society, and that there is a law, which belongs to us as such, and which we see exhibited in the history of every man. Hence the interest we take in the lives of great or excellent men. It is because we feel that they have something in common with us; that they stood in the same relation to a superior power, as we ourselves now stand; that the view they have taken of that relation, and the manner in which they have fulfilled its requirements, bear upon our own position and consequent duties. Nor is this sense of a common nature opposed, as might be thought, to the sentiment of personal distinctness; it tends rather to strengthen it, for it leads us to remember, not so much that they are directly united to us, as that they have that in them which is similar to what we perceive in ourselves, and are in like manner bound to that which is above us all. There is in this view, as in every other, some danger. Every tendency which has its origin in a sentiment, and not in the deductions of pure reason, involves the peril which may arise from the prevalence of a single feeling, not counteracted and moderated by collateral influences. Here, for example, care is needed, lest we take a confined scope in the investigation of history, and forget the connexion between events, which is wound in innumerable links from age to age, and blends the annals of all times and nations in one compact and consonant whole. Thus considered, there is something noble and exalted in the study of individuals, as we see their thoughts and actions reflected in the mirror of history, though it may appear but a limited and narrow-minded view of the past as it lies spread before our gaze. It is not indeed the light in which the deeply-reflecting politician may contemplate the events of ages; it does not develop all the mighty machinery of causes by which the moral world is regulated: it has, as we have said, its dangers; but it is not therefore to be despised, for it does help to give, what is most essential to a right judgment, a strong sense of the reality of things and men long gone by; and, which alone is sufficient to defend it from contempt, it is the view taken by many, who, if not of the highest order of intellect, are certainly men of sincere and earnest minds. But the character and tendency of this system will be clearer, and capable of fuller explanation, when that other method is understood to which I have already alluded, and which must form the subject of a future paper.

G. S. W.

THE LAY OF THE HOPELESS.

I LOVE thee well: too well for mine own peace,
Which sinks to sadness as I look on thee.
I love thee well: oh! that my heart would cease
Its idle dream; since mine thou canst not be.
For Love, alas! doth bring but only pain,
To him that loveth fondly, but in vain.

I love thee well: go ask the queen of night,
If that my word thou doubtest, cruel maid;
Ask her how oft her sad and pensive light
My wakeful vigils, pitying, hath surveyed.
Go ask the night how oft my hopeless prayer
Hath broke the stillness of the silent air.

I love thee well: look on my pallid cheek,
If that my word thou doubtest, cruel fair;
And let my looks, so full of anguish, speak
The pangs of love,—the tortures of despair.
Go, ask these eyes what beauty they can see
In aught around, since first they looked on thee.

I love thee well: ere many months are gone,
Still doubting, thou may'st ask the silent grave,
And thou shalt read, on the recording stone,
"Here sleeps, in peace, a hopeless passion's slave,
Whose lot Death pitied, and, with friendly care,
Removed him from his bane—a cruel fair."

C. H. H.

THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET drooped beneath the burning sun, and exhaled its last fragrance in sighs, as it prepared to perish away from Earth's stony bosom. The fate of the neglected flower fair Evening saw; and, as she blushed for the cruelty of man, tears fell, as dew-drops, from her deep blue eye;—upon that poor violet fell one, and nestled at its heart. By that bright drop was the fading blossom nourished, and again it lifted up its head; again, but with redoubled sweetness, poured forth its old perfume.

As the violet from the hard earth, so fades from our soul the gentle form of virtue before the fierce heat of conflicting passion; but let Love come—that boon, the healing tear of a God of pity—let love come;—as a dew-drop will it cluster at the heart; and all the sweet emotions of purity and virtue arise once more, in the pride of their beauty, to form lost Paradise within.

HAL.

THE ROBBERS.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.)

ACT V.

Scene I.—*A Suite of Rooms. Night.*

Daniel. (*with a lantern and a bundle.*) Farewell, dear old house! I have enjoyed in thee much of good and delight, while my old lord lived. Tears on thy bones, thou that art rotting in thy grave!—That he deserves from an old servant. It was an asylum for orphans, and a refuge for the forsaken; and this son hath made it a den of murderers.—Farewell, good floor! how often has old Daniel swept thee.—Farewell, dear stove! old Daniel takes a sad leave of thee;—it has all been so trusted to thee—it will make thee sad, old Eliezer. But God, in his mercy, defend me from the deceit and cunning of the wicked! Empty came I here—empty I go away again;—but my soul is saved.

Enter Francis. (*In a night dress.*)

Dan. God help me! my lord! (*Puts out the light.*)

Fran. Betrayed! betrayed! Spirits look out of their graves. The dead, shaken from their eternal sleep, roar against me—*Murderer! murderer!* Who moves there?

Dan. Help, holy Mother of God! Is it you, my lord, who scream so fearfully through the passages, that all the sleepers are aroused?

Fran. Sleepers? Who bid ye sleep? Go, get a light. (*Exit* Daniel: *another Servant enters.*)—None shall sleep in this hour. Hearest thou? All shall be up—in arms—all the guns loaded. Sawest thou the arch shake there?

Serv. Where, my lord?

Fran. Where, blockhead; where? So coldly, so vacantly askest thou where? It hath seized me like a giddiness! Where, fool? Where? Spirits and devils! How far is it in the night?

Serv. The watchman is now calling two.

Fran. What? Will this night endure till the last day? Didst thou hear no tumult in the neighbourhood? no war-cry; no noise of galloping horses? Where is Cha—the Count, I would say?

Serv. I know not, my lord.

FRAN. Thou knowest not? Art thou, also, in the plot? I will stamp thy heart out of thy ribs! with thy cursed "I know not." Go, call the priest.

SERV. My gracious lord!

FRAN. Dost thou grumble? Dost thou loiter? (*Exit servant hastily.*) What! have beggars, too, conspired against me? Heaven, hell! all conspired against me?

DAN. (*comes with a light.*) My lord—

FRAN. No! I tremble not! It was an idle dream. The dead rise not up. Who says that I tremble and am pale? I am quite well.

DAN. You are deadly pale; your voice is weak and faltering.

FRAN. I have a fever. Say, when the priest comes, I have a fever. In the morning I will lose some blood, tell the priest.

DAN. Does it please you that I should drop some balsam of life upon sugar for you?

FRAN. Drops upon sugar for me! The priest will not be here directly. My voice is weak and faltering; give me some balsam of life upon sugar.

DAN. Give me first the key, I will fetch it from the cupboard.

FRAN. No, no, no! stay! or I will go with you. You see, I must not be alone! How soon I might, you see—faint—if I were alone. Let it be; let it be! It will pass away; stay.

DAN. Oh, you are *seriously* ill!

FRAN. Yes, truly, truly; that is all. And sickness disturbs the brain, and hatches mad and wonderful dreams. Dreams mean nothing; is it not so, Daniel? Dreams come from the stomach; and dreams mean nothing. I have had such a droll dream. (*He faints.*)

DAN. What is this? George! Conrad! Bastian! Martin! Is there not one witness among ye? (*Shakes him.*) Maria, Magdalene, and Joseph! they will say I have killed him. God have mercy on me!

FRAN. (*wandering.*) Away, away! Why dost thou shake me so, horrible skeleton? The dead rise not yet—

DAN. O, eternal goodness! He hath lost his reason.

FRAN. (*raises himself.*) Where am I?—Thou, Daniel? What have I said? Mark it not! I have told a lie, be it what it might. Come, help me up! It is but an attack of giddiness—because—because I have not slept.

DAN. If only John were here! I will call help; I will call the doctor.

FRAN. Stay! Sit down by me on this sofa!—so—thou art a sensible man, a good man. Let me tell thee!

DAN. Not now; another time! I will get you to bed; rest is better for you.

FRAN. No, I pray thee, let me tell thee; and laugh loudly at me. See, it seemed to me that I had made a royal meal, and I lay drunken upon the turf of the castle garden, and suddenly—it was the hour of noon—suddenly—but I tell thee, laugh loudly at me!—

DAN. Suddenly?

FRAN. Suddenly a tremendous thunder struck my slumbering ear; I reeled up, trembling, and look,—it seemed to me as if I saw the whole horizon flaming in a fiery heat; and mountains, and cities, and towns, and forests, melted like wax in the oven; and a howling whirlwind swept over the sea, the heaven, and the earth; then it sounded, as from iron trumpets, "Earth, give up thy dead; give up thy dead, sea!" and the naked fields began to move, and to cast up skulls, and ribs, and jaw-bones, and legs, which joined themselves together into human bodies, and streamed past innumerable, a living storm. Then I looked up, and, behold, I stood at the foot of the thundering Sinai, and above me, a multitude, and below me a multitude; and above, on the summit of the mountain, on three smoking seats, three men, before whose gaze the creatures fled—

DAN. That is the very counterfeit of the last day.

FRAN. Then stepped forth one, to look upon, as the starry night, who had in his hand an iron seal-ring, which he held between the east and the west, and cried, "Eternal, holy, just, unchangeable! There is but *one* truth; there is but *one* virtue! Woe, woe, woe, to the doubting worm!" Then stepped forth a second, who had in his hand a glittering mirror, which he held between the east and the west, and said, "This mirror is truth; hypocrisy and deceit shall not stand." Then I shrieked, and all the world;—for we saw the forms of snakes, and tigers, and leopards, reflected from that fearful mirror. Then stepped forth a third, who had in his hand an iron balance, which he held between the east and the west, and said, "Come hither, ye children of Adam; I weigh thoughts in the scales of mine anger; and deeds with the weight of my wrath!"—

DAN. God have mercy on me!

FRAN. White as snow stood all; expectation beat anxiously in every breast. Then it seemed to me that I heard my name called first out of the thunders of the mountain, and my innermost marrow froze in me, and my teeth chattered loud. Quickly began the balance

to ring, the rocks to thunder, and the hours passed by, one after another, to the left scale, and one after another cast a death-sin therein.

DAN. Oh, God forgive thee!

FRAN. That did he not! The scale grew to a mountain; but the other, full of the blood of reconciliation, kept it still high in the air. At last came an old man, bowed down with grief, his arm gnawed for raging hunger; all eyes turned with awe towards the man. I knew the man; he cut off a lock of his silver hair, cast it into the scale of sins, and look, it sunk—sunk suddenly—into the abyss, and the scale of reconciliation fluttered high in the air! Then heard I a voice sounding out of the smoke of the rocks, "Mercy, mercy, to every sinner of the earth and the abyss; thou alone art cast away!" (*A long pause.*) Now, wherefore laughest thou not?

DAN. Can I laugh when my skin shudders? Dreams come from God.

FRAN. Fie, fie! say not that! Call me a fool, an idiot, an absurd fool! Do that, good Daniel, I beg thee; mock me boldly!

DAN. Dreams come from God. I will pray for thee!

FRAN. Thou liest, I say. Go this moment, run, see where the priest stays; bid him hasten, hasten; but I tell thee, thou liest.

DAN. God have mercy on thee! (*Exit.*)

FRAN. Base wisdom, base fear! It is not yet known whether the past is past; or whether there is an eye above the stars. Hem! hem! Who whispered that to me? Doth one judge above the stars? No, no! Yes, yes! It fearfully whispers around me, "One judgeth above the stars!" Yet these nights argue against an avenger above the stars! No! I say.—Wretched lurking-place, under which thy cowardice will hide itself;—desolate, lonely, silent, is it above the stars.—If there were anything more? No, no; there is not! I command, that there is not! Yet, if there were? Woe to thee, if there should be an after-reckoning; if these nights should be but the earnest!—Wherefore doth it so shudder through my bones?—To die!—Wherefore doth this word lay hold upon me thus? Give judgment to the Avenger above the stars; widows and orphans, the oppressed, the tormented, howl unto him; and if he is just, wherefore have they suffered?—Wherefore hast thou triumphed over them?—

Enter MOSER.

MOSER. Thou hast sent for me, my lord! I am astonished. The first time in my life! Is it in thy thoughts to mock religion, or dost thou begin to tremble before it?

FRAN. To mock, or to tremble, according as thou shalt answer me. Hark, Moser, I will show thee that thou art a fool, or wilt hold the world for fools; and thou shalt answer me. Dost thou hear? On thy life shalt thou answer me.

MOSER. Thou dost summon a higher Being before thy judgment-seat. He will sometime answer thee.

FRAN. Now will I know—now—this moment, that I may not commit a shameful folly, and, in the pressure of necessity, call on the idols of the multitude. I have often said to thee, with a laugh of scorn, and drunk with wine, "There is no God!" Now I speak to thee in earnest; I say to thee: there is none! Thou shalt oppose me with all the arms thou hast in thy power, but I blow them away with the breath of my mouth.

MOSER. Thou couldst as easily blow away the thunder, that with ten thousand hundred-weight will fall upon thy soul! The all-knowing God, whom thou, fool and wicked one, wouldst annihilate in the world of his creation, needeth not to justify himself by the mouth of dust. He is even as great in thy tyrannies, as in the smile of virtue's sway.

FRAN. Uncommonly good, priest; thou pleasest me.

MOSER. I stand here in the affairs of a higher Lord, and speak with one who is a worm, as I am, whom I will not please. Truly I must do wonders, if I should force a confession from thy stiff-necked wickedness. But if thy conviction is so fast, wherefore hast thou called me? Tell me; wherefore hast thou called me in the midnight?

FRAN. Because I have long leisure, and have no taste for the chess-board, I will amuse myself by contending with priests. With empty terror thou wilt not unman my courage. I know well that he hopes in eternity who comes short here; but he is most vilely deceived. I have always read that our being is nothing but a spring of the blood, and, with the last blood-drop, melts also spirit and thought. It shares all the frailties of the body, and is it not destroyed by the body's decomposition? Doth it not evaporate with the body's decay? Let a drop of water get into thy brain, and thy life makes a sudden pause, which borders nearly on non-existence, and whose continuance is *death*. Sensation is the vibration of some strings, and the broken harp sounds no more. If I pull down my seven castles, if I break this Venus, then symmetry and beauty *hath been*. See there!—that is thy immortal soul!

MOSER. That is the philosophy of thy despair. But thine own

heart, that fearfully beateth against thy ribs at these arguments, giveth thee the lie. One word shall rend these tissues of systems:—Thou must die! I challenge thee; this shall be the proof:—If thou shalt stand firm in death, if thy foundations fail thee not then, so hast thou won. If, in death, only the least shudder come upon thee, woe to thee, then! thou hast deceived thyself.

FRAN. (*abstractedly.*) If, in death, a shudder come upon me?

MOSER. I have seen many such wretches, who thus far have made a mock at truth! but in death the delusion fluttered away. I will stand by thy bed when thou art dying—I would willingly see a tyrant die—I will stand by, and look thee fixedly in the eye, when the physician shall take thy cold, damp hand, and can scarcely feel the lost, lagging pulse, and with that dreadful shrug saith, "Human help is in vain!" Guard thee then, oh guard thee well, that thou then lookest like Richard and Nero!

FRAN. No, no!

MOSER. And this *no* will then turn to a howling *yea;*—an inward tribunal, that thou canst no more bribe with sceptical speculations, will then awaken and hold judgment over thee. But it will be an awakening, as of one buried alive in the church-yard; it will be an agony, as of the suicide when he hath done the deadly deed and repents; it will be a lightning's flash, that flameth over the midnight of thy life; it will be *one* look, and if thou then standest firm—thou hast won.

FRAN. (*restlessly going up and down the room.*) Priests' chattering! Nonsense!

MOSER. Then for the first time will the sword of eternity pass through thy soul, and then, for the first time, too late. The thought of God awakens a fearful neighbour; his name is *Judge.* Look, Moor, thou hadst the life of thousands at the point of thy finger, and of these thousands hast thou made nine hundred and ninety and nine miserable. Thou wantest but the Roman kingdom to make thee a Nero; but Peru, to make thee a Pizarro. Now, believest thou God will pardon it; that a single man should rage in his world as a fury, and turn the highest to the lowest? Believest thou that these nine hundred and ninety and nine were made for destruction, but to be the puppets of thy satanic play? Oh, believe it not! Every minute that thou hast robbed them of, every joy that thou hast poisoned to them, every success that thou hast marred, will be demanded of thee; and if thou shalt answer that, Moor, thou hast won.

FRAN. No more; not a word more! Wouldst thou I should be at the bidding of thy black-livered humour?

MOSER. Look, the fate of men standeth among themselves in a fearfully-equal balance. The sinking scales of this life will rise high in that; the rising in this will fall to the ground in that. What here was temporal sorrow will there be eternal triumph; what here was a brief triumph will there be eternal, endless despair.

FRAN. (*rushing to him.*) Thunder make thee dumb, thou lying spirit! I will tear thy cursed tongue out of thy mouth!

MOSER. Feelest thou so soon the weight of truth? I have yet said nothing of proofs. Let me—

FRAN. Silence! Go to hell with thy proofs! The soul is annihilated, I tell thee; and thou shalt not answer me!

MOSER. The spirits of the abyss groan also for that; but He in heaven shaketh his head. Thinkest thou to avoid the arm of the avenger in the dread kingdom of nothingness? And goest thou towards heaven?—so is he there! Make thy bed in hell;—he is again there! Sayest thou to the night, Cover me! and to the darkness, Hide me!—so must the darkness shine around thee, and around the damned—midnight turn to day. But thy immortal spirit opposeth itself to a word, and conquereth over blind thoughts.

FRAN. But I will not be immortal—I will force him to destroy me. I will rouse him to rage, that in his rage he may destroy me. Tell me, what is the greatest sin, and what the most fearfully can anger him?

MOSER. I know only two; but they are not committed by *men;* also *men* punish them not.

FRAN. These two!

MOSER, (*expressively.*) *Patricide* is one; *fratricide* is the other. —Why art thou so pale?

FRAN. Art thou in league with heaven, or with hell? Who hath told thee that?

MOSER. Woe to him who hath them both on his heart! It were better for him that he had never been born! But be at peace; thou hast neither father nor brother more.

FRAN. Ha! Knowest thou none besides? Think well. Death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hang upon the words of thy mouth.—Not one other?

MOSER. Not one other.

FRAN. (*falls on a seat.*) Annihilation! annihilation!

MOSER. Rejoice; yet rejoice! Think thyself yet happy! With all thy crimes, thou art yet holy by a patricide. The curse that

falleth upon thee is a song of love compared with that which lighteth upon him—the reward—

Fran. Go into a thousand pits, thou owl; who bid thee come here? Go, I say, or I will run thee through and through.

Moser. Can priestly chattering so move a philosopher? Blow it away with the breath of thy mouth. [*Exit. A deep pause.*

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. The Lady Amelia has fled; the Count has suddenly disappeared.

Enter Daniel.

Dan. My lord, a troop of furious horsemen are riding about, crying, Murder, murder!—the whole village is in alarm.

Fran. Go, let all the bells be sounded—let all go to the churches—fall on their knees—pray for me! All the prisoners shall go free—I will restore to the poor twice and threefold; I will—but go—call the confessor, that he may absolve my sins. Art thou not gone? [*The noise becomes louder.*

Dan. God forgive me my heavy sins! How shall I understand that? You have always turned out of the house all the good prayers, have thrown the sermon-books and bibles at my head, when you have caught me praying—

Fran. No more of this. *To die!* Seest thou? *To die!* It will be too late. (*Schweitzer is heard outside.*) Pray! pray!

Dan. I always told you—you despised prayer so; but take heed, take heed! when trouble comes upon a man, when the waters overflow his soul, then he would give all the treasures of the world for a christian prayer.—Do you see? You reviled me! Now it is so!—Do you see?

Fran. (*embraces him.*) Pardon, dear, best Daniel, pardon. I will clothe thee from head to foot—but pray. I will make thee a bridegroom—but pray—I conjure thee—on my knees I conjure thee—in the d—l's name—but pray! [*Tumult in the streets.*

Schweitzer, (*outside.*) Storm! strike dead! break in! I see a light! he must be there.

Fran. (*on his knees.*) Hear me pray, God in heaven! It is the first time—shall never happen again! Hear me, God in heaven!

Dan. What dost thou? That is godlessly prayed.

A concourse of People.

People. Thieves! Murder! Who brawls so terribly in this midnight hour?

SCHWEIT. (*outside.*) Beat them back, comrades. It is the devil come to fetch your master. Where is Schwarz, with his party? Post yourselves round the castle, Grimm; raise a storm against the walls!

GRIMM. Fetch the firebrands; I will throw fire into his halls.

FRAN. (*prays.*) I have been no common murderer, my Lord God; I have never had to do with small things, my Lord God!

DAN. God have mercy upon us! Even his prayers are turned to sins. [*Stones and firebrands fly about; the windows are broken; the Castle burns.*

FRAN. I cannot pray. Here, here! (*Beating his breast.*) All is so drear, so hardened. (*Stands up.*) No, I will not pray; this victory shall heaven not have over me; hell shall not mock me with this.

DAN. Help—help! the whole castle is in flames!

FRAN. Here, take this sword—quick—drive it into my body, that these wretches may not come and mock me.

[*The fire burns more.*

DAN. Take care! take care! I would send no man too soon to heaven; much less too soon — [*Exit.*

FRAN. (*after a pause.*) To hell, thou wouldst say. Truly, I smell something. (*Wildly.*) Is that your merry song? Do I hear ye hiss, ye vipers of the abyss? They press round—besiege the doors! Why do I tremble thus before this piercing point? The door cracks—breaks—no escape! Ha! Then have mercy upon me! [*He tears off his golden hat-band and strangles himself.*

Enter SCHWEITZER, *with* ROBBERS.

SCHWEIT. Murdering wretch, where art thou? Saw you how they fled? Has he so few friends? Where has the beast crept to?

GRIMM. (*stumbles over the body.*) Halt! What lies here in the way? Lights here!

SCHWARZ. He has been beforehand with us. Put your sword up; here he lies, as dead as a cat.

SCHWEIT. Dead? what? dead? dead without me? Laid down, I say. Take heed; will he not quickly spring on his legs? (*Shakes him.*) Hollo! There is a father to murder.

GRIMM. Give yourself no trouble; he is quite dead.

SCHWEIT. (*turns away.*) Yes! he rejoices not. He is quite dead. Go back and tell my captain he is dead. Me he shall never see again. [*Shoots himself.*

SCENE II.—*The same as the last Scene of the fourth Act.*

OLD MOOR, *sitting on a stone.* ROBBER MOOR *opposite him.* ROBBERS *scattered around.*

R. MOOR. He comes not!

[*Strikes sparks with his dagger on the stone.*

OLD M. Pardon be his punishment; my revenge, redoubled love.

R. MOOR. No, by my enraged soul! that shall not be. I will not have it. The great deed of shame shall he drag with him into eternity.

OLD M. (*bursting into tears.*) Oh, my child!

R. MOOR. What? Weepest thou for him—at this tower?

OLD M. Mercy! oh, mercy! (*Wringing his hands.*) Now—now is my child avenged!

R. MOOR, (*starting.*) Which?

OLD M. Ha! What question is that?

R. MOOR. Nothing! Nothing!

OLD M. Art thou come to laugh my woes to scorn?

R. MOOR. Betraying conscience! Mark not my speech!

OLD M. Yes, I have tortured a son, and a son must torture me. It is the finger of God! Oh, my Charles! my Charles! If thou dost hover round me in the garb of peace—forgive me! Oh, forgive me!

R. MOOR, (*quickly.*) He forgives thee! (*Stopping himself.*) If he is worthy to be thy son—he must forgive thee.

OLD. M. Ha! He was too noble for me; but I will meet him with my tears, my sleepless nights, my racking dreams. I will embrace his knees—call—loudly call: I have sinned against Heaven and before thee. I am not worthy that thou shouldst call me father.

R. MOOR, (*much moved.*) He was dear to thee; thy other son?

OLD M. Thou knowest it, O Heaven. Why did I let myself be fooled by the intrigues of a wicked son? I walked a proud father among the fathers of men. My children bloomed around me full of hope. But, oh! the evil hour!—the wicked spirit entered the heart of my second son; I trusted the serpent—lost both my children.

[*Covers his face.*

R. MOOR, (*turns away.*) Lost for ever!

OLD M. Oh, I feel it deeply, what Amelia said to me: the spirit of vengeance spoke from her mouth. In vain wilt thou stretch out thy dying hands after a son; in vain think to grasp the warm hand of thy Charles, who will never more stand by thy bed—

R. Moor. [*Reaches his hand to him, with his face turned away.*

Old M. If this were the hand of my Charles! But he lieth far away, in a narrow house; sleepeth already the iron sleep; never heareth the voice of my sorrow. Woe me! To die in the arms of a stranger—no son more—no son more, who may close mine eyes!

R. Moor, (*in the most violent agitation.*) Now must it be—now—leave me. (*To the Robbers.*) And yet; can I give him his son again? I can give him his son no more. No! I will not do it.

Old M. Friend, what dost thou murmur?

R. Moor. Thy son—yes, old man, (*faltering,*) thy son—is—lost for ever.

Old M. For ever?

R. Moor, (*looking up to heaven.*) Oh, but this once—let not my soul be faint—only this time support me!

Old M. For ever! sayest thou?

R. Moor. Ask no more. I said, for ever!

Old M. Stranger, stranger! Wherefore hast thou dragged me from the tower?

R. Moor. And how? If I snatched away his blessing—snatched it as a thief; and crept away with the godly prize? A father's blessing, they say, is never lost.

Old M. My Francis also lost?

R. Moor, (*falls down before him.*) I broke the bolts of thy tower. Give me thy blessing.

Old M. (*bitterly.*) Saviour of the father, that thou mightest destroy the son! Look, the Deity tires not in mercy, and we poor worms go to sleep with our anger. (*Lays his hand on the Robber's head.*) Be thou blessed, as thou art merciful.

R. Moor, (*rises sorrowfully.*) Oh! where is my manhood? My sinews are lax; the sword falls from my hands.

Old M. How precious is it when brethren dwell together in unity—as the dew that falleth from Hermon on the hill of Zion. Learn to deserve this delight, young man, and the angels of heaven will sun themselves in thy glory. May thy wisdom be the wisdom of grey hairs; but thy heart—thy heart—be the heart of guiltless childhood.

R. Moor. Oh for a foretaste of this pleasure! Kiss me, good old man!

Old M. (*kisses him.*) Think it is a father's kiss; so will I think I kiss my son. Canst thou also weep?

R. Moor. I thought it was a father's kiss! Woe me, if they have now brought him!

Schweitzer's *companions entcr in mourning, and with their faces covered.*

R. Moor. Heaven! [*Steps back in terror, and seeks to hide himself; they draw up before him; he looks away.*

Grimm, (*in a low voice.*) My captain!

[*He answers not, and steps farther back.*

Schwarz. Dear captain! [*R. Moor goes farther back.*

R. Moor, (*without looking at them.*) Who are ye?

Grimm. You look not on us. Thy true servants.

R. Moor. Woe unto ye, if ye were true to me!

Grimm. The last farewell of thy servant Schweitzer. He returns no more, thy servant Schweitzer.

R. Moor, (*starting.*) Then, have ye not found him?

Schwarz. We found him dead.

R. Moor. I thank thee, Ruler of all things. Embrace me, my children. Mercy be henceforth the watchword. Now, were but this overcome—all overcome.

Enter more Robbers, *and* Amelia.

Robbers. Hurra! hurra! A prize! a superb prize!

Amel. The dead, they cry, are risen at his voice. My uncle lives—in this forest—where is he? Charles! Uncle!—Ha!

[*Rushes to Old Moor.*

R. Moor, (*springing back.*) Who bringeth this form before mine eyes?

Amel. (*springing from the Old Man to the Robber, and clinging to him.*) I have him, oh, ye stars! I have him!

R. Moor, (*tearing himself away. To the Robbers,*) Break up, ye! The arch fiend hath betrayed me!

Amel. Bridegroom, bridegroom, thou ravest! Ha! For ecstasy! Why am I so feelless? in this tumult of delight, so cold?

Old Moor, (*raising himself.*) Bridegroom? Daughter! daughter! A bridegroom?

Amel. Eternally his! Eternally, eternally, eternally mine! O ye powers of heaven! take from me this deadly delight, that I sink not under its burden!

R. Moor. Tear her from my neck! Kill her! kill him! me! all! The whole world go to ruin! [*Going.*

AMEL. Whither? What? Eternal love! endless delight! And thou fliest?

R. MOOR. Away, away! most wretched of brides! Look thyself! Ask thyself—hear! Most wretched of fathers! Let me go for ever!

AMEL. Hold me! For God's sake, hold me! It is night before mine eyes—he flies!

R. MOOR. Too late! In vain! Thy curse, father!—ask me no more!—I am, I have—thy curse—thy intended curse! Who hath enticed me here? (*Going to the Robbers with his drawn sword.*) Who among ye hath enticed me here, ye creatures of the abyss? Thus perish, then, Amelia! Die, father! Die through me, for the third time! These, thy deliverers, are robbers and murderers! Thy Charles is their captain! [*Old Moor dies; Amelia stands like a statue; the whole band in fearful silence.*

R. MOOR. The souls of those that I have strangled in the intoxication of love—of those that I have slain in holy sleep—of those—ha, ha! hear ye the powder magazine crash over their creaking couches? See ye the flames feeding on the cradles of sucklings? That is the bridal torch; that is the marriage music. Oh! he forgetteth not; he knoweth how to avenge: therefore, not for me the pleasures of love; therefore, for me the rack of love! That is retribution!

AMEL. It is true, Ruler in heaven! It is true! What have I done; I, a guiltless lamb? I have loved this man!

R. MOOR. That is more than a man may bear. Have I heard death spit at me from more than a thousand mouths, and yielded not a footstep; and should I now first learn to tremble as a woman?—to tremble before a woman? No; a woman shaketh not my manhood—blood, blood, blood, must I drink! It will pass over. [*Going.*

AMEL. (*falls in his arms.*) Murderer! Devil! I cannot leave thee, angel!

R. MOOR, (*flings her from him.*) Away, false snake; thou wouldst mock a madman: but my heart beats for a tyrant's destiny. What! thou weepest? Oh, ye evil stars! she seems as though she wept—as though a soul wept for me? (*Amelia falls on his neck.*) Ha! what is that? She doth not thrust me away—Amelia! hast thou forgotten? Knowest thou whom thou embracest, Amelia?

AMEL. My only one!

R. MOOR, (*in delight.*) She forgiveth me; she loveth me! I am pure as the air of heaven—she loveth me. Weeping thanks to

thee, Thou that hast mercy in heaven! (*Falls on his knees weeping.*) Peace hath come again to my soul; the torment is past, hell is no more. See, oh see the children of light weep on the neck of a weeping devil! (*Standing up. To the Robbers,*) Weep ye, also! Weep, weep, ye are so happy. Oh, Amelia! Amelia! Amelia!

A Robber, (*coming forward, angrily.*) Hold, traitor! Let this arm go, or I will tell thee a word that shall make thine ears ring, and thy teeth chatter for horror. [*Puts his sword between them.*

An old Robber. Think on the Bohemian forests! Hearest thou? tremblest thou? Faithless! where are thine oaths? Doth one so soon forget wounds? how have we risked our fortune, honour, and life for thee? how have we stood like walls, and, like shields, received the strokes that were aimed at thy life? Didst thou not bind thine hand with an iron oath—swear *never to leave us*, as we have not left thee? Faithless! And thou wilt fall off, because a girl cries?

A third Robber. Shame upon perjury! The spirit of the sacrificed Roller, which thou wilt force from the kingdom of the dead for a witness, will blush at thy cowardice, and rise armed out of his grave to punish thee.

Robbers, (*tearing their clothes.*) Look here; look! Knowest thou these scars? Thou art ours: with our heart's blood have we bought thee for our own. Ours art thou, though the archangel Michael, with Moloch, should come into the contest! March with us. *Sacrifice for sacrifice! Amelia for the band!*

R. Moor, (*lets fall her hand.*) It is past! I would return and go to my father, but He in heaven said, it shall not be. (*Coldly.*) Fool! wherefore should I have wished it? Can a great sinner yet return? A great sinner cannot return; that should I have long known. Be still; I beg thee, be still. It is right—I would not, when he sought me; now that I seek him, will *he* not. Roll not thine eyes so—he needs me not. Hath he not creatures enough? One he can so easily spare; and that one am I. Come, comrades!

Amel. (*holds him back.*) Stay, stay! A blow! a death's blow! Again forsaken! Draw thy sword, and pity me!

R. Moor. Pity is gone to bears. I kill thee not!

Amel. (*embracing his knees.*) Oh! for God's sake! for mercy's sake! I will love no more. I know well that our stars above fly from one another as enemies. Death is my only prayer. Forsaken! forsaken! Take it all in its horrible fulness—forsaken! I cannot bear it. Thou seest, that can no woman bear. Death is

my only prayer! Look! my hand trembles. I have not the heart to strike. I shrink from the glittering blade—to thee it is so easy, so easy—thou art a master in murder. Draw thy sword, and I am happy!

R. Moor. Wilt thou alone be happy? Go: I kill no women!

Amel. Ha, destroyer! Thou canst only kill the happy! thou passest by those who are weary of life! (*Kneels to the Robbers,*) Have mercy upon me, ye scholars of the devil! There is a blood-thirsty pity in your look, that is a comfort to the wretched. Your master is a vain, cowardly braggart.

R. Moor. Woman, what sayest thou? [*The Robbers turn away.*

Amel. No friend? among all these, not one friend? (*Rises,*) Then, Dido, teach me to die! [*Going. A Robber takes aim.*

R. Moor. Hold! dare it!—Moor's beloved shall die only by Moor! [*He kills her.*

Robbers. Captain, captain! what hast thou done? Art thou mad?

R. Moor, (*gazing on the body.*) It is done! This pang yet, and then it will all be over. Now, look! Have ye yet more to demand? Ye sacrificed for me a life—a life that was already no more yours—a life full of horror and shame;—I have for ye slain an angel. Look well here! Are ye now at peace?

Grimm. Thou hast paid thy debt with interest: thou hast done what no man would do for his honour.

R. Moor. Sayest thou that? Is it not true,—the life of a holy one for the life of a villain, is an unfair exchange? Oh! I tell ye, if every one among ye went to the scaffold, and tore one another's flesh with burning irons; that the martyrdom lasted seven summer's days,—it would not balance these tears. (*With bitter laughter.*) The scars! the Bohemian forests! Yes, yes! this must truly be paid.

Schwarz. Be still, captain! Come with us: this sight is not for thee. Lead us on.

R. Moor. Stay! Yet a word before we go. Mark, ye malicious servants of my barbarous nod!—*henceforth,* I cease to be your captain. With shame and disgust, I lay down here the staff, under which ye thought ye were justified in wickedness, and in defiling with deeds of darkness this heavenly light. Go hence, to the right and to the left. We will no longer have common cause.

Robbers. Ha! coward! Where are thy high-flying plans! Were they soap-bubbles, that the breath of a woman hath broken?

R. Moor. I thought to beautify the world through horror, and to hold up the law by lawlessness! I called it vengeance and right. —I presumed, oh Providence! to sharpen the edge of the sword, and to make good thy partiality. But—oh vain childishness!—here I stand on the border of a dreadful life, and learn, with teeth-gnashing and howling, *that two men such as I am would throw to the ground the whole fabric of the moral world.* Mercy—mercy to the child who would have anticipated *thee! Thine* alone is vengeance. Thou needest not the hand of man. Truly, it stands now no more in my power to recal the past: what is destroyed, remains destroyed—what I have thrown down will never more rise up. But there yet remains to me one way by which I may conciliate the injured laws, and heal again the misused ordinances. They need a sacrifice—one sacrifice, that may unfold to all mankind their inviolable majesty. This sacrifice am I myself. I myself must die the death for them.

Robbers. Take his sword away—he will kill himself.

R. Moor. Ye fools! damned to eternal blindness! Think ye a death-sin would be an equivalent for death-sins; think ye the harmony of the world would be gained by this godless discord? (*Throws away his weapons with contempt.*) They shall have me alive. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice.

Robbers. Chain him! He is raving.

R. Moor. Not that I doubt they would find me soon enough, if the powers above so willed it. But they might surprise me in sleep, or overtake me in flight, or surround me with violence and the sword; and then I should not have this only merit—that I willingly died for them. Why should I, like a thief, live longer a life of secrecy, that is already taken from me in the councils of heaven?

Robbers. Let him go! It is the great man's disease. He will give his life for vain admiration.

R. Moor. They might admire me for it. (*Thinking.*) I remember to have spoken to a poor man, as I came here, who laboured for his daily bread, and had eleven children. They have offered a thousand louis-d'ors to him who shall deliver up alive the great robber. That man may be relieved. [*Exit.*

(*End of The Robbers.*)

LITERARY NOTICES.

Thirtieth Annual Report of the National Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales. Rivingtons.

We received this Report at so late a period of the month, that, for the present at least, we must regret our inability to bestow upon it that close attention which is claimed by the important nature of the subject of which it treats. The vast system of benevolence and charity which the pages of this work reveal, while it forcibly and agreeably reminds us that we live most truly in a christian land,—exciting pride when we consider it as the labour of our nation,—is, at the same time, one that should remain unknown to no man: every Englishman should be aware of its operations, and lend his aid to the great work: an annual guinea can scarcely be better spent than in obtaining the privilege of being a member of a Society like this. The Report, which (for facility of circulation) is sold at a price almost nominal, consists of two parts—the actual Report, and the Appendices. To the former we shall now confine our attention, hoping at some future time to return to the subject, and glean information from the statistical details, which form the chief bulk of the volume. The most complete, as well as the most useful, manner in which we can sum up the merits of this Report, will be by an outline of its contents; but, unfortunately, our space is so very limited, that the outline can be but faint.—The increased resources and opportunities of the Society form the subject of preliminary congratulation; the importance of National Education on religious principles is, we find, more generally acknowledged; and by local exertions the Society has been greatly aided. The arrangements with the Educational Committee of Privy Council are then detailed;—the National Society recommending cases they deem worthy, public assistance is given, provided the other resources of the applicants be previously exhausted. The grants of the Society itself towards the building, enlarging, &c. of schools, during the past three years, have been the means of providing instruction to (in round numbers) 100,000 scholars. A list of these grants is contained in the Appendix. The exertions of the Society's Committee in the metropolis deserve peculiar notice, where, by grants varying with the exigency of the case, from £200 to £500, Church schools have been erected in parishes containing "1,000 poor children destitute of all means of instruction, and, from the general profligacy of the neighbourhood, growing up in every kind of vicious habits;" or with "60,000 souls, and only one National School," &c. &c. Add to these, the erection of schools in the densely-peopled towns and villages throughout the manufacturing counties, as well as in rural districts, and last, though not least, the strenuous exertions made to provide means of instruction to the poor factory children, and some idea may be obtained of the valuable labours of the National Society.—By Act of Parliament, no child under thirteen years of age may work in a mill, or factory, unless a voucher be produced that it was receiving education during two hours in every day. In most cases this provision was evaded, or else the instruction, being intrusted to incompetent persons, became a lamentable farce. To assist the benevolent intentions of the Act, the Society, at its own expense, is instituting a

model factory-school in the town of Bradford, Yorkshire, where, "from the number of mills in its vicinity, a large attendance of factory children might be anticipated, and where the opportunities of sound religious education are well known to be lamentably deficient." In the same town a large school-room has also been opened for daily instruction, the progress made in which, during a short trial of six weeks, has been most encouraging. Numerous other schools of this kind have been opened with complete success. The progress made, as ascertained by an inspector, at the various schools under care of the Society, forms the next (and a pleasing) topic. After this we come to the regulations for the foundation of training-schools. The extensive arrangements for a college of schoolmasters, which has been fitted up at Stanley Grove, Chelsea, and the mode in which the teachers are trained; the establishment of instruction for adult masters to supply present emergencies (until the training-schools shall have been long enough in existence to provide their own teachers); are subjects on which we have not space to dwell. We could wish any alternative had been left us, rather than that of hurrying thus rapidly over matters of such vital importance; but we hope we have said enough to awaken curiosity, and trust that every churchman will read the Report itself, and seriously weigh its claims to his consideration.

The Pilgrim's Staff and Christian's Daily Walk. By H. Smith, Sec. King's College. Houlston & Hughes.

This is a compilation evincing at the same time extensive reading, good taste in selection, and sound practical piety. There are 365 pages, each devoted to one day in the year, and containing two Scripture texts; with, under each, illustrative extracts from the writings of the fathers, or modern divines of approved excellence. The judgment which has throughout guided the selection cannot be sufficiently praised.

Coloured Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs. By H. L. Meyer. Fraser.

We imagine that this work will find a place in the libraries of all who take delight in the study of Ornithology. The illustrations are very beautiful, both in design and colouring, and are accompanied by descriptions which, without losing their accuracy, are sufficiently enlivened by anecdote to take away that dryness which often renders scientific works unreadable. The work is publishing in monthly parts, each of which contains three illustrations of birds, and one of their eggs; the latter being drawn of the natural size.

Second Report of the Society for the Treatment and Attendance of Poor Persons afflicted with Diseases and Distortions of the Spine, Chest, and Hips. Houlston & Hughes.

The benevolent object of this Society really seems carried out to an extent far beyond what might have been expected from the smallness of the funds for its assistance. The success which has attended the peculiar treatment of Dr. Verral must be highly gratifying.

The Child at Home. Talboys.

A little Monthly Magazine for very young children, inculcating Scripture truth in the simplest and most pleasing manner.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1842.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

MEMOIR OF RAPHAEL 443
NIGHT AND DAY. (From the German of Herder) 447
SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF WINTER 448
THE STAR OF THE SPIRITS 449
LITERATURE. (From the German of Novalis) 450
FALCONER 451
MY MIGNONETTE 452
HISTORY AND HISTORIANS. No. II. 453
THE ALBATROSS 456
RANDOM SKETCHES, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. VII. Virginia 461
THE SEASONS. BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL 467
COLLOQUY OF THE DEAD 469
AUTUMN WINDS 471
TRILL AND TROLL. (From the German of Lessing) . . . . . *ib.*
LAY OF THE FOREST MAIDEN 472
ELLERTON CASTLE; a Romance. By "FITZROY PIKE."—
CHAP. XXII. contains several unexpected Meetings—and Partings undesired 473
CHAP. XXIII. The Journey to London—Willie Bats is overcome by Wail and Wassail 481
CHAP. XXIV. Edward Heringford, having provided himself with another Enemy, returns to Ellerton 488
THE BOWER OF THE DEPARTED 491
ROSE LEAVES . . . . . *ib.*
THE SHIPS OF THOUGHT 493
TITLE-PAGE—PREFACE—INDEX.

LONDON:—HOULSTON AND HUGHES,
154, STRAND.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE

KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1842.

MEMOIR OF RAPHAEL.

It is, perhaps, but reasonable to expect that he who engages to satisfy men's curiosity concerning those who have in any age, or by any means, rendered themselves famous, when many have undertaken the same office before him, should have good reasons to show why he sets himself to the task of informing others, and should be able to justify himself from the charge of undue presumption. And such an one, too, has little encouragement; for, besides the anticipation of failure, he knows that, if he succeed in pleasing, he has done no more than many others have done far better; and, if he miss his aim, his disgrace is the greater, for having fallen where many others have stood. The readers, then, of this paper, when they see the words which head it, may be supposed to look for some new fact, some hitherto unheard of discovery, now for the first time to be brought to light; some announcement of private documents, or information from authentic sources; or, if for nothing novel, at least for an interesting narrative, or an old and well-known story amusingly illustrated, and arrayed in a new dress; and we may imagine their contempt when they find the author declaring that he is unable to offer the one, or presume the other. It is his intention only to place before such of his readers as have not opportunity or inclination to search into more extensive and more worthy treatises, in a short and compendious form, those particulars in the life and character of the greatest painter of modern times, which will be most likely to interest the general reader. If he succeed in interesting, his

greatest desire is accomplished; if he fail, his fall cannot be dangerous, from the humble position which he has taken.

The subject of this memoir was born at Urbino, in 1483; at a period most famous for the greatest professors of the arts, and for the most magnificent patrons. It seemed, indeed, as if Nature had crowded into the same era the greatest of her imitators, that, by their mutual emulation and their exertions, the art of painting might be brought to a height of perfection which it has never since attained. The father of Raphael was one Giovanni di Santi, a painter of inferior talents, who could contribute but little to the advancement of his son's genius by his instructions, beyond initiating him in a simple style, free from the stiff and formal mannerism of his age.

For his disposition, which was always remarkable for its great suavity, and for his great love of the graceful, and pursuit of ideal beauty, he was probably indebted, like many other great men, to his mother, whose tenderness had considerable effect in developing that warmth of imagination, and susceptibility of mind, which so eminently characterise his works. His earliest studies were directed towards the works of Fra Carnivale, a painter who, for that age, possessed merit of no common order; and he was soon after placed under the care of Pietro Perugino, of whose style he speedily became master, and whose powers he rapidly surpassed. In those paintings in which he imitated Perugino's manner, a great improvement over his teacher may be detected, and a beauty in his female figures which Perugino never equalled. This is particularly displayed in his Nuptials of the Virgin, in the church of St. Francis, in which, though the composition bears a strong resemblance to that adopted by his master, the marks of a new and original manner are evident. The heads of the most prominent figures have a degree of beauty which Raphael himself hardly ever surpassed in his later years; and, in the words of the translator of Lanzi, "in this group we should look in vain for that scantiness of drapery, that dryness and mannerism, and that affectation of beauty, which, in Pietro's works, sometimes degenerate into the insipid." This shows how far the young artist, scarcely yet in his seventeenth year, had already surpassed the works of a practised professor; and how, with little study and inferior opportunities, his own extraordinary and innate talents could support him in the higher branches of the art. Having acquired some degree of reputation for what he had already done, and raised much expec-

tation of his future celebrity, he became engaged at Siena on an historical painting of considerable magnitude, which was designed to represent the memorable actions of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, who afterwards became Pope Pius II. An undertaking so vast as this had never as yet been committed to a single artist; historical subjects such as this were new to Raphael; and no ordinary powers of invention were required to furnish eleven pieces, representing the incidents in the life of a man engaged in most various scenes, and in contact with courts of the greatest possible luxury and magnificence. However, little daunted by the magnitude of his undertaking, the young artist prepared all the sketches necessary, but was induced to discontinue his work, in consequence of his haste to proceed to Florence, that he might have an opportunity of viewing the works of Da Vinci and Buonarotti. Arrived at Florence, with the principles of his system already formed, he now merely studied to perfect himself in its execution, and to acquire a store of ideas for any work he might undertake. He there formed a friendship with many of the painters; but history does not inform us whether he ever became acquainted with Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. He executed many works during his stay in that city, and was about to commence a grand enterprise, when he was recalled to Rome by his uncle Bramante, who had recommended him to the Pope, Julius II., for the proposed paintings at the Vatican. At Rome he was naturally led to study the remains of Grecian art, and from that study he acquired the delicacy and grace which are so remarkable in his figures; and, under the tuition of Bramante, he became so thoroughly versed in ancient architecture, that he was judged not unworthy of superintending the building of St. Peter's. He was now brought into competition with his great rival Buonarotti, who was assisted by Fra Sebastiano. Nor are the subjects on which they were employed unworthy of these great men: they were employed to portray the mysteries and advancement of the Christian religion, military achievements which had effected its establishment, and those past events which had shone in the reigns of the two greatest pontiffs, Julius II. and Leo X.; and no favourable circumstance was wanting to stimulate these noble minds to the highest exertions. About this time Raphael was employed to paint some of the chambers of the Vatican: the subject was intended to illustrate the sciences; and in this, under the department of Philosophy, he introduced what has been called the School of Athens. Such was the superiority

of his conception and execution, that the Pope ordered all the paintings in the same chamber to be effaced, that Raphael's hand alone might be seen in the whole. The first chamber was completed in the year 1511. It happened about this time that Raphael, improved by the contemplation of such exalted subjects, began to impart to his figures a grandeur and majesty which he had not as yet employed; and about this same period, Michael Angelo, having enraged the pontiff, was obliged to leave his paintings in the Sistine Chapel, and fly to Florence. It is said by the partisans of the latter painter, that Raphael profited by the absence of Buonarotti; and, after having viewed the paintings, adopted a different style, and forthwith produced the Prophets and Sibyls in the Church della Pace. This question produced a fierce controversy, contested with much acrimony on both sides; and many were the arguments brought forward, and bitter the recrimination used, on such an unimportant point. It is not, however, in our power to debate the question; but it seems as probable that Raphael was more indebted to the study of ancient figures and torsi than to his contemplation of the works of his rival; though the latter may have given a new turn to his thoughts. Raphael still continued painting, and leaving fresh proofs of his transcendent genius in every thing he touched; but soon, with his happiest effort, his life was to end. About this period he planned and executed the Cartoons, which alone, if he had never attempted another work, would have gained for him immortality. It was about two years before his death when he undertook them, at the instigation of the Pope, and he completed twenty-five, on subjects taken from the Scriptures. It is quite needless to attempt the description of them, as they are well known from able engravings. Of the twenty-five, seven were purchased by Charles I., by the advice of Rubens, then in England: when the king's effects were sold they passed into the hands of Oliver Cromwell, and have remained in England ever since.

Michael Angelo, on his return to Rome, annoyed by the reports of his rival's superiority, furnished his friend Sebastiano with designs for several large works, hoping, by this union of their talents, to overcome Raphael: Sebastiano took for his subject the Raising of Lazarus; Raphael the Transfiguration. This painting, so well known by description that it is needless again to describe it, was his masterpiece, and is said to possess far greater beauties than any previous work; in the head of our Saviour,

on which he lavished all his powers of majesty and beauty, we see at once the last perfection of art, and the last work of Raphael. From this time he never more touched the pencil: he died soon after, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, A. D. 1520: and he was interred with great pomp in the church of the Rotunda. As a man, Raphael's disposition and demeanour were such as would always win him the affection of mankind; as a painter, his equal has never been: superior to all others, because he united in himself all the greatest beauties of the art. In many particular excellences he was undoubtedly first: in beauty and grace, in facility of invention, in composition and completeness of design, in variety and accuracy of expression, he stands the acknowledged head of his profession; although he yields in colouring to Titian and Corregio, and in grandeur to Buonarotti.

NIGHT AND DAY.

(*From the German of Herder.*)

NIGHT and Day contended with each other for the preference: the fiery, sparkling boy, Day, began,—

"Poor dark mother," said he, "what hast thou like my sun, like my heaven, like my flowers, like my busy, restless life? I awaken what thou hast buried in death, to the feeling of a new existence; what thou causeth to languish, I revive."

"But do men ever thank thee for thy revival?" said the modest, the veiled Night. "Must I not refresh what thou hast wearied? and what can I do more than bring forgetfulness of thee? I, on the contrary, the mother of the gods and men, receive with peace into my bosom all that I have created; so soon as it touches the hem of my garment, it forgets all thy delusion, and gently bows down its head. And then I raise up, then I nourish the resting soul with heavenly dew. To the eye, that under thy sunbeam never dared look towards heaven, I reveal the veiled night, a host of countless suns, innumerable forms, new hopes, new stars."

And the prattling Day touched the hem of her garment, and silent and weary, himself sank down into her curtained lap. But she sat in her starry mantle, in her crown of stars, with an ever peaceful countenance.

PUCK.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF WINTER.

I COME! I come! on the freezing wind,
From my palace, midst polar ice enshrined;
From my silent home in the sunless north,
On the wing of the tempest I sally forth!
Through the sky as I sail, with the breath of the gale,
The blue eyes of heaven wax dim and pale;
And the powerless sun, scarce seen till noon,
Leaves the young day to the hardier moon;
And wrapping himself in his mantle grey—
The vapours of evening—he hastens away,
To sleep where the lap of his mother, the Ocean,
Lulls him to rest with her slow-heaving motion.
But I heed not his flight, for the fond cheek of night
Glows blushing as I draw near,
While th' Aurora above, the gay child of our love,
Smiles through the frosty air.

I come! I come!—o'er earth, air, and sea,
Who rides like the Winter, so fast and free?
Before me my tiny heralds fly—
The snow-flakes that whirl through the whitened sky;
And the damp ground hardens beneath my tread;
And the still stream slumbers within its bed;
And the lone grave shines, when the day declines,
Through evening's dusky air,
In its snowy vest, like the sainted blest,
Whose body lies mouldering there.

I come! I come! from my hoary clime,
As in years long past, since that ancient time,
The birth-day of Sin, when the death-worm she bred,—
When the curse of the Fall reared the homes of the dead;
And then was *I* born, while a leprosy fell
On the sickly earth, o'er mountain and dell;
And the oak by the crackling bolt was riven;
And the crashing hail first leaped from heaven.
Then was I born!—from out the storm
Frowned my dusk and haggard form;
And ever since then, at the close of the year,
With my curtain of gloom I envelop the sphere,
And, dark as the curse that gave me birth,
And withering as that, so I wither the earth.
But my harshness relents, when I gaze below
On a world of ruin, and death, and woe;
And I soften to tears ere home again
I return, and my frost dissolves to rain,
While I shed o'er the cradle of Spring's early flowers
The dew of my pity in bud-wak'ning showers!

MATHEMATICAL TOM.

THE STAR OF THE SPIRITS.

In the darkness of the night, when the stars are all shining, there is one more brilliant, more steady, more gentle than the rest. It is dearer to mortals than all other stars, for it is called the Star of Love. At one time it comes to them as a harbinger of bright and joyous days; at another, it comes speaking to them of rest, when they are wearied by the toils of the day that is past.

And in this star dwell none but the spirits of love; and over them reigns a queen, who is the most beautiful of all that fair throng; and she lives in a palace of fairy structure, in which are all things that can minister delight, surrounded by gardens full of exquisite flowers and trees, and watered by crystal fountains, and full of soft-voiced birds, that ever fill the air with the music of their sweet melody. All is more beautiful than human language can describe. The palace is called the Palace of Mercy; and the attendants of the queen are chosen from among those spirits who show the greatest mercy to suffering men.

Now it happened that two of the queen's attendants had offended their mistress, so that she banished them from her presence. For a long, weary time they wandered from place to place, sad, and pining for the glories they had lost; for, though all is beautiful in the Star of Love, the palace of the Queen of Love is far the *most* beautiful. Where the warmest and purest love is, there is ever the greatest beauty.

At last, the queen was touched with pity for their sorrow, and, calling them to her, said thus to them: "Your offence hath been great, and I cannot pardon ye both; but I will send ye into the world of men for one year. At the end of that time, return; and the one who hath conferred the greatest benefit on mankind shall be readmitted into the Palace of Mercy." And the two spirits went away rejoicing.

* * * * *

At the end of the year the spirits returned to their queen; and the first said: "I wandered in the world of men till I came to a city, over which a tyrant ruled: he oppressed the poor and the helpless; and the innocent found no mercy with him. I slew the tyrant, and waited till I saw a righteous sovereign appointed, under whose government his subjects rejoiced."

And the queen answered, "Thou hast done well: but what hath thy sister done?"

Then spake the other spirit: "I came in my wanderings to a little cottage, poor, and unadorned by the riches of earth, but an abode of happiness; for there dwelt a brave youth and a fair maiden; and in their hearts the holy flame of love burned brightly, and gilded all around them with a hue of gladness. But ere long the maiden died; and I watched where the holy angels carried her pure spirit, and laid it to rest in one of the mansions of eternal joy.

"But the youth, as he mourned for his bride, in the bitterness of his soul, murmured against the Deity, and died broken-hearted; and, forasmuch as he had murmured against his God, the evil angels carried away his soul to everlasting punishment. Then I stretched forth my wings, and flew to the throne of the Deity, and knelt before it, and sought pardon for the youth who had died of a broken heart. And it was answered me, that if I would, for a brief space, share his punishment, he should be pardoned. Then I flew back to where the evil angels had carried him, and delivered myself up to his tormentors: but the agony and pain seemed nothing to me, for my heart was filled with the joy that was coming.

"And after a time we were set free; and I led his spirit to where I had seen the holy angels carry the spirit of the maiden; and I left them there together. Then I came here."

And the queen said: "Thou hast done better than thy sister spirit; for it is a far richer boon to bestow eternal happiness on one soul, than to make millions happy for the short period of their mortal lives." And she stretched forth her sceptre as a sign of reconciliation.

PUCK.

LITERATURE.

(From the German of Novalis.)

IT will be a glorious time when men shall read none but the most beautiful compositions,—the masterpieces of literature. All other books are but a means to this end, and will be forgotten when they cease to be available.

FALCONER.

Cold, cold is the breeze of the pole,
And bitter the cup of death to drink;
Dreary the snow-fields under the moon,
And the watching bear on the iceberg's brink:
There must ye die!
Walk up and down, and it pinches your heart;
Lie still, and ye feel no cold;
But the deadly sleep will silently creep
Your limbs in his blood-chilling arms to fold:
There must ye die!

Thou winged Aurora, thou thousandfold levin,
Is there then laughter, not mercy in heaven?
Ye stars of serenity, steadfast as fate,
Is there no ruth for our desolate state?

No storm-demon, Falconer, howls in the gale,
No lightning is leading the thunder and hail;
The spirits of the icy seas,
The guardians of the pole,
That ride on the blast, or the dreary white waste,
When water and land in a cluster freeze,
And the wave-tops are iced as they tumble and roll,
Till they stand like statues of motionless foam,—
These are around thee, their empire and home,
Where like tyrants they reign,
Over earth, sky, and main:
From the sunbeams and breezes of summer exiled,
Is the wide icy desert, the dreary white wild.

The moonbeam is gilding the ice-rocks around,
Bright in her radiance, they clash and rebound.
Is that radiance cheerful?
Pleasant is that sound?
What think ye of the gay fair walls wherein our ship lies bound?
Dungeons dark and deep,
Deep dungeons underground,
Never were so dreary by their inmates found.

Thou winged Aurora, thou thousandfold levin,
Art thou but the merciless laughter of heaven?
Ye stars of serenity, silent and bright,
Grant ye no respite from starless death's night?

A thousand leagues of billowy sea,
Roll between my home and me;

Part in frosten fetters bound,
Ninefold ice-walls hem me round.
Floating isles my flight would stay,
If through these I made my way:
Towards poop and prow, on either hand,
Inexorable guards they stand.

Poet, wilt thou dread the grave?
British seaman, wilt thou fail?
Here no laurels shalt thou have:
Heart stout for battle here might quail.
Thy men are dying round thee,
Soon thou wilt be alone;
Their living limbs are freezing
To cold and bloodless stone:
Their drowsy eyes they close;
They lust for their repose.
Then do thou survive no more;
Yield thee to the fated shore;
Yield thee to the bitter pole;
Yield thine undejected soul.
Stand or yield, weak or brave,
None may shield, none may save,
His comrade or himself from that unhallowed grave.

C. C.

MY MIGNONETTE.

'Twas Summer: we strayed in a garden where roses
In beauty all nature but thee could excel;
But thee on whose bosom oft Zephyr reposes,
Abashing the flower else courted so well.
While bright eyes around us o'er Summer's fair daughters,
Those shadows of Eden, were roving with glee,
As the life-giving raindrop from Ocean's wide waters,
One gem from that garden thou gavest to me.

'Twas Winter: the flower thou madest my treasure,
Preserved from rude ruin thou, dearest, hast seen;
My love thus hast learnt, without sign of displeasure,
Nor, since thou hast learnt it, less kind hast thou been.
Then, though dreary the spot where last summer it flourished,
In Winter its home be more beautiful yet;
'Mid Memory's buds, in my bosom, love-nourished,
Shall blossom the fairest, my meek Mignonette.

Hal.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

No. II.

In the paper which commenced the series of which the present article is the continuation, I mentioned that spirit in historical inquiry which leads us to fix our minds on the lessons to be derived from events and characters, considered individually; at the same time alluding to another and distinct system, in which history is viewed as a great whole, connected in every part by an unbroken chain of cause and effect. To develop and explain the latter is the object of the following observations. A transient glance at the general course of history will suffice to induce in our minds a strong suspicion that some such connexion does exist: a closer examination can leave no reasonable doubt of the fact. That great events are produced by a series of causes, stretching backward into past ages, and a variety of agencies modifying and counteracting one another, and that they, in their turn, exercise an important influence on succeeding generations, is an opinion which few, if any, will be found to contradict. The analogy between national character and its effects on the transactions of the world, and individual character in its formation and results, if confirmation be necessary, tends to strengthen our conviction. If this be our belief, it demands no great exercise of imagination to conceive it possible, or even probable, that this train of causation may embrace in its scope all times and all nations. I mean, not that causes have always been in action (for this it were impossible to deny,) but that all causes and influences form parts of one great connected system, carried on from age to age, yet in its general scheme unvarying and consistent with itself. That such is actually the case will appear more certain, if we are convinced that the human race is inclining to some certain state, and that the course of events is leading to some definite object. To a hasty glance the world may appear like a stage, on which the same drama may be again and again represented, and each time the illusion vanish, leaving behind it no trace of its existence: we may be inclined to suppose that there is no real progression in the history of man; that civilization and barbarism, knowledge and ignorance, have alternated, and will continue to interchange and ever hold a divided empire among the nations of the earth. But, on further consideration, we must be convinced that, in the midst of these risings

and fallings of the tide of human thought and action, there have been developed results from their very nature imperishable, so long as the world continues. We see in the progress of knowledge, in the practical discoveries of science, in the increased communication of thought from age to age and land to land, influences which, so far as we can judge of their effects, must apparently check retrogression in the state of mankind. The existence of the agency of Christianity, which, once prevailing, must be indestructible, would alone operate as a preventive to any such result. Such a progress, then, existing, must of necessity have some ultimate object towards which it is directed, and in which it must have its termination: we cannot conceive an infinite series of events, standing to one another in the relation of cause and effect, without any final effect, the result of all previous causes. Suppose it to be, as some have thought, the development of the human intellect; in this case, the extent of human capacity is the limit, even should that limit, as has presumptuously been asserted, merge in the perfection of the Divine nature. Revelation teaches us whither we are tending; thence alone can any light be thrown on the distant prospects of the future; yet every system, however false, must, if it concern itself at all with what is to be hereafter, direct to some imaginary ultimate object. If, then, we are convinced that the state of the whole human race, at the present moment, is gradually verging to some point where it shall rest; if we perceive, too, that the existing state has been, in the natural course of things, derived from previous stages of progression, following on and connected the one with the other; are we not justified in concluding that, even where it escapes our discernment, this tendency, and the causes contributing to it, have been in operation every where and at all times?

The practical question, then, comes before us, How may we reduce this system of causation, so far as we can comprehend it, to an intelligible and useful form, and render it available for the guidance of our conduct or opinions in regard to the present and the future? It is the object of the politician to discover the probable result of certain lines of action, of various methods of internal government, or international policy. In order with certainty to found his judgment on the experience of past ages, recorded in history, he must possess some rule by which to estimate the connexions of cause and effect in the human transactions; some analysis of the past, exhibiting the springs and machinery of events in a

clear and distinct form. The nature of this rule may be best explained by its analogy to the laws of the physical creation. When the mind endeavours to embrace in thought the myriads of stars, and the countless multitudes of suns and systems which people space, its first sensation cannot but be that of admiration, not unmingled, in a rightly-feeling man, with reverence towards the great Creator. But Science interposes her aid; we learn that this beautiful, but apparently inexplicable universe, is subjected to certain natural and immutable laws, which blend and unite it in perfect harmony. Still further we trace them out and investigate their principles, till we can calculate, with certainty, on their operation and effect, and could point out the result they would produce, even under circumstances which have never actually occurred. The same is the case in the history of mankind. We feel that there are great principles working for great objects; we revere the Divine Providence which guides and regulates them. But on closer inspection, we find that in the moral, as in the physical world, there are immutable laws of action, constant in their energy, unvarying in their results; and we conclude that we may, by induction from the facts which history presents to our scrutiny, ascertain what they are, and on what they are founded; and that this knowledge will be available, so far as we can attain it, for our future direction. I refer not here to those primary laws of our nature which concern us as moral and responsible agents in our individual capacity, or which regulate the distribution of justice and the principles of right and wrong in human conduct; but to those which appear to have a constant effect in the transactions of men, by which the phenomena of every revolution in society, of all national changes, of the rise and fall of states and empires, are to be explained. The term *law* I apply, in the sense in which it is used of physical science, to any connexion between events, in the relation of cause and effect, which appears to be of so continual occurrence, under similar circumstances, that we may include it as an element in our calculations. My meaning may be best understood by a reference to an actual illustration, drawn from history itself. About four hundred years before the christian era, a Greek historian, treating of the events of his own times, described, in forcible language, the causes and progress of the revolutions so frequent in the petty states of his native land: after the lapse of more than two thousand years, the convulsions of a great European nation have afforded a practical commentary on his words. The expressions applied by Thucydides to the seditions of Corcyra or Mytilene,

might, with equal propriety, be used by a modern historian of the troubles which marked the career of the French revolution, or those which are at the present moment devastating the Peninsula. How fully is the statement, that the most daring and least scrupulous ultimately attained the lead in the seditions of the Greek cities, illustrated by the contest between the reckless energy of the Mountain, and the hesitating, philosophically-republican party of the Gironde; ending, as it did, in the overthrow of the latter, and the establishment of the former in a sanguinary despotism. "Quid in rebus civilibus," says Bacon, "maximè prodest? Audacia. Quid secundum? Audacia. Quid tertium? Audacia." The jacobin Danton, speaking of the enemies of the people, exclaims, "Pour les vaincre, pour les atterrer, que faut-il? De l'audace! encore de l'audace! toujours de l'audace!" "It is not a little remarkable," observes Mr. Alison, the profound historian of the revolution, "that philosophical sagacity should have inspired to the sage of the sixteenth, not only the idea, but the very words, which a practical acquaintance with the storms of the Revolution suggested to the terrible demagogue of the nineteenth century." We may add, that the same remark was found by Thucydides no less applicable to the commotions of his own age and nation. Even the great English rebellion, in those points in which it bears any resemblance to the recent revolutions on the continent, illustrates the same characteristics of popular movements. With these coincidences before us, what shall we conclude but that they indicate a law working in every popular revolution—one founded on the unchanging elements of our human nature—one which, though modified by collateral circumstances, has universal operation, and may be, with confidence, applied to the estimation of the probabilities of the future? Examples might be multipled, in which events, distinct in time, in place, in almost every apparent circumstance, are, by the evident agency of a common law, brought before the student of history in the most intimate connexion.

In the investigation of these laws, we may state it as a general principle, that, as in the physical sciences it will hold universally, that the same forces, acting in the same directions, will produce similar effects; so in regard of the laws of human action, the same moral forces, working on the same elements, under similar circumstances, will produce similar events, or trains of events. This case, it is true, will practically never occur; and, while we thus state the abstract principle, we must invariably allow for deviations from exact coincidence; nevertheless, when many points of similarity are

apparent, though attended by others in which difference is no less marked, a corresponding relation may naturally be expected, and will, in fact, be found to exist. In order, then, to deduce from two or more events a general law, and apply it to a similar situation, we must fix our attention on two species of features; namely, those of similarity and those of difference, which are characteristic of each event in particular. In the former, we have as the basis of all resemblance that human nature which is common to men under every variety of circumstance, which, modified, as it undoubtedly is, by innumerable temporary or local influences, retains, in every age and in every nation, some deeply-graved and indelible principles, subject to the same affections, when the same motives are roused into activity. Hence the advantage for the study of history to be derived from an intimate acquaintance with the working of our own minds, and more especially in those points in which it has most in common with the minds of others. To watch the peculiar and distinguishing marks of our character may be most important to us as individuals; but as inquirers into the moving powers of human action generally, we must learn what we have in us common to our species, and seek in the minds of all around us for feelings answering to our own. Thus may the daily intercourse of society, and chiefly when it brings us into contact with men of deeper thought and feeling than ordinary, contribute to our progress in the true investigation of history.

It could be wished that the development of these great principles, in their bearings on political and religious transactions, were more decidedly the object of those who have devoted their talents to works of historical research. They would then be best fulfilling the duties of the office which they have taken on them, when they deduced from the investigation of the past well-founded general conclusions, available for our direction in regard of the future. As mere annalists, they perform a necessary and highly useful labour, but one which certainly does not demand the strongest exertions of intellect; they but collect and transmit the mass of materials, which the skill of others is to reduce to an intelligible and profitable form. Among the ancients, Thucydides stands out as the truly philosophical historian. In a few words, he explains the leading features of every event of which he treats, and points out the motives which actuated those engaged in it, and the causes which conduced to its existence. Often in a single sentence he includes the substance of an essay: and into a pithy

maxim concentrates the result of deep thought and clear-sighted political wisdom. The same observation will apply to the Roman Tacitus, though perhaps he has not the depth and comprehensiveness of mind so conspicuous in the great historian of Greece. The circumstances, too, of the times in which he lived afforded him, perhaps, less opportunity for observing the human intellect under a variety of situations and influences. The recently published work of Mr. Alison, from which I have already quoted, affords a striking instance of the union of vivid narration with calm and philosophical reflection. The great moral principles developed in the progress of the French revolution are there pointed out to us as the true and important lessons to be learned from the study of its events; while its scenes rise before us in all the brightness of reality, and the actors on its mighty stage are marshalled in our sight, as it were, in the very robes in which they played their parts. Thus, to study history requires a long and laborious course of investigation; to enter into the very spirit of events, and trace the causes which preceded and the effects which followed them, demands the unremitted toil of a lifetime. This method of study, too, is not without its dangers: it must not be disconnected from that system of which I have before spoken, or the benefits to be derived from it will be in great part neutralized. The perils attendant on it, and the precautions necessary to meet them, must form the subject of a future paper. There is, however, something truly sublime and exalting in the prospect of history viewed in this light. To look back on past ages, not as a barren waste, producing no fruits for our nourishment,—on the annals of by-gone days, not as lifeless records of what has been, but as replete with instruction for us, as developing, in all their grandeur, those divine and eternal laws which regulate the actions of mankind, and are ever working out, in the midst of this chaos of good and evil, the beneficent designs of an all-wise and almighty Governor,—is a prospect which may well fill the soul with mingled emotions of joy and veneration. The christian historian who can forget to point out in every event the hand of a Divine Providence, forgets the highest and most important privilege of his office. It should ever be his earnest desire to sympathize with the poet in his prayer—

> "That to the height of HIS great argument
> HE may assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man."

G. S. W.

THE ALBATROSS.

Proud roamer of the ocean,
  Bird of untiring wing,
Whose playmates are the wild sea-winds,
  With the billows revelling:

Away, away, white albatross!
  From the tall bark speed away;
For man has marked thy fearless flight,
  And lures thee to betray.

Ere yet bold Enterprise had launched
  The first ship on the flood;
And man, in trembling wonder,
  On the wide deep's margin stood;

E'en then, thou ocean eagle,
  The waves were all thine own—
Thy broad wing's waving banner
  Flew proudly there alone.

And when the hardy rover
  Had dared the pathless wave,
Around his head thy wheeling flight
  A fearless welcome gave:

But the bait of hidden treachery,
  And the death-shot to the heart,
Such response to thy greeting
  The wanderers impart.

The big round tear is streaming
  From thy dark, upbraiding eye;
Large drops, too well beseeming
  Thine inward agony.

No more thy free wing joyously
  O'er the rolling waves shall soar;
And thou, no more confiding,
  Shalt be betrayed—no more.

On some far isle of ocean,
  Where the hated foot of man
Ne'er stamped the rights of slaughter,
  Thy chainless life began.

And there, e'en now, perchance, thy mate
  May idly droop and mourn,
Awaiting, ah! how hopelessly,
  Her ocean lord's return.

O man! upon thy "heart of hearts,"
Be the deathless truth imprest;
He liveth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast:

The noblest works of Nature,
The meanest worms that move—
All, all were made in mercy,
And all were made to love.

The storm, that now in slumber
Foldeth his iron wing,
Ere long may wake in thunder
The deep's wild revelling.

His wrath may pass in vengeance
O'er the tall ship's stately pride,
And hopes of home and safety
For ever be denied.

Then, then, strong bird, exultingly,
Thy broad, white wing shall spread
A proudly circling canopy
O'er the dying and the dead;

And the last cold stare of agony
Shall reach thy glancing form,
As scorning now the scorner,
Thou ridest on the storm.

Aye, hearts all warm with feeling,
And cheeks where Love hath spread
The tinge, his rays revealing,
Are numbered with the dead;

And the dark wave rolleth onward,
As it rolled an hour before,
But the bark it bore so gallantly,
That bark is seen—no more.

Then fare thee well, white Albatross,
We ne'er shall meet again;
But we leave thee to the elements,
Thine ancient boundless realm.

The storm that hurls the splintered wreck
In fragments to the sky,
Shall roll around thine aery steep,
Thine own sweet lullaby.

STANS PEDE IN UNO.

RANDOM SKETCHES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. VII. VIRGINIA.

MANY who may chance to cast their eyes on these pages, may wonder at my temerity, in heading what must necessarily be so short and hasty a paper as the present, with the name of one of the largest and most important states in the American Union; and smile at the confidence with which I seem, in such circumscribed limits, to enter on the description of a province equal to England in size, and scarcely inferior to it in romantic and picturesque beauty. But, in truth, to treat of Virginia as it deserves, would require a far more eloquent pen than I can wield, and much more extensive space than can be afforded by the pages of the KING'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE; so that I shall rather content myself with a sketch of the principal natural beauties of the state, and the peculiarities in the character of its inhabitants, than venture upon ground which affords so great a scope for eloquence, and in which, consequently, I am so much less likely to gratify and amuse.

First, then, of the people; for to these I am always inclined first to direct my attention, as on their character and manners depend much of the traveller's enjoyment; and also because, in the natural order of things, they should claim priority of notice. In regard to personal appearance, the slight outline of the general characteristics of the Baltimoreans, which I gave last month, will, in a great measure, apply; though, from the continual and lavish use of tobacco in every form, more especially in chewing, the men are wanting in manly vigour, and their pale and haggard countenances bear ample testimony to the destructive effects of this pernicious weed. Throughout America, indeed, the use, or rather abuse of tobacco is prevalent in a most unpleasant degree; but in no portion of the Union is it so universal as in Virginia, where it seems almost one of the necessaries of life to a great proportion of the inhabitants. Apart, however, from the effects which are thus produced, and which show themselves in dull and sunken eyes, pallid complexions, and emaciated frames, the Virginians are a fine, tall, manly race; and the ladies, who, I believe, do not use the narcotic stimulant, except in some rare cases, will compare with

those of any country for personal charms. Yet even among them there is a *je ne sais quoi*—a peculiarity which it is utterly impossible to describe, but which is yet marked and evident in the highest degree, which stamps them as Americans, and completely distinguishes them from English. It may be that national prejudice has something to do with this; that a strong opinion of the superiority of the daughters of Albion tended to blind my eyes, and deaden my perceptions to the attractions of the fair Virginians; yet, however this may be, no one can deny that their personal charms are of no mean description.

Virginia is, more than any other portion of the Union, the land of historical and romantic association. Here, on the shores of the lovely river which still winds through the rich and fertile valleys, now resounding with the busy hum of civilized life, landed, not a band of banished fanatics, bent on their own religious freedom, and the religious slavery of all the world besides; not such a congregation as first polluted the shores of Massachusetts; but a chivalrous and heroic band of English hearts, who were to be the first to plant their country's name in this portion of the Western world. They had been preceded, it is true, in Maine, by Cabot and his followers; but, with this exception, they were the first to set foot on the Transatlantic shores.

The reception which these wanderers met with at the hands of the natives speaks volumes for Indian character, and proves, better than any argument, that, left to his own nature and uncorrupted impulses, the savage of North America might often be an example to those who should excel him in the christian virtues, in proportion to the superior advantages which they enjoy. Here was no suspicion or distrust, no treachery or deceit towards those who were wholly in their power, and whom they would have been able in a moment to destroy. No, the Indian had not yet learned to regard the white man as his foe, or to look upon his pale-faced brother as the natural enemy of his race; he received him with open arms; offered him corn, and every thing that could comfort and refresh him, and received in return death and destruction, ruin and treachery, contumely and scorn.

The early history of Virginia presents us with an incident now familiar to most readers, which has been rarely rivalled, and never excelled in beauty of sentiment and romantic interest. The kind and paternal conduct of the good Captain Smith, the leader of these settlers, had gained him the pure and simple heart of a

young Indian girl, Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, an important and influential chief. In the wars, however, which the violence and treachery of the English soon caused, and in which the poor Indians were but rarely victorious, Captain Smith fell, amongst many others, into the hands of the savages; and, as one of the most distinguished of the whites, was condemned to a public execution. Pocahontas tried in vain, by her tears and prayers, to soften her father's heart, and induce him to mitigate the sentence; and at last, when she found all means unavailing, threw herself on him, and declared that if he died, she would share his untimely fate. The tower of the Jamestown church, which rears its ruined head amid a dense and tangled thicket, is the only memorial which now remains of the scene of these events: a solitary instance of decay where all is fresh with the animation of newly-acquired life.

Second only to its historical associations, which, as being the only ones which America yet presents of any antiquity, are the more interesting and attractive to a stranger, come the natural and picturesque beauties, and these are of no mean order. A description of the principal of these, Wyer's Cave—a vast subterranean cavern, of the most beautiful description—would occupy far too much space here, and shall be given in a future paper; but to attempt even a passing notice of Virginia without alluding to the Natural Bridge, would be, indeed, to perform a tragedy omitting the character of the hero, or to paint a picture in which the chief actor in the scene remained undelineated. It is, indeed, the glory, not only of this state, but of the whole south, and well does it deserve the encomiums which it has received.

This stupendous specimen of the majesty of Nature's works is, as the name implies, a vast mass of rock spanning a deep gorge, and affording a passage, from side to side, which could not otherwise be attained without a tedious and circuitous journey. Standing on the edge of this bridge, and casting his eye below, the traveller beholds a deep ravine, narrow, and bounded by perpendicular cliffs, which seem almost to shut out the lower portion from the light of day; while in the bottom a small though rapid stream rushes foamingly along, which in the rainy season becomes a large and formidable torrent. Nothing, however, can be seen without descending to the lower part of the ravine,—an enterprise of some danger, especially to the ladies of our party; but, after some slight delay, and no little mutual amusement at the various awkward positions in which we were often placed, we succeeded

in accomplishing our descent; and had the difficulty and danger been tenfold what it was, we should have been amply repaid by the glorious beauty of the majestic scene. Buried, apparently, in a vast and magnificent grave, shut out from all sight of life, and the deep and solemn silence broken only by the gentle ripple of the little streamlet, which then in the summer scarcely deserved the name of a brook, we had full leisure to regard the scene around us; and it was some moments before we had sufficiently drunk in its beauties to venture to break the spell by a mutual expression of our admiration and delight. High and towering above our heads was the bridge; its gigantic arch appearing almost as perfect as if chiselled by the hand of man; while the cracks and fissures in the surrounding rocks, and the roots of trees which were projecting exposed from the cliff, bore testimony to the progress of decay, and carried forward the mind to that day when the Natural Bridge itself should yield to the destructive energy of Time, and fall, a shapeless ruin, into the yawning gulf beneath.

Some rash attempts have been made by various visitors to climb from the bottom of the ravine to the summit of the perpendicular cliff, and a few have succeeded in the attempt; but the majority have met with a less happy fate. One young man, a student at the university at Charlottesville, in the same State, endeavoured to ascend to a short distance on the smoothest and most perpendicular portion, wishing to engrave his name higher than any other person had done before, and intending to return as soon as he had effected his object. When, however, he had finished his carving, he found it utterly impossible to descend, in consequence of the very smooth and slippery surface of the cliff, while the further ascent was almost equally perilous. He determined, however, and perhaps wisely, to adopt the latter alternative; and as no foothold was afforded by any projections of the rock, he was compelled to cut cavities for his feet, and so slowly and laboriously to work his way to the summit. Before he had quite reached it he fainted; but some friends having fortunately prepared themselves for his reception, caught him before he fell, and so preserved his life; though his reason never recovered from the shock it had sustained.

In the summer, which is by far the most agreeable season for a tour in Virginia, the cities are all deserted; and the whole of the wealthier inhabitants betake themselves to the various springs, to find some relief from the oppressive heat of the large towns. They have Sulphur Springs of every imaginable hue—black, white, red,

blue, and grey—warm, salt, and sweet; but all agreeing in a most infernal taste and odour. I visited nearly all, and most heroically went through the process of tasting the water of each individual spring; an ordeal which will certainly have the effect of causing me never to forget my summer in Virginia. The matter of health is, of course, here, as at almost all watering places, a mere pretence,—a cloak for gaiety and dissipation; though the penalty of daily drinking the diabolical waters is certainly a very heavy price to pay for the pleasure thus enjoyed. Excursions in the woods by day, and dancing and music at night, serve to pass away the time very delightfully for a few weeks at these springs; though I must say I was always inclined to pity those who spent their whole summers at any of the Virginian watering places.

The accommodations for the guests are very peculiar, and so un-English as to deserve a notice. In addition to the main building, or large hotel, in which are generally domiciliated all the elderly ladies and gentlemen,—to whom it is a matter of considerable convenience and delight to be able to walk from their sleeping apartments to the general drawing-room without running the risk of exposure to the scorching sun, the inclement wind, the unhealthy damp, or the enervating drought, as the case may be, and who, in fact, love their ease,—there are arranged in rows around the grounds attached to the establishment, which are generally pretty extensive, a number of neat little boxes, or cabins, as they are appropriately termed, just large enough for the accommodation of two persons, and each being, so far as regards sleeping accommodations, separate and complete in itself. At some of the springs, as, for instance, the White Sulphur, there are large houses which are the property of individuals, and in which they come to reside during the summer months; but this is not very frequently the case.

Virginia is famed among American gastronomers for a dish which is never made in perfection any where else, and which Ude would, I am sure, denominate divine; though it is generally so frequently repeated as to lose all novelty, and become tedious, though disagreeable it could never be, even to the most inveterate despiser of the good things of this life. I allude to the fried chicken, which every one who has ever travelled in western Virginia will well remember as an almost universal dish; and which I can certainly never forget, having had the satisfaction of living on it for breakfast, dinner, and supper, for the space of three unin-

terrupted weeks—a time in which the utmost delicacy would become, in a slight degree, monotonous and tiresome.

Virginia is the only one of all the states in the Union which boasts of its origin, or looks back with pride and exultation on its former connexion with Great Britain, and rejoices in having been the child of the mistress of the seas. The inhabitants of the other provinces are ever willing to forget this fact in their exultations at their present prosperity and power; and look upon the English as, if not their enemies, at least not their most cordial friends. But in Virginia the case is very different. The name of the "Old Dominion" is one by which its natives frequently designate it; and all seem to be gratified by the recollections which it incites of those happy days when democracy had not yet cast its blighting influence over the nation; and when the absence of political importance was well compensated for by social happiness and domestic peace.

And yet how sad it is, that on a picture so bright, so beautiful as Virginia, there should be a dark and damning spot, which mars so much of its perfection; that over her fertile fields, her splendid forests, and her magnificent estates, there should hang and hover a cloud which shuts out half the brilliance of the solar orb. Slavery once abolished, Virginia would be, as it was in settlement, so now in every other particular, the first state in the American Union; but while it remains it can never rise to that eminence which it would otherwise attain. Nor is it impossible that, but for the imprudence and rashness of those who have the cause most at heart, the negro would be even now a free man in many of the southern states; but, be this as it may, one thing may be easily foreseen—that the spirit of the black man is rising up against the long-continued tyranny of his pale-faced master: he is beginning to contrast his condition with that of the negroes under British rule, and to feel that he is justified, as a human being, in taking any and every measure for the recovery of that which is dearer to him than life, and which the law of America, the land of liberty, declares he shall not possess. The mutiny of the negroes of the Creole is but the prelude to a host of others; which, though the friend of humanity may lament, he can never condemn—the last and terrific struggle of an injured race, calling loudly on Heaven for redress against the tyranny of their fellow-creatures. May God prosper their noble attempts!

THE SEASONS.

By Major Calder Campbell.

Why should we search the world for thorns and briers,—
  Explore its darkest dens for hurtful things,—
And—like the Salamander—bathe in fires
  Whose furnace-heat a swift destruction brings?
Why should we tune to monodies our lyres,
  And with suspicion soil our spirits' wings?
Why should mistrust attend our dearest dreams,
Since "goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems?"

Why o'er the spirit, in its brightest hour,
  When suns are shining, rivers sparkling clear,
Comes there presentiment's dull, boding power,
  To sprinkle hope with thoughts of doubt and fear?
Why, when the foot is tripping through the bower,
  Where Spring's and Summer's wedded charms appear,
Roves the mad eye until it fall upon
The toad, that crouches by the mossy stone?

Are there not roses in the world enow,
  Whose blossoms we may gather, nor yet wound
Our fingers with the darts they outwards throw?
  Are there not fruits delicious to be found
Far from the upas tree? Doth not the show
  Of Summer and of Autumn dress the ground
In beauty, for a space that well may cheer
The heart—that *ever* looks for tempests here?

And Spring—with all its infant buds and bells,
  Its baby blossoms and its butterflies,—
And Summer, with its ripe receptacles
  For nature's lovelinesses,—vainly rise
To dim the Autumn's russet grace: there dwells
  A taste of life within her luxuries;
And o'er her fields of vegetable gold
Lingers a spell to warm the feelings cold.

Spring, Summer, Autumn—all are fair! yet still
  They do not in their gracefulness surpass
Froze Winter's bridal dress of icicle,
  Flung, snowy white, across the crimpèd grass;
Bright are the chains she throws o'er lake and rill,
  And her snow-bowers are fairer than fair glass;
And then her bard, the cheerful robin, pours
A sweeter song than mermaid's on the shores!

Spring is our Infancy! Its herbs, that burst
From the prolific bosom of the earth—
Its flowers, by early dews and sunlight nurst—
Its blithe birds, carolling in gayest mirth—
Its sunshine and its showers—its skies, at first
Cloudy and grey, then beaming brightly forth,
Betoken man's frail Childhood, when we smile,
Yet, in our sportive sorrow, weep the while!

And Summer is our Youth, our happy time,
When love and friendship ope their wooing arms;
When hope enhaloes us with rays sublime,
And pleasure dresses every thing in charms:
The gentle dawn burst of the matin-prime,
The tranquil moonlight, and its sweet alarms;
Of shadowy shapes—oh! these but image forth
Youth's short-lived reign of purity and mirth!

Then comes the Autumn, with her matron grace,—
Her ripe fruits falling from the fading bough,—
Her sheavèd corn—her reaper's freckled face,—
And sometimes, too, her sudden blights, which throw
Bleak famine on the earth, where late the trace
Of plenitude was seen; while saddest woe
Succeeds to joy: this is our Manhood's type,
Whose hopes meet blight when they are nearly ripe!

Last comes old Winter, with its genial frosts,
Its healthy freshness, and its wrinkled brow,
And, ah! its sleets, its surly blasts, its hosts
Of sullen storms and winds that wildly blow;
It emblems out our Age, which sometimes boasts
Of generous vigour—cold, yet cheerful snow—
But oftener finds us with a train of woes,
That dog its progress and attend its close!

Then, since the breath of beauty is abroad
On every season and o'er every scene,
Why should we chase the sunshine from our road,
And hang dark clouds where azure skies have been?
Hail to thee, Spring! I love thy bright abode
On daisied lea, by fragrant hedgerows green;
And Summer! thou art dear, with all thy wealth
Of sunny skies, clear leaves, and winds of health!

Hail to thee, Autumn! In thy brow I trace
No frown, to tell of canker or of care;
There is a merry flush upon thy face,
And ears of yellow wheat are in thy hair:
I love thee well!—And Winter hath its grace,
Its icebells pure, its glaciers grand and fair;—
For every season, to the minstrel's breast,
Is in a glorious garb of beauty drest!

COLLOQUY OF THE DEAD.

THERSITES. *(solus.)* 'Tis well, indeed, that the Fates, in their wisdom, thought fit to place us—the ancients—after death, apart from the moderns: it is advantageous for both parties that the foolish creatures who, in their life-time have spoken of us as scarcely less than deities, and died in that comfortable assurance, should not be brought too near to see what stuff we are of, and how their gigantic idols would shrink when approached. We are the "immortal" ancients, the "glorious" ancients, because a few musty parchments escaped the clutches of time; and some one or two, the most crafty and long-breathed among our chaunters or ranters, made long histories out of nothing, and talked great things of a territory four miles square. Now with us we have that old prosy fellow Homer—I bear him a spite for what he said of me—he is little better than a droning street-minstrel, but the world adores him; men grow wrinkled in writing on him, or in contending for the name of his grandfather; and the whipped school-boy blubbers over his greasy pages. This is, I suppose, what people call immortality. Heaven deny me such immortality! I have got enough already; for another fellow, called a poet, has lately been making use of my name to dignify his tragedies. But here's the old blind Melesigenes, or— bah! he has as many names as a magazine-scribbler has signatures. And I suppose Æschylus, his parasite by confession, is not far off; but still, I'll tease him a little, he well deserves it. Most reverend and thrice-to-be-listened-to Homer, may the gods restore you your eyesight. Thou walkest feebly; shall I support thy steps, while thou dost beguile the way with a nutshell rhapsody?

HOMER. Out with thee, thou ill-omened croaker! Wilt thou ever cross my way? And must thou always, because thou hast eyes, mock at my blindness, thou railing varlet?

THERSIT. Nay, be not offended, my worthy epic. I do bear thee a little grudge, for putting my name in that vile, prosy yarn of yours about Achilles and Ajax, and a dozen other dolts, whom thou callest heroes. And as for thy blindness, dost thou not deserve it? who hast in thy time, talked, or sung blind, so many innocent persons, and spoiled the eyes of so many admirers, by poring over thy old manuscripts?

HOMER. Hast thou no respect for the deeds of olden time, or the glories of ancient sages?

THERSIT. Respect, indeed! well, I confess to none. But, Homer, thou art an unconscionable fellow to cause little urchins to be beaten for thy sake: I saw a poor schoolboy flogged the other day, for not understanding thy piebald patchwork dialect only in one word.

HOMER. And what of that; am I to blame?

THERSIT. And I thought, besides, that the Greeks were much obliged to thee for the farrago thou hast made of their dialects; thou hast thrown together Doric, Ionic, and all, friends and foes, with as little compunction as if thou wert mixing a salad, or compounding a medicine.

HOMER. Away! I would beat thee, could I see.

THERSIT. Here comes thy Lazarus, the magniloquent Æschylus; he that begged the crumbs from thy table. By his haste he comes to rescue thee; how like one of his own Furies he is!

ÆSCHYL. O Father, whom heaven-sent calamity
Has reft of precious sight;
Yet left within thee an all-penetrating mind—
Light in obscurity.
Say, doth this son of baseness and of slander
Vex thy most reverend ears?

HOMER. He doth, my son. Drive him hence.

ÆSCHYL. Hence! to the darkness of thy proper night,
Spawn of corruption! Flee, or—

THERSIT. Nay! if you throw your choral metres at my head, I'll go directly. Your hard words would crack a man's skull, as sure as a stone will a nut.

ÆSCHYL. Vile, ill-begotten, foul, ear-staining son
Of slander, hear the words of him
Who bids thee go, with fear-confused steps,
And seek the realms of filth-encompassed spirits!

THERSIT. Hold! peace! Thou hast sung, I thought, enough already on earth; are we to endure more here? But here is Euripides! I'll go, I'll go. Between the compounds of the one, and the apophthegms of the other, I shall fare miserably. I'll not wait to be thumped by them! [*Exit.*

EURIP. He who can see his father sore beset,
Nor haste to aid and rescue, scarcely is
Worthy the name of man!

ÆSCHYL. Euripides, we want you not; enough protection
Already hath found this thought-compelling father.
EURIP. The man who answers what he is not asked
May well incur the censure of a meddler;
But he—

HOMER. Stop! one would think you two imagined yourselves acting in the play of Aristophanes. I thank you both: lead on, Æschylus.

NEMO.

AUTUMN WINDS.

THE winds of autumn blew upon a tree with their cold breath, and its leaves withered and fell. Were they lost for ever? During the brief period of their brightness they had nourished the tree, and strengthened its trunk; and when they fell, they sank into the earth at its root, and, by their decay, made it a rich and fertile soil. So when the spring-time came again, the tree blossomed more beautifully than before.

For the warm sunshine of the spring, and the bleak winds of the autumn, are both from heaven.

The joys of our life are blighted by the cold breath of sorrow, and soon fade; yet, while they are with us, they warm and cherish us; and, when they depart, their memory sinks into our hearts, softening them, and preparing us for a better life when the stern winter of death is past.

For our joys and our sorrows are both from God.

PUCK.

TRILL AND TROLL.

(From the German of Lessing.)

TRILL is it, or is't Troll, whose the supremest bliss is?
Her picture Trill, but Troll Dorinda kisses.
With the best plan I wish to be acquainted,
Since each can only kiss her—painted!

ANSWER.

Trill's case is far the best, 'tis plain:
The picture can't kiss him again.

LAY OF THE FOREST MAIDEN.

"Let me be the captive of green trees, and my prison-house walled in with the rustling foliage of summer."—THOMAS MILLER.

Oh, once again! yet once again!
My feet are on the fragrant heather,
I bound along, the glades among,
With heart as buoyant as a feather;
The breezes play around my way,—
The fresh, cool breezes, perfume laden,—
They whisper me, "Thou'rt free; thou'rt free;
Free as ourselves, young forest maiden!"

The leafy bow bends o'er me now,
The emerald sward around me spreadeth;
And golden light, the day-god bright,
On open glade and vista sheddeth.
The fern and grass, where zephyrs pass,
And where the sunshine finds a pillow,
Shimmer and gleam, until they seem
Like ridges of the sparkling billow.

On every side, far, far and wide!
Spreads heath and moorland, copse and dingle;
And field and fell, and shady dell,
Where giant oaks their foliage mingle.
The dappled deer, now there—now here—
Are through the arches springing;
Around,—above, their songs of love,
The mavis and the merle are singing.

The falcon, when 'mid haunts of men
She tarries, an unwilling vassal,
Heeds not if thong of leather strong
Doth bind her, or the silken tassel;
She pines to soar the woodlands o'er;
To roost upon the green bough swinging;
To fold her wings, where slender rings
Of scented woodbine plants are clinging.

As with delight she wings her flight,
When from the gilded perch escaping,
So hail I thee, sweet Liberty,
My course unto thy lone haunts shaping.
The chain is broke—thrown off the yoke!
Again my birth-right I inherit;
Once more I roam my sylvan home,
Free as a disembodied spirit!

H. G. ADAMS.

ELLERTON CASTLE;

A Romance.

BY "FITZROY PIKE."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND

CONTAINS SEVERAL UNEXPECTED MEETINGS—AND PARTINGS UNDESIRED.

HERINGFORD'S eyes were still fixed upon the lifeless body of Kate's pet bird, when the sound of footsteps in the room aroused him from his melancholy reflections. Looking round, he beheld Andrew Westrill and Spenton.

The latter, as the reader may recollect, was introduced with Curts and another in Joe Bensal's cottage; but it yet remains to describe his personal appearance. He was a thin, meagre-looking man, with a cadaverous countenance, of villanous expression; his hair was uncombed, and hung over his forehead, where it was cut off in an even line; thick bushy brows, like the hair of his head, of a red, sandy colour, shaded grey twinkling eyes; his nose long, thin, and hooked; his lips, but seldom closed, white and livid as the face itself; the bristles of a red half-shaven beard adorned his pointed chin, and completed the mean countenance of him who had withered Kate Westrill's happiness. He was clothed in a coarse brown tunic, confined by a belt around the waist; and below this, loose hose of cloth covered his spindle legs.

With a proud and stern gaze Edward regarded his despicable rival, who grinned in the consciousness of security beside Andrew, his supporter.

"Now that the lure is gone," said Andrew, "doth the bird still seek the net?—the trap hath lost its bait, yet still doth it hold its prisoner. Heringford, Andrew Westrill bids thee welcome here!"

"He bids me welcome!" exclaimed Edward; "Andrew Westrill, is *this* thy home? Art thou master of these desolate walls? Andrew! Andrew! canst thou stand amid the solitude thyself hast made, where of old hath joy and happiness resounded—canst thou stand *here* without one feeling of remorse?"

"What change should pain me?" replied Westrill; "father and sister dwelt here, and troubled me: they trouble me no more!"

"Do they not?" asked Edward. "Dost thou never think upon who bowed thy father to the grave? Dost thou never feel one sting at thought of a sister's misery? Hast never felt thyself the guilty one? Andrew, thy crimes are beyond man's forgiveness; but for Kate's blood that flows within thy bosom—"

"Mine is no blood of hers!" cried Andrew, fiercely; "all kindred is renounced. Kate owned me not, and I disclaim her; she refused me a sister's love—let her not look to me for affection!"

"She loved thee—"

"It is false! she gave to thee her love:—me—me, she hated! Deny me not; I will not be deceived! I desired her love, for I felt how sweet would be the affection of one pure being; I thought that when all men scowled upon the reprobate, there would have been one,—one, aye, as good as any of my foes,—to smile upon me, soothe me, love me,—gently love me. I knew the world held no friend for such as I: oh, that it had held a sister! I prayed—even prayed,—it was the only prayer I used to utter,—I prayed that *she* might not think of me as others would! But thou hast robbed me of her love; on thee, Heringford, fell the smiles that should have smoothed a brother's brow. It is over now! Now it is my turn to hate!"

"She loves thee—"

"No!" thundered the wretched brother: "we hate each other now! There is another she must learn to love—her husband, Spenton."

"Her husband!" exclaimed Edward, casting upon the miserable object by Westrill's side a glance of furious despair. "Wretch, I would strike thee to the dust, did not my flesh creep at thought of touching thee!"

Spenton trembled before Heringford's flashing eye, and retired instinctively to the door, ready to disappear at a moment's notice.

"Thee at least," cried Edward, "I am not bound to spare; but— Let me pass!"

"Not so!" cried Westrill; "we detain thee here! Spenton, look not so timidly on this blusterer! Lend me thine aid!"

But Spenton, quaking with fear, stirred not a footstep in advance.

"Is this coward he," cried Edward, "of whose cruel menaces and threats I have heard so much! True, they were levelled at a girl—a friendless orphan! Pitiful scoundrel, tremble not! I pollute not a hand to touch thee! Andrew Westrill, shall I pass?"

"No!" replied Westrill, "unless it be to the grave, where Sir

Richard Ellerton may tread in triumph above thy corpse! We detain thee prisoner!"

To protect the passage Andrew had drawn a dagger; but the weapon was useless, as Heringford, with one blow from his unarmed fist, dashed his opponent to the ground, and, rushing in frantic madness past the terrified Spenton, sought from his companion below some explanation of what he had heard.

But Willie Bats was gone. That worthy had long been occupied in an examination of the saucepans, anxious by some trace to discover which Cicely last had used, that he might bear it as a bright relic from the spot; but, failing in the task, he had wandered thence, and now was nowhere to be found.

At the gate, entering in anxious haste, was Mat Maybird.

"Maybird! Maybird!" cried Edward, "my all is lost! my dearest hopes are crushed! Kate Westrill!—oh, be my reason spared while I make known this misery!—my Kate, to whom my vows were pledged, to whom my love was plighted, whose noble heart is mine—my Kate is Spenton's bride! Oh, why did I fly from persecution! Why did I leave her unprotected!—"

"Edward!" replied Maybird, "my heart bleeds; I thought ere I saw thee, misery was at its height! In evil hour are we returned; the old priest—Father Francis—our earliest friend, they lead him to a scaffold!"

"It cannot be! He is pure and spotless—guilty of no crime."

"Accused of Lollardry; to-night he will be arrested;—this is the work of Curts! I met the villain, even now, in the village. Remembering the mine at Harfleur, he would have shunned me; that I permitted not; by seasonable lies I calmed his anger, put a good motive on the blow I dealt him, and won back his confidence. He told me then how Westrill and he had taken vengeance for many slights on the good old priest—"

"And of Kate?—"

"He told me nothing."

Willie Bats, who had left Edward, now came running up, hot with the unwonted exercise to which his body was exposed. He was evidently delighted.

"She is found!" cried he, "safe! I have seen the charming Cicely,—and she saw me, and blushed! Foolish that I found her not before! I might have thought—oh, Cicely! Cicely!"

"Where?" exclaimed Edward, eagerly, for Kate was in his mind.

"At the window," replied Willie. "Oh, charmer, have I found thee? I might have known they would have taken refuge there, for the old man so loves poor Mistress Kate! They are with Father Francis."

"Alas! alas!" cried Edward, "and to-night that home will be destroyed! And Spenton,—Kate! Kate!—Mercy!"

"There may yet be hope," cried Mat Maybird; "Spenton is not immortal, nor the tribunal of justice always deaf. Seek the good priest, Edward; I dare not, lest I lose the villain's confidence that I have just regained—we may need it yet!"

"I also must go to Father Francis," said Willie Bats, "for I long once more to behold my charmer! Oh, Cicely! if thou but knewest how faithful a lover I have been, even Mistress Kate thou wouldst leave, to come to my longing arms!"

They soon reached the good priest's cottage, to which they obtained ready admittance. Father Francis was in every difficulty the friend and adviser of his family,—for so he called the villagers,—and was constantly visited by them: each looked upon the priest as a private friend—a superior; and almost deemed him possessed of infallibility, as he gave his pious counsels.

Eagerly Heringford hastened into his presence. The old man rose with surprise and joy to meet his old favourite again.

"Greet me not, Father," cried Edward; "rejoice not at my presence. Alas! I am returned only to be the harbinger of evil days; to be the first to disturb thy happiness with words of evil omen. Good Father, danger is at hand! thy white locks will be brought to shame, and a miserable end,—the most merciful a scaffold!"

"Fear not, my son," replied the priest, "I know the nature of the shame thou namest; I can anticipate my crime, and the penalty inflicted for that offence is rather glory than disgrace. I marvel much that the Lollard has been so long untouched."

"They shall not harm thee," exclaimed Edward; "not one of thy white hairs shall they touch; the villagers will rise—"

"Edward," said the old man, gravely, "for the few last years of a life already in decay, wouldst thou bring fire and sword into a peaceful village? Say no more, dear son; urge not concealment—flight; the dignity of my creed requires that I fear not to avow it; the dignity even of man that I steadfastly abide the consequence of mine own actions."

"Hast thou no fear of the rack, the cruel torture, the stake, the gibing mob? Can I not move thee?"

"He," replied the priest, "from whom the trial comes will give His creature courage to endure it. No more; thy generosity thought first of me; but a poor maiden is beneath my roof—"

"Father!" cried Heringford, "this trial is more than I can bear! What fortitude of a weak girl shall bear up against the strong arm of cruelty and power? And Kate hath yielded! Kate is lost! I cannot see her; I dare not, dare not look upon her—and love—and know that my Kate is Spenton's bride."

"What strange delusion hath possessed thee!" exclaimed the priest. "Kate Westrill fled to me for protection. Persecution had almost robbed her of life; but she preserved her faith. She is recovered now; thou wilt see her even almost as of old."

"As of old!" cried Edward; "Kate as of old! Kate *mine!* And hath she borne all for me? for me suffered, for me—and I shall look into her bright blue eye, and see it as of old!—"

"She is in her own room," said the priest; "I will prepare her for the knowledge of thine arrival: wait here awhile!"

Notwithstanding the fearful knowledge of his impending fate, a smile of pleasure beamed on the face of Father Francis, and the old man's step was light, despite of age, as he hastened on his benevolent mission. Edward and Willie Bats remained.

"Cicely cannot be far off," said Willie; "excuse me, Sir Edward; I will go and find her! O charming Cicely, how my heart beats at thought of seeing thee!—I think I had better not go . . . . ."

"Why not? she will rejoice to hear thy voice again!"

"But I tremble so much," said the bashful Willie; "I shall not know what to say. But I *will* go!"—and he walked towards the door; again returning, "I am afraid," he said; "I don't like going!"

"Afraid of the good-natured Cicely!" exclaimed Edward.

"Good-natured!" echoed Willie; "good-natured!—so she is! Charming Cicely!—I WILL go!" And this time Willie succeeded in leaving the room, very slowly, however; nor was it at a particularly rapid pace that his feet were heard retreating towards the kitchen.

A light step without: the door opened, and Kate rushed in.

"Edward!"

"Kate! mine own dear Kate!"

Oh, what bliss was there in that meeting, heightened by the surrounding sorrow! The perils of the past were forgotten—the shadows of the future disregarded—their whole souls were absorbed in that one moment of ecstatic joy!

"Trouble hath not marred thy beauty," said Edward; "trial hath but strengthened thy faith. Oh, the pleasure of again looking upon thee thus!"

"Now I am indeed happy," replied Kate; "I thought once I should never more feel pleasure; but this is the purest that I ever knew. They told me thou wert false, but I believed them not; they said thou wert dead, and I hoped, beyond the grave, to join thee. But yet on earth may happiness be ours!"

With pride Edward looked upon Kate Westrill, little changed by the troubles she had undergone. The old priest's care had restored the blue eyes of affection and mirth; there was still the sweet smile upon her lips, and in the moment of excitement the blush of pleasure was upon her cheek: except that the expression of her face was at times a trace more thoughtful, no change was to be detected.

And her mind, too, was but strengthened in its former charms, as Edward found by the converse that followed; a conversation that, by the statutes of the Court of Love, we dare not chronicle. Neither dare we trust ourselves to describe the scene that ensued when Father Francis reappeared, and Kate heard of the sorrow that impended;—the pious firmness of the old man, Kate Westrill's grief, Heringford's uncertainty;—but the noble calmness of the priest prevailed; and for the moment many fears were stilled, when Heringford spoke of Bruton's influence with King Henry. He perhaps might successfully intercede, and his friendly roof would form a temporary asylum for the orphan girl. These and similar arrangements were being made when Willie Bats rushed hastily into the room.

"The soldiers!" cried he, "the soldiers are coming! I saw them first. I saw the dust, and said they were sheep; but Cicely thinks they are soldiers, and I know they are. Charming girl, she is always right!"

"Are they far distant?" asked Edward, going to the window.

"We saw them in an upper room," said Willie; "I don't think even Cicely could see them yet if she were to stand down here."

But the troop advanced at a rapid pace, and in a short time

halted before the cottage. Several among them had been seen to wear no uniform; among these were Andrew Westrill and Spenton, who had ridden forward to meet and to direct the company. The captain with a few men having dismounted, Spenton and Westrill preceded them into the house, where they at once entered the old man's study.

Kate trembled at the sight of her brother, who had hitherto been in ignorance of her hiding place; and Andrew, when he found her clinging to Edward for protection, smiled in triumph.

"Ha! ha!" cried Spenton, "my pretty bride is here! Prepare, Sir Priest, for a journey. This escort waits to bear thee company to London. Scowl not at me, young man," added he, turning towards Edward, strong in the presence of the soldiery; "I fear thee not."

Edward, however, deigned no answer beyond a glance of contempt.

"Captain Rantern, bind your prisoner," said Spenton, after a pause.

Captain Rantern was a stout, round-bellied man, with a very red face, and a still redder little nose, red hair, and even red eyes, which, combined with an uniform of the same warm colour, made him appear very much as if he had been stroked, from top to bottom, with a red paint-brush. The reader may or may not remember that it was Captain Rantern under whom Mat Maybird went to France, and whom he deserted to join the band of the white banner. When we say that the captain served during the whole campaign, it is needless to add that he was well acquainted with Heringford, and the fame he had acquired.

"Bind the heretic!" urged Spenton.

"Hold, captain!" interrupted Edward. "Look at his weak old age, and think whether it is such as he that could meditate an escape. Leave him unbound: I will be answerable that he follows quietly."

"Thou answerable!" exclaimed Andrew Westrill, contemptuously; "and what security is thine?"

"Good," said the captain. "Excuse my differing; but Sir Edward Heringford's is the best warrant I could have; and I have heard much that inclines me to believe I am justified in acting as Sir Edward bids."

We may here remark that Captain Rantern always heard a great deal, and depended greatly on whatever he might chance to hear.

"Moreover, captain," continued Edward, "thou wilt treat the old man kindly."

"Of course," replied Rantern; "for I have often heard it said that old age ought to be respected."

"Right," said Heringford; "and as this arrest is but a temporary annoyance, proceeding from yon contemptible scoundrel, this is another reason why his comfort should be attended to."

"Certainly," replied the captain; "for who hath not heard that comfort is the peculiar prerogative of a native Briton?"

"It is well! it is well!" cried Westrill. "Heringford, he who favours Lollardry incurs suspicion; look to thyself; and, Captain Rantern, wilt thou bear the punishment of him who is biassed in favour of a state prisoner?"

"Listen not to his threats," said Edward; "the snares of malice entrap those who lay them, so I have heard."

"And so have I," replied the captain; "and I regard them accordingly."

"Think not, Sir Heringford, that all men will yield so easily," said Spenton, with a malicious laugh. "Lollardry is an unpardonable crime, and the old priest is doomed already."

The soldiers were leaving the room with Father Francis, when Andrew Westrill called them back.

"Stay," cried he, "I may need your aid in another matter. Heringford, yield up my ward!"

"Never to thee," replied Edward. "Kate Westrill falls not again into the hands of cruelty."

"Captain Rantern," said Westrill, "I am guardian to that girl, who hath fled her home; she is placed, for three years to come, beneath my care. I call upon thee to assist me in rescuing her from that person to whom she clings."

"I have heard," said Rantern, "that guardians have power over their wards, and therefore am compelled to side against the girl; but, pretty creature, I wish, for her sake, that the law of guardianship were drowned in the Red Sea."

"There is One," said the priest, "who will protect the fatherless and the orphan. Yield her, my son, if thou hast trust in Providence."

"I am firm, Edward," said Kate; "they cannot force my will. Doubt not, Edward; yield me, if but for a season, and show the trust thou placest in my courage."

Andrew, advancing, seized Kate's arm, and Edward passively relaxed his hold.

"It is best so," said he. "Westrill, see that thou deal'st justly by the girl. Mine eye shall be on every action; not one plot shall escape my ken. Kate, I am near thee still. I can leave calmly, for I fear no danger. Be thou but firm for a brief season, and the arm of persecution shall very soon fall powerless. Be wary, Westrill; I go to London with this troop to save the old man's life. I charge thee, be careful of thine actions, for I come soon to demand a reckoning!"

Exchanging one glance with Kate Westrill, and without looking either at Andrew or Spenton, Heringford left the room, and the horsemen followed with their prisoner. Horses having been then prepared for the additional riders, the party set out, with Edward and Captain Rantern at their head, on the return to London. Edward waved his hand gaily to Kate Westrill as he rode off, and she replied by a cheerful smile. Each, however, had a presentiment of ill that actions did not express. A crowd of villagers had collected around the soldiers; and, but for Heringford's mediation, would have prevented their good friend, the priest, from being carried off. They were assured, however, that he would soon return; and knowing how pure and free of guile the old man was, they believed that he had but to speak to free himself from charge of evil. Thus confident, they were content.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE JOURNEY TO LONDON — WILLIE BATS IS OVERCOME BY WAIL AND WASSAIL.

Sadness possessed but a small share of Edward's heart, as he rode thoughtfully beside his companion, for all the energies of his soul had been excited—every faculty was bent upon the means of averting the impending dangers. It is true that Kate was separated from him, in the hands of a brutal brother; it is true that his early and kindest friend, the old priest, was on his way to a scaffold; it is true that he himself was surrounded by enemies, whose plots were permitted to flourish;—what then? Who shall limit man's hopes, the dreams of youth? Sneerers at air-built castles

may say whate'er they will, but if these can afford comfort and pleasure, why is it that they should be destroyed?

"I have heard," said Rantern, interrupting the chain of Edward's thoughts; "I have heard that there will be grand rejoicings in London to-morrow, on the king's return."

"Is it to-morrow that he returns?" asked Edward; "I thought he had been there already."

"No," said Rantern; "I have been told that he will return then. There will be mumming at the Wells, and miracle-plays without number; flags, music, processions, addresses, shouts, and illuminations."

"I feel not much inclined," said Edward, "to mix in these rejoicings."

"Indeed!" cried Rantern; "I have heard so much of the preparations that I long to behold their completion. I shall not waste much time, therefore, in sleep to-night. We halt at the next house."

At the next house, accordingly, they halted for a night's rest. Edward attended to the wants of the old priest; but he needed not to cheer him, for the pious Father Francis was not one to repine; he was as calm and dignified among the riotous soldiers as though they had been members of his hitherto happy family at Ellerton—the family of contented villagers, that looked upon him as their friend and father. Captain Rantern and his band treated the old man with respect: the white locks that strayed over his serene and open brow, the mildness of his conduct, his humility and resignation to a fate at which the sternest among them shuddered, commanded their attention.

Betimes on the following morning the journey was resumed. As they drew near the city, both the sight and the sound of the merry-making delighted the eyes and ears of the captain and his company. A crowd of masqueraders was the first that they encountered: these, at the sight of soldiers who had fought in France, set up a general shout; and he who represented the Father of Sin, with wooden horns and hairy inexpressibles, by a beautiful, original, and extemporaneous allegory, turned his back, and fled before the glorious army of England, then and there represented by red Captain Rantern and his military escort. It was dark, but the hosts of people in the road, with lights of every description, illuminated the motley scene.

Make way, make way, good holiday folks, a pageant is at

hand! The men of Iseldon, since King Henry himself passeth not that way, do homage to his representation. A train of girls dance onward in the foremost file, strewing laurels in the path of the mimic king that prances behind on the best horse of the neighbourhood. As he approaches, shouts rend the air; every one sees in the effigy the conqueror himself. "God bless King Henry!" "Long live King Henry!" is the shout. "England, England against all the world!" "God save our king!" Behind the honoured figure rides a body-guard; and as they approached where Rantern and his band had stationed themselves, our travellers, in obedience to the spirit of the hour, unbonneted before the personated monarch. Behind these were the leaders of the army, and those who had distinguished themselves in the war, represented by disguised mechanics, each of whom, for the sake of perfect perspicuity, bore in his hand a banner, and name in gold letters labelled thereupon. On one of these was the name, "Sir Edward Heringford;" and beneath it was added, "Knighted at Azincour." The bearer of that banner was greeted with a shout that went to the soul of Edward, and called a flush upon his cheek. Then came a number disguised as horsemen and archers, to represent the army itself. These having passed with applause, the part that followed gave strong token of the ingenuity and warmth of imagination displayed by the people. First came an effigy on a donkey, bearing his head and a broken crown on the saddle behind; a splendid and hidden allegory, denoting that this was the lunatic king of France, whose head—most decidedly—was "not in its right place," and whose crown was sorely battered. He was surrounded by a picturesque body-guard of Satanic imps, led on by their dark-complexioned parent. After these came a crowd of men—the French leaders—bound firmly together by pasteboard fetters, and diligently occupied in blowing through tin trumpets, to make known to all the world the trifling nature of the vaunted glory of Gaul.

Behind these, the troop of soldiers, with Father Francis, followed; their leader, Captain Rantern, was considered as part of the show, and greeted accordingly; his redness being perhaps taken to represent the French blood spilt during the campaign.

"Never," cried he angrily to Edward, "never before did I hear myself hooted in this manner. What can possibly be the reason?"

"I suppose," replied Edward, "we are considered part of the pageant."

"Halt!" thundered the captain. "If that be the case, we will part company."

The troop accordingly halted, until the procession was at some distance in advance, when they proceeded more quietly onward.

As they advanced nearer to the town, the bustle and festivity around them increased. Every where the soldiers were greeted with acclamations; and Father Francis, who, had he been led as a prisoner, would have met with insult and annoyance, being left to follow in freedom, was looked upon with interest and curiosity. He himself took but little notice of the gaiety around him. The city was illuminated, decorated with flags, trophies and banners, whilst from every quarter the people poured towards the roads on which the conquerors would pass.

Henry had refused a triumphal entry, referring all glory to the Highest; but the feelings of the Londoners were not easily to be repressed; and thus he found himself, on his return from Dover, rapturously received.

The bells were ringing a merry peal, to hail the royal entry, at the moment when Captain Rantern and his band stopped with their prisoner before the Tower gates. Edward again urged that respect and attention should not be denied the good priest; and grasped the old man's hand as he took leave, with a promise soon to visit him in his prison. They then parted: Father Francis to his captivity; Heringford to seek out Bruton.

Wending his way towards the house, our hero soon found himself upon London bridge. He was riding slowly along, with his eyes fixed upon the lights reflected on the river from the illuminated town, when a well-known voice met his ear—the voice of Willie Bats.

"I am glad to find thee," said he: "I have ridden after thee at a good pace, starting two hours later;—Oh, master Edward, I am glad to find thee!"

"Hath any thing occurred?" asked Edward, in alarm.

"Oh yes, Sir Edward, yes," replied Willie. "How can I have courage to tell thee?"

"Is Kate Westrill harmed? Speak, man, quickly! What is the intelligence?"

"Dreadful!" cried poor Willie. "I am afraid to say it!"

Edward anxiously pressed the news.

"Cicely!" stammered Willie. "It is not Mistress Kate; it is Cicely—I cannot find her—she is gone! Oh, charming Cicely!

Where hast thou concealed the sunlight of thy charms? Why hast thou fled from thine adorer?—Cicely! Cicely!"

"Where, then, is Kate?" asked Edward, for he knew Cicely was one who would not desert her, and feared that both must be lost.

"Mistress Kate," said Willie, "was carried home by her brother. She fainted after thou wert gone; and when I sought Cicely, to assist in recovering her, the angel, my charmer, was nowhere to be found! I looked for her all over and around the village, for two hours, and then started for London."

"What dost thou intend to do here?" asked Edward.

"Find Cicely," replied the other.

"But how will thou live meanwhile?"

"I never thought of that!" said Willie, in bewilderment. "What can I do?"

"Come with me," suggested Edward.

And Willie went accordingly; not sorry so easily to have overcome his difficulties.

Soon Edward halted before the mansion of Bruton, in which he had been sheltered on his first visit to London. There were lights in every window; no token of joy and bustle was omitted. Leading his horse, followed by Willie Bats and Prento, into the court-yard, Edward found it thronged with the retainers of Bruton, that had but that moment arrived. His own band was there, and set up a shout of welcome, on recognising their young leader. Willie Bats was astonished at his friend's popularity, but not the less delighted at the good prospect it afforded. Edward spoke to his men, and recommending Willie to their care, that swain and his tall steed were burdened with attention. Willie Bats having been pulled away from Prento, the horse was led to the stables, and the rider to the buttery, where he soon found himself more agreeably occupied than would have been the case had he traversed the streets in search of the missing Cicely.

Edward, in the mean time, sought his patron. Bruton was alone, in the same room they had before occupied, yet armed, except that his head was uncovered, and his light helmet and plume was lying upon the table at which he sate. The apartment was brilliantly lighted.

"Sir Edward Heringford!" said Bruton, on seeing his young friend enter; "I thought thou wert at Ellerton."

"I have been there," replied Edward; "and come thence, hither, with a heavy heart."

"Hath aught of evil happened to thy Kate?" asked Bruton.

"To her, to all of us, misfortune is present—the whole village mourns: it is sadly changed since the days when I lived there as a happy peasant!"

"What is the common calamity that you lament?" inquired Bruton.

"It is this. We had a priest in the village, mild, placid, benevolent; an old, a harmless old man, that loved us all, whom we all loved. The little children were delighted to sit upon his knee, as he taught them virtue; the young men looked up to him as an unerring guide; men found in Father Francis a gentle and affectionate adviser, whilst our fathers considered him their dearest friend. Even the dumb creatures of the village knew the old man's voice, and loved to hear it: in him were centered the affections of all in the village; there they met, and found a tie that bound them to their native place;—that tie is now broken—the good priest is lost!"

"Is he dead?" asked Bruton, with interest.

"Not yet," replied Edward. "He is not dead. One of those who is sworn against us hath, from a mean spite, attempted also the life of this helpless old man;—he is accused of Lollardry, and now lodged in the Tower."

"A Lollard!" exclaimed Bruton: "then, alas! there is no hope. The law is furious against that persecuted sect: no efforts will avail to save him!"

"They must be tried," said Edward. "We must not let the good priest perish without one word in his behalf. Thou hast influence with the king: use it for my sake, I entreat thee!"

"It will be vain," said Bruton. "The king, deceived as he is concerning the intentions of these men, yet pities their misfortunes; but his voice is weak; he could not successfully exert it in their cause. The prelates, Edward, are insatiable; they fear the progress of the sect, and vainly endeavour, by bloodshed, to arrest it. A Lollard taken cannot hope ever to escape! I will urge thy prayer to King Henry; but we must not set our hopes too high.—Now may I ask after Kate Westrill?"

"Sorrow is there, too," replied Heringford; "our enemies have added her to the list of victims—I know not why. Her brother hates her, and has commenced a persecution, in which his associates now unite."

At Bruton's request, Edward related all that he had recently

discovered in which Kate was implicated. Bruton expressed deep sympathy. "Forget never," said he, "that at all times, thou and all that are dear to thee are welcome to my roof; that thy friends are my friends; also, that ye may command me, whenever I can assist, for I take no common interest in thy welfare. Would only," added he, in an agitated tone, "would only that I were certain of thy parentage!"

Edward's gratitude and curiosity were at once excited; the former only expressed.

Supper was soon after served, and Edward thought of Willie Bats. "I have," said he, "a humble, but warm-hearted friend below, who is in some measure a partner in my troubles, for his affections are fixed upon Kate's servant, who follows her faithfully through every change."

At Bruton's desire, Willie was called up and introduced. His walk was rather unsteady, and his gaze rather uncertain; he exhibited also a marvellous affection for the wall, against which he rolled his round body. It was evident that Edward's desire that Willie Bats should be taken care of, had been complied with to an unpleasant extreme. Bruton spoke to him kindly. "My friend Heringford," said he, "hath spoken well of thee: rely on a welcome here."

"I am greatly ob-liged to thee," replied Willie, in a slow and thick voice. "Thou art a kind, affec-tionate girl, Cicely—so Master—Sir Edward—Heringford hath often confessed. I—do—love—thee; and am much ob-liged."

Bruton smiled. Edward was vexed at this unpropitious mode of carrying on the conversation and commencing an acquaintance. "Poor Willie," said he, in excuse, "hath suffered much anxiety to-day, and, in attempting to shake off his care, it is scarcely surprising that he should thus have committed himself. I never saw him in this state before."

"I can understand it readily," replied Bruton: "I do not blame the poor fellow, but from my heart I pity his disappointment. It will do, Willie."

"Farewell, my Cicely; my cha—char—charm-er," replied he, affectionately kissing his hand to Bruton as he rolled out of the room, still claiming companionship with the wall.

Soon after, the inmates of the house retired to rest, but they slept not through the night; for the noisy revellers in the streets still gave loud vent to their rejoicings at the return of the victorious

army of England from the French campaign. When the sun rose in the morning, it gave the first hint to the revellers throughout London that their holiday had been drawn out to a sufficient length of time; and then, with tottering step and exhausted bodies, they returned each to his own home, and resumed their usual occupations.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

EDWARD HERINGFORD, HAVING PROVIDED HIMSELF WITH ANOTHER ENEMY, RETURNS TO ELLERTON.

To relate the scene in the old priest's prison, when Heringford visited it on the following morning, were a task as easy as it is needless. The dignity of virtue was maintained; Father Francis in the cold dungeon differed in nothing from the village priest,—gentle, forgiving, noble too, possessed of the fearlessness of conscious right. But his trial went no farther, for the intercession of Bruton obtained a pardon; and, ere Edward left the Tower, an order arrived for his release. King Henry held the accusation insufficiently supported, but cautioned the accused lest he should again lay himself open to suspicion.

But there was another circumstance connected with Heringford's visit to the Tower, which proved of the utmost importance in the influence it exerted over his subsequent career. Upon this we pause.

Shortly before arriving at the Tower gates, Edward met Captain Rantern, rather paler than usual, and exhibiting, in his whole appearance, evident signs of not having slept that night—a fact to be attributed, perhaps, not to anxiety, but to his having neglected the ordinary means of obtaining rest employed by less jovial mortals.

"Hast thou provided for the old priest's comfort?" inquired Edward.

"No," replied the captain; "I have heard of rascally turnkeys, but never of one like the villain here. I should like to be told that he was well whipped for his insolence!"

"What has he done?"

"Done! I only wish he would enlist in my company, I'd make

him smart for his conduct! I told him to treat the old man well, and he called me an illumination; told me that I was a red-faced scoundrel, for speaking in favour of a Lollard; that he knew his duty, and how heretic hounds were to be used. Upon this I said he was a brute, and he called me lobster.—So we parted, and I pity the poor prisoner whom I was compelled to leave at his tender mercy."

Rendered, by this information, yet more anxious to see the good father, and ascertain his condition, Edward lost no time in obtaining entrance. Being provided with the necessary passports, Heringford soon found himself walking behind the object of Captain Rantern's animosity, on his way to the old priest's cell.

Simon Byre, the turnkey, was a very tall, muscular man, apparently of middle age, and originally a native of some distant clime. His complexion was swarthy, with black bushy hair and eyebrows, receding forehead; eyes small, but bright and glaring, with features of a fierce and malignant cast. He wore a dingy white tunic, loose at the sleeves, and confined around the waist by a girdle, to which his keys were attached.

Looking upon Edward as a Lollard's visitor, Simon Byre put himself to some little inconvenience in studying a succession of insults; and Edward was startled to observe how the voice contrasted with the words, and look, and gesture of the speaker; for its tones were soft and gentle, mellifluous as might be those of a maiden lisping love.

The taunts of this man, and, still more, his brutality towards the old priest, excited Edward's indignation. Reproof called up retort; high words arose; and, when he left the Tower, Heringford at once lodged such a complaint against the man as caused his immediate dismissal from the office he had held. The hot blood of Simon Byre urged him, with all the ferocity of a degraded instinct, to seek revenge. But of this hereafter.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the remainder of that day; and on the following morning, Edward and Father Francis, accompanied by Willie Bats, who had dreamed of a treasure he longed to seek, returned on their way to Ellerton. The age of the good priest rendered a very rapid journey impracticable. It is true that the ardent Prento was not easily restrained to the dull pace of his companions; it is true that this vigorous steed angrily champed the bit, and jerked the bridle almost from his rider's grasp. Notwithstanding all these efforts, their progress was but slow; not even

although the impetuous animal flew now to one side of the road, now to another; rearing now on its hinder legs, now suddenly raising those limbs into mid air;—not even for all this was the journey more speedily completed. Prento's haste, indeed, rather delayed the travellers; for, at intervals of about five minutes, it was necessary to halt while that ingenious and accomplished creature performed various evolutions, and exhibited new specimens of equestrian locomotion. At one time he would walk sideways, then backwards; sometimes he would not walk at all;—he would remain motionless as a statue, then scour off with fiery haste, leaving the rest behind, as if desirous of warming himself after standing so long in the cold air.

Before they had travelled an hour, during which he had experienced one fall, and with difficulty reascended to his lofty seat, Willie expressed his opinion that riding was a very active exercise. Truly he enjoyed its activity to perfection! If he turned his head and his attention to his companions, up rose Prento's hinder legs, and down fell Willie upon the long neck of his charger, clasping it with both his little arms. Then he would work his way back, carefully, until he once more reached the saddle, and there he would fix himself firmly, and, with the bridle in one hand, Prento's uncombed mane in the other, his eye sharply fixed upon the capricious steed, he would cautiously jog on with his companions.

By night, however, they reached Joe Bensal's cottage—the usual resting place—and here they found Mat Maybird, who had left Ellerton for the purpose of seeking Edward. Kate Westrill was in coercion; in two days she was to wed Spenton—a consummation that, in Mat Maybird's opinion, Heringford ought not to allow. It was arranged, as the sole alternative, that Kate should be rescued by force from her brother's hands, and once more concealed from his persecution under the good priest's roof: there (a second time) it was not likely they would seek her.

Mat Maybird, as usual, was full of schemes, of the result of which he was very sanguine: Andrew Westrill and his accomplices were absent from the village; every thing, indeed, seemed to favour his expectations; a lock and a wooden door were the only difficulties to be overcome,—at least, Mat Maybird thought so.

(To be continued.)

THE BOWER OF THE DEPARTED.

I stood beside her jasmine bower,
As o'er it fell the cold moon's ray,
And felt once more the magic power
Of spells that should have passed away;—
Of magic spells that o'er me came,
Beneath her once approving eye;
And yet the bower was still the same
As once in happier days gone by.

Yet not the same—for other hands
Since then had culled the scented flower,
And *there* had gathered merry bands,
And careless hearts, at evening's hour.
The turf, that once she lightly trod,
By other feet is trodden now;
Yet memory claims that sainted sod,
The scene of many a whispered vow.

The poet's page, that once she loved,
The very lines she loved to hear,
Stood where they wont, yet unremoved,
To passion and to memory dear.
A withered rose, that once was fair,
While blooming by the lost one's side,
Beside the book lay lonely there—
It withered when the loved one died.

Her lute hangs still among the leaves,
As once it hung—yet where is she?
Since she is gone, methinks it grieves
Profaned by other hands to be.
I struck the chord—so sad in tone,
It answered to the silent hour,
That, mourning o'er the minstrel gone,
With tears I left her jasmine bower.

C. H. H.

ROSE LEAVES.

Sweet, sweet is the Rose in her beauty; with the modest charms of the half-opened Rose-bud, what flower shall venture to contend?

Around its bed of honey were arranged in graceful form the hundred leaflets of a new-blown rose. Dewdrops kissed their

welcome to the sunlit earth, and the cool breeze of a summer morning played gaily around the flower it loved, and shook it, with sportive violence, as it stole its scents away, renewed but to be once more stolen.

A merry thief is the summer's breeze, and not from that rose alone came the treasures it had stolen. Perfume was on its wing from violet beds, and golden dust from the fragrant honeysuckle; from all sweet things had it enforced a tribute; and, borne from some distant blossom, came sporting in merry flight upon its breath, a single rose leaf.

And the leaflets of the new-blown Rose, when they saw the happiness of their sister, grew aweary of restraint. "How cruel is our lot," they murmured; "doomed to remain ever in the selfsame spot; bound to this honey bed, we feel no delight but what the fickle zephyr brings, and the dewdrop when it falls! Oh, could we but be free! Could we flutter upon the breeze as our sister there, then might we seek sweets for ourselves: when the storm came over this our irksome resting-place, we might sport elsewhere in the sunlight, and follow still the sweet breath of the gale; we might seek for ourselves the clearest dew, and, alas! who can tell what other joys this fair earth may hold,—joys for which yet we have no name, delights that visit us not here!" Thus murmured in envy the unhappy leaflets, and prayed for freedom of each passing breeze. At length their prayer was granted; more violently than in wonted sport was the pretty rose-bud shaken, and the leaves flew merrily away, released from their former thraldom. Alas! too late came repentance!

Sad, sad is the withered rose leaf! The traces of its former beauty, how soon are they departed!

Sweet as are the leaflets of the new-blown Rose are the charms Love binds together; all the bright qualities that form man's perfection, all the redeeming beauties of the human heart, retain their brightest glory so long only as in Love they find their centre.

But he who loves not, let him think of the withered rose-leaves; he who hath wilfully broken, or whose fate hath cruelly destroyed, the bond that unites and pours health and vigour into every noble feeling, in *his* heart how soon will those solaces of earth decay, and leave behind them, like the unhappy rose-leaves, bitterness alone.

HAL.

THE SHIPS OF THOUGHT.

Whence are our thoughts?—they come, they go,
We know not whence, nor whereunto;
They bring their freights, and briefly stay;
Or just appear, then sail away.

Like ships upon the horizon's verge,
Vague thoughts! your paths unknown you urge:
A moment seen, while bright the sun
Gleams on your sails, then dimmed and gone.

Or boldly o'er the deeps you come,
And near the land, and hail our home;
Unload your treasures on our strands,
With sounds and songs of far-off lands.

So from our shores in peace ye part,
Sent forth from many a tender heart:
You gaily go, but shall you brave
The dim and distant on the wave?

With all our hopes and all our trust
On board, you leave our land of dust;
Our wishes weak and frail you bear,
And wise intentions light as air.

From fruitless soil and barren clime
Forced up—O spare them, Chance and Time!
And these so few, though poor in store,
May tell our wish that such were more.

You ne'er return; we ne'er shall know,
Till death, the land to which you go;
Then, ferrying o'er that silent main,
We there may find our thoughts again.

INDEX.

**** *The articles marked * are contributions from strangers; the rest are all written by gentlemen who are, or have been, Students of King's College.*

A

PAGE

*Albatross, the 459
American Vanity 180, 186, 305
Angel, the 372
Antiquities, Misdirected Study of 193
————, their Historical Value 399
Apology for Nursery Tales 65
Apothecary's Note-Book, an 129
Architecture, Ecclesiastical, Importance of 194
Autumn Winds 471

B

Baltimore 410
Beauty, Ode to 254
Bell, the Convent 26
——s, the Music of the 35
Bier, Flowers on a Maiden's. From Jean Paul 255
Biography and History 420
Blumauer, the Miser, from 34
Bridal Garlands 261
Bride, Saluquia, the Moor's 240
Bridge, Natural, in Virginia 468
*Burial, the Night of the 141

C

*Canzonet 253
Capitol at Washington 181
Captive's Star, the 355
Catskill Mountains, Ascent of the 77
Cenotaphs 197
Chenier, Last Lines of 361
*Child and a Serpent, something about a .. 244
Children, Imagination to be cultivated in.. 65
*Children's Heaven 416
Christmas 331
Church Monuments, No. I. 193
————————, No. II. 399
Close of the Year, the 362
Colloquy of the Dead 469
Convent Bell, the 26
Cowes Churchyard, Lines on a Grave in ... 356
Countryman, the; Paraphrased from Tibullus, Eleg. I. 398
Critics Criticized 251

D

PAGE

Day and Night. From Herder 449
Death of Rosabel, the 307
———, Early, from Herder 141
Decision of Character 143
Deserted, the 38
*Dining, Rural 177
Disappointed Beauty, the 299
Doubt's Trial 80
Dream, the 232

E

Early Death. From Herder 141
Ecclesiastical Architecture, its importance 194
*Echo 334
Edward Maurice. (From An Apothecary's Note-Book) 129
Ellerton Castle 5, 51, 109, 163, 219, 275, 335, 389, 473
*Emigrant's Song, the 75
*Erinna's Ode to Fortitude, translated Fragment of 239

F

Fables from Lessing 287
Facts, the Foundation of Phrenology 364
Faded Flowers 415
Falconer 451
Female Education in America 304
Flowers on a Maiden's Bier. From Jean Paul Richter 255
*Fortitude, Erinna's Ode to 239
Fragment, a 192

G

Garlands, the Bridal 261
Goethe, Science, from 407
Grave in Cowes Churchyard, Lines on 356
*Greek Poem (modern), Lines on reading one 201

H

PAGE

Hands, Shaking 27
Happiness 21
*Heaven. Children's 416
Herder, Early Death, from 141
———, Night and Day, from 447
———, the Rose, from 234
———, Unlucky Days, from 300
———, Zanhar and Niang, from 293
Hidden Melody 126
Hints from Persius, Sat. 4 348
History and Historians, No. I. 417
———————, No. II. 453
Hopeless, the Lay of the 422
Horace, Lib. III. Ode xxiii. 24
———, Lib. IV. Ode vii. 262
Hudson River 95

I

Jean Paul Richter, Flowers on a Maiden's Bier, from 255
Imagination to be cultivated in Children 65
Imitation 85
Ivy, The 371

L

*Language of Time, the 286
Last Lines of Chenier 361
Lay of the Hopeless 422
Leaf, the Withered 140
Lessing, Fables, from 287
———, Thoughts, from 34
———, Trill and Troll, from 411
Levee of President Van Buren 182
Liberality of Mind 294
Life-Cup, the 135
Lines on a Grave in Cowes Churchyard 356
*—— on a modern Greek Poem 203
Lion and Hare, the, from Lessing 287
Literary Notices 383, 439
Literature, from Novalis 450
Love, Ode to 408
Lucubration, a 79

M

Madagascar, Poems characteristic of the Natives of. From Herder:—
Zanhar and Niang 293
Unlucky Days 300
Maiden, the Patriot 180
———, Lay of the Forest 472
——— Speech, the Young Orator's 138
Maiden's Bier, Flowers on a. From Jean Paul 255
Materialism, Phrenology not tending to 366
Melody, Hidden 126
Memoir of Raphael 443
Memory 42
Merops. From Lessing 34
Mignonette, My 452
Mind, Liberality of 294
Miser, the. From Blumauer 94
Misery 351
Monuments, Church, No. I. 193
————————. No. II. 399
Moon, the 250
Moor's Bride, Saluquia, the 240
Mountains, the White 121
Music of the Bells, the 35
Mythological Emblems, Inappropriate Use of 405

N

PAGE

Natural Bridge, Virginia 468
New York 301
Niagara 256
Night and Day. From Herder 447
*Night of the Burial, the 141
Nightingale and Lark, the. From Lessing 287
Note Book, an Apothecary's 129
Novalis, Literature from 450
Nugigerulus, No. I. 84
———————— No. II. 143
———————— No. III. 251
———————— No. IV. 310
Nursery Tales, an Apology for 65

O

Ode to Beauty 254
*———Fortitude (Erinna) 239
——— Love 408
——— Phrenology 144
Orator, the Young, his Maiden Speech 138
Oratory, different Styles of 369
———— its importance in Education 370
*Origin of Serpent-Worship 288
Originality 85
Orpheus. From Lessing 34
Our School Days 235

P

Palisadoes, the 76
*Panthea's Lament 37
Passing away 397
Patriot Maiden, the 189
Patriotism 245
Persius, Hints from Sat. 4 348
Petrarch.—Sonnet 228 127
Phrenology 363
————, Ode to 144
Pocahontos, the story of 468
Poet, the 134
Poland, Sabatayzavi, a Tale of 71
Poplar, the Trembling. From Weissflog 25
Prejudice, the influence of 296, 313
Prologue 3

R

Random Sketches from the Note Book of a Traveller in the United States:—
I. The Hudson River 75
II. The White Mountains 121
III. Washington 199
IV. Niagara 256
V. New York 301
VI. Baltimore 410
VII. Virginia 461
Raphael, Memoir of 443
Religion 372
Robbers, the. From Schiller 38, 90, 149, 202, 263, 316, 373, 423
Romance of the Seaside, a 189
Rosabel 88
————, the Death of 307
Rose, the. From Herder 234
Rose Leaves 492
Rural Dining 199

S

Sabatayzavi, a Tale of Poland 71
Saluquia, the Moor's Bride 240

PAGE

Scenes and Sketches. I. 138
——————— II. 368
Schiller's Robbers..... 38, 90, 149, 202, 263, 316, 373, 423
School Days, our 235
Science. From Goethe..... 407
*Seasons, the 467
*Serpent Worship, Origin of 288
*Setting Sun, the 309
Shaking Hands 27
*Ships of Thought..... 493
Slavery in America 412, 471
Song 148
Song 244
Song 371
Song 305
Song 367
*Song, the Emigrant's 74
*Song incidental to "the Son of Dion" 186
Song of the Spirit of Winter 448
Song of the Zephyr 64
*Sonnet..... 83
Sonnet 306
Sonnet. From Petrarch 127
Smile Yet..... 414
*Spanish Veteran, Tales of a 357
Sparrow and Ostrich, the. From Lessing.. 34
Star of the Spirits, the 449
Stream, the Village..... 293
Sympathy the Source of Happiness 22, 352

T

Tales, Nursery, an Apology for 65
*Tales of a Spanish Veteran 357
Theorists 310
Thoughts from Lessing..... 34
Tibullus, the Countryman, paraphrased from, 398
*Time, the Language of 286
Tobacco, Use of in Virginia..... 466

PAGE

Tombs of the Great, their Moral Influence 195
Trembling Poplar, the. From Weissflog... 25
Trial, Doubt's 80
Trill and Troll. From Lessing 471

U

United States. *Vide* Random Sketches.

V

Vanity, American 180, 186
*Veteran, Spanish, Tales of a..... 357
Village Stream, the 293
Violet, the 422
Virginia..... 461

W

Washington 199
*Wasp, Something about a 200
Watering Places 490
*Weeping Willow, the 260
Weissflog, the Trembling Poplar, from 25
White Mountains, the 121
Winter, Song of the Spirit of 448
Withered Leaf, the 140

Y

Yankees, their Character..... 122
Year, Close of the 362

Z

Zanhar and Niang, Madagascar, Poem from Herder..... 293
Zephyr, Song of the 64

END OF VOL. I.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON LIBRARY

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL.